Sept. 22, 1980

THE NEW YORKER

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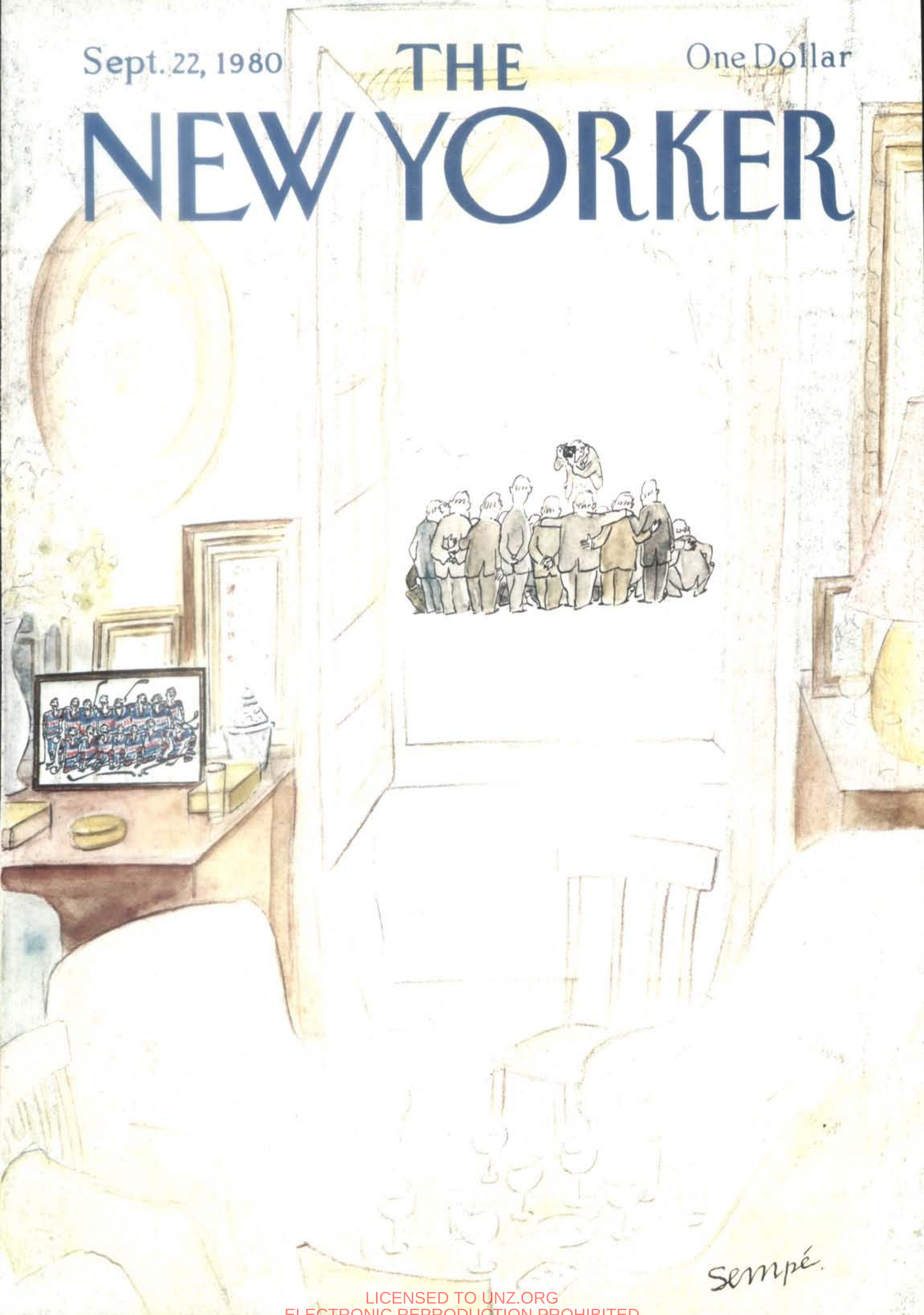

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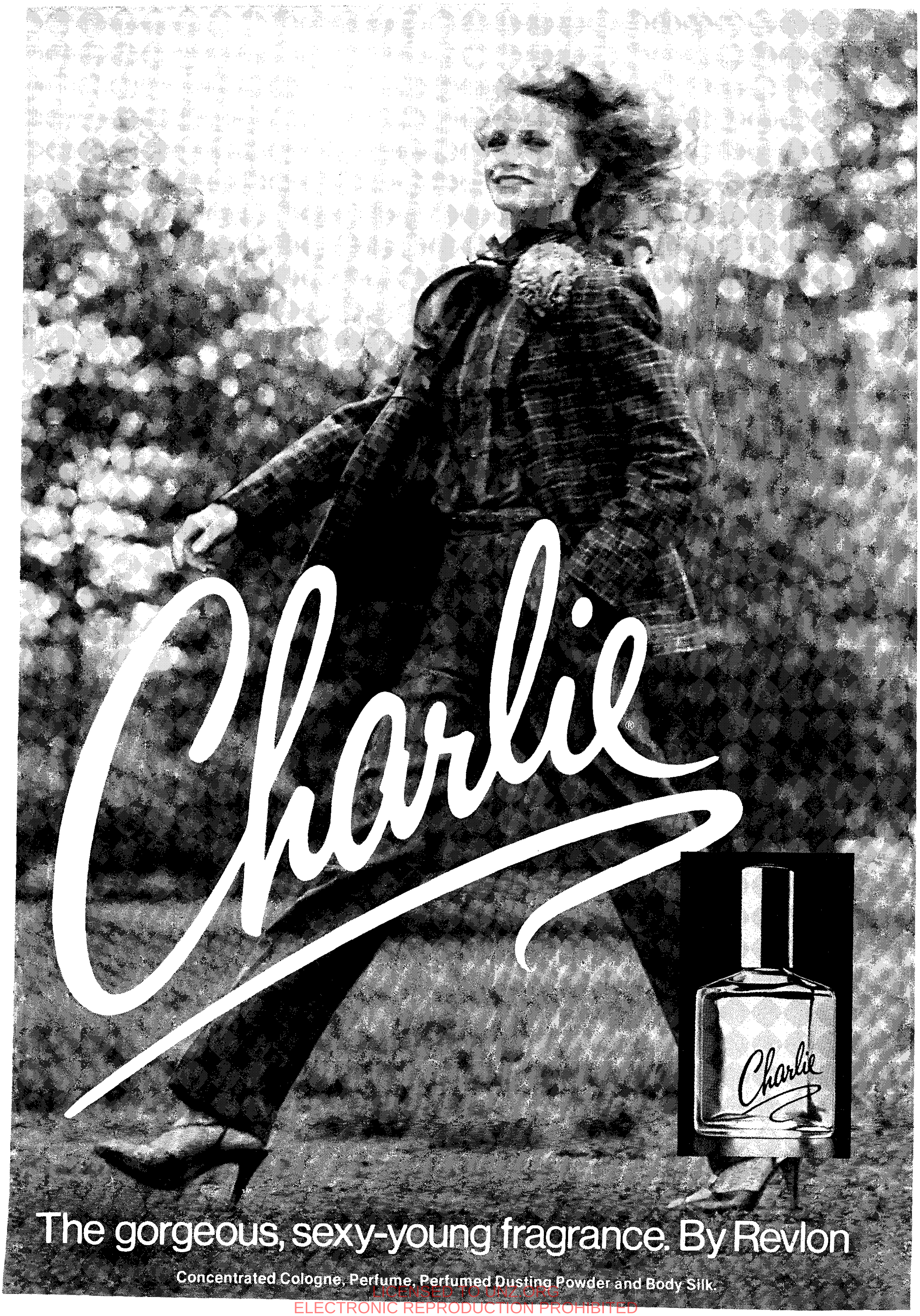
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Barnum—A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario but everything to do with Jim Dale, a Slinky in human form. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as *Barnum* would have been the first to say. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/12/80.) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Charlie and Algernon—A sad little musical about a man and a mouse, neither of whom is capable of holding our attention for long. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Children of a Lesser God—An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. With Phyllis Frelich as the woman and John Rubinstein as her troubled teacher-husband-friend-enemy. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—Dixie Carter and Dorothy Lyman in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine—The second half of this frolicsome little musical is very funny indeed: a Chekhov play as it might be enacted (and torn to shreds) by the Marx Brothers. David Garrison is a formidable Groucho. (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Sept. 21, at 7.)

42nd Street—Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (9/8/80) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fourtune—A musical with a book and lyrics by Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Home—A young playwright named Samm-Art Williams has composed a paean of hope and confidence about black life in the South. With Charles Brown, L. Scott Caldwell, and Michele Shay. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—The latest of Neil Simon's many plays about the endlessly wisecracking mind of Neil Simon. With Bill Macy, Dinah Manoff, and Joyce Van Patten. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Lehár's **The Merry Widow**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4. Closes Sunday, Sept. 28.)

Look Back in Anger—A revival of John Osborne's play, with Malcolm McDowell in the leading role. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 28.)

Morning's at Seven—A superb cast pitches us gently back to the early nineteen-twenties and a small town in the Middle West, where all is plainly not right with the world (in spite of Browning and his happy Pippa). A new production of a sturdy old play by Paul Osborn. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Nobody's Fools—An evening of comedy and satirical sketches written and performed by John McAndrew, Joe Grifasi, Jim Burt, and Fiona Reid. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 17-20, at 11.)

Passione—A comedy by Albert Innaurato, with Jerry Stiller, Angela Paton, Dick Latessa, Laurel Cronin, and Daniel Keyes. Seen Off Off Broadway briefly last spring. Frank Langella is the director. Previews through Sunday, Sept. 21. Opens officially on Tuesday, Sept. 23. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Talley's Folly—The folly is a boathouse in rural Missouri, and the time is the early nineteen-forties. Jordan Charney and Debra Mooney play a couple who quarrel in the boathouse and end up loving each other—all in ninety-seven minutes. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

West Side Story—Age cannot wither nor custom stale this twenty-three-year-old musical version of "Romeo and Juliet." Directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway, 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—Vinnette Carroll has translated the Gospel According to St. Matthew into contemporary black street language, not altogether to its advantage. (6/16/80) (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**Ain't Misbehavin'**: A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs writ-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 29
"LULLABY" . . . . *Dennis McFarland* 34
"A LETTER HOME" (POEM) . . . . *Anthony Lombardy* 36
"TAMINA'S DEATH" . . . . *Milan Kundera* 38
"TEQUILA" (POEM) . . . . *Elizabeth Spires* 44
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 76
FOOTBALL . . . . *J. W. L.* 78
THE SPORTING SCENE (BASEBALL) . . . . *Roger Angell* 83
AROUND CITY HALL . . . . *Andy Logan* 128
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 140
FURTHER EVENTS . . . . *Nicholas Kenyon* 145
BOOKS . . . . *John Updike* 151
BRIEFLY NOTED 157

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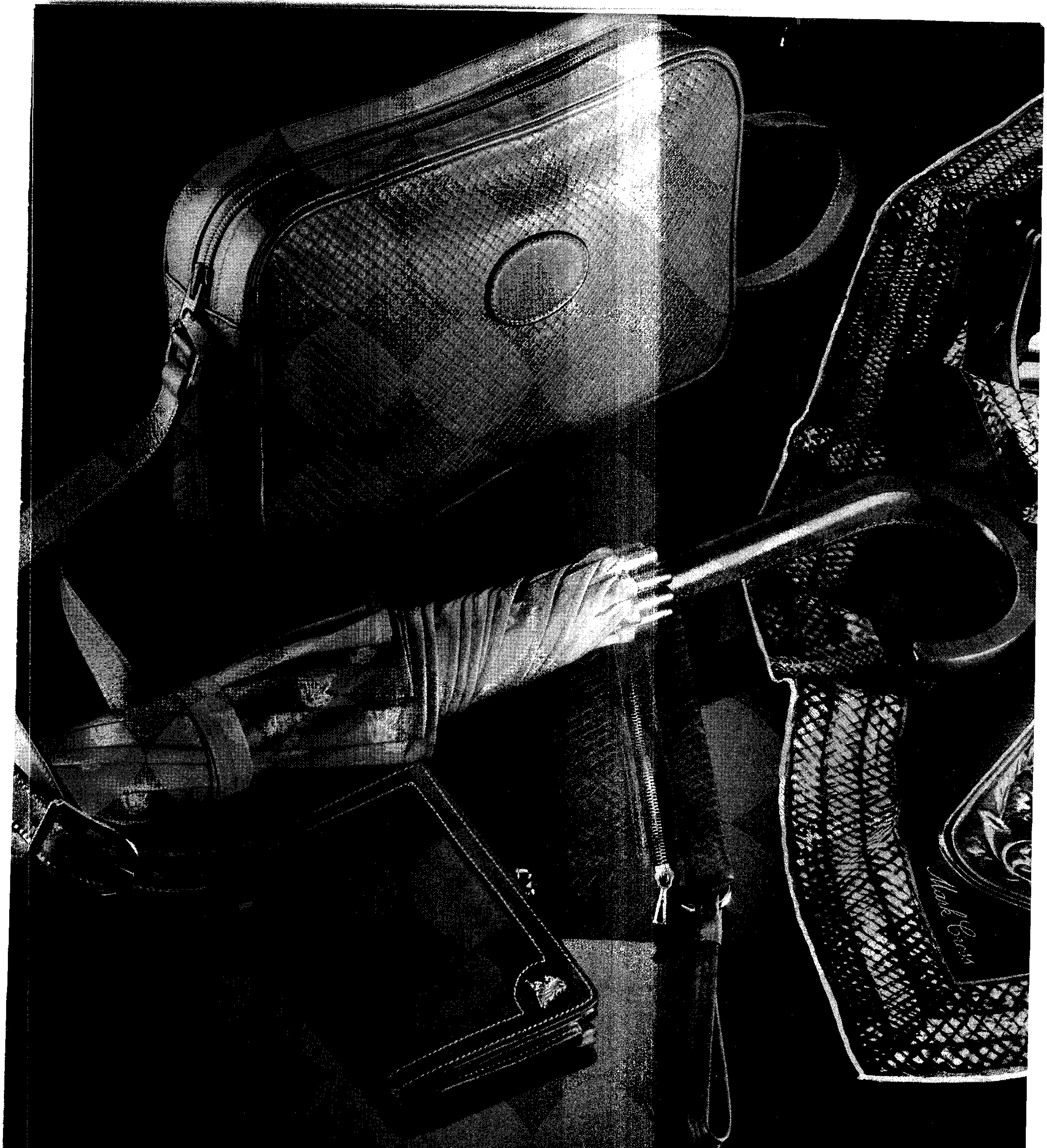

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ten by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. With Betty Hutton playing the role of Miss Hannigan. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Robert Reed, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Tom Fitzsimmons is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. Starting Tuesday, Sept. 23, David Bowie (yes, the rock star) will replace Mr. Fitzsimmons. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,480 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PETER PAN:** Reopens Tuesday, Sept. 23, with Sandy Duncan continuing in the title role. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ROMANTIC COMEDY:** A play about playwrights writing plays, by a playwright (Bernard Slade) who is evidently none too sure how the deed is done. With Karen Valentine and Keith Baxter. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Tony Roberts and Rhonda Farer. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. Starting Tuesday, Sept. 23, Anita Gillette will replace Miss Farer. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—This year's summer show is devoted to American musical entertainment (the last hundred years of it). Part of the extravaganza: a re-creation of the Ziegfeld Follies and Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe Revue, plus a Carmen Miranda lookalike doing the carioca. The Rockettes—of course. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

DANCE

Roland Petit's Ballet National de Marseille—Performances of "Coppélia" will close out the engagement. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesday through Friday Sept. 17-19, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 20, at and 8; and Sunday, Sept. 21, at 3.)

Andrew deGroat and Dancers—"Rope Danc Translations," "Angie's Waltz, and Othe Dances," "Fan Dance," "Portraits of American Dancers," and "Bushes of Conduct/L Dossier des Vices." (Marymount Manhatta Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Wednesday, Sept 17, at 8:30. For tickets, call 732-6187.)

Diamond—A new dance company, in a six-da engagement. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Monday, Sept. 22, a 7:30; Tuesday, Sept. 23, at 6:45; and Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 24-27, at 8. Fo tickets, call 243-1829.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-fac type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians an night-club proprietors live complicated live that are subject to last-minute change; it i therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228 6300)—An intimate—there are only fou hundred and fifty seats—rock palace T. Roth & Another Pretty Face plays roc tunes on Wednesday, Sept. 17; on Friday an Saturday, Sept. 19-20, the **HEATH BROTHERS** wil trade hard-bop sets with drummer **AR BLAKEY'S JAZZ MESSENGERS;** on Sunday and Monday, Sept. 21-22, jazz-rock electric violinis **MICHAL URBANIAK** and his band will be present on Tuesday, Sept. 23, folkie Jonathan Edward will perform with a band; Wednesday an Thursday, Sept. 24-25, will belong to **SE LEVEL,** a well-regarded Southern-rock outfit and on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27 Pierre Moerlen's Gong will play some avan rock. Shows Sundays through Thursdays a eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Friday and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining Closed Thursday, Sept. 18.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—For many people, Bradley's epitomizes the sophisticated New York bar. It ha dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. The goo musicians: pianist **LARRY WILLIS** and bassis **WALTER BOOKER** through Saturday, Sept. 20 and starting Monday, Sept. 22, pianist **RA BRYANT** and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER.** Music fro nine-thirty. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jaz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben and others are performed here every nigh but Monday by a trio. Live music fro eleven; before and between sets, there i recorded American and Brazilian disco musi and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** winds up her summer season with he trio on Saturday, Sept. 20. Then, on Tuesday, Sept. 23, **BOBBY SHORT** will return with hi trusty sidemen—bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBY SCOTT.** Shows begin at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelman Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is singing and playin the piano nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist wh over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—With its exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and general ramshackle feel, this downtown rock-and-roll club looks like exactly what it is: the ultimate garage—i.e., the place to which garage bands everywhere aspire. The musicians: Leisurematics, Arthur Monroe's Zone, and Bobby Stewart & the I.D.'s Wednesday, Sept. 17; John King & the Cats, Extras, and All Night Lovers Thursday, Sept. 18; Mod Squad and the Sirens Friday, Sept. 19; and Revelons and Cheap Perfume Saturday, Sept. 20. Mondays are

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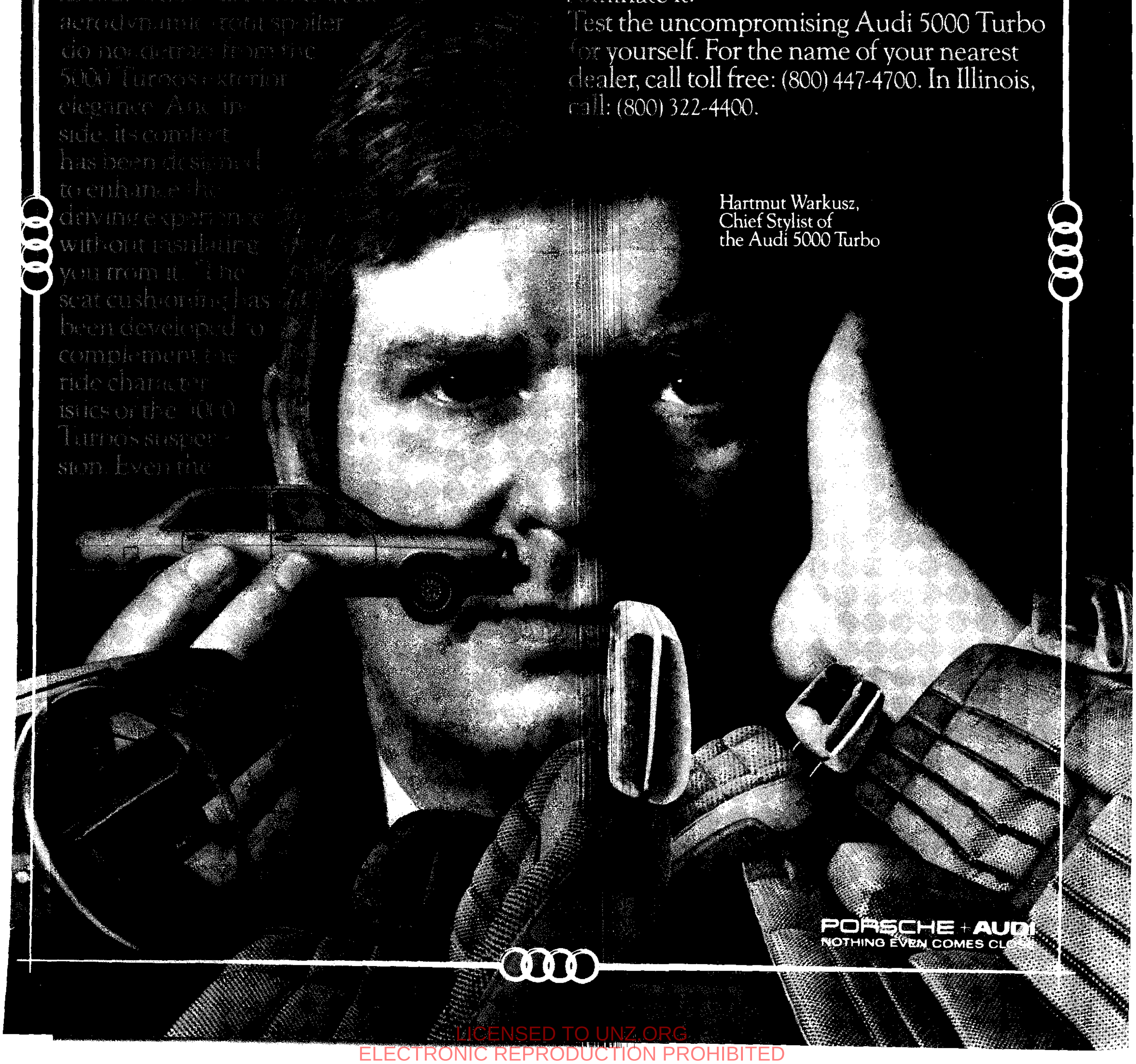

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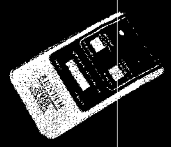

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generally showcase nights. Shows nightly *from long after nine-thirty.*

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—Singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE** and bassist **JACK SIX** are once again in action conserving American popular music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to one.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** is back singing "Downhearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976, and other tunes. Her shows begin at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sundays, Terry Waldo plays ragtime piano at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and *from nine-thirty to three* on Saturdays. On Sunday, Sept. 21, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will work with tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY,** trumpeter **TOM HARRELL,** bassist **JAY LEONHART,** and drummer **CONNIE KAY.** They'll begin playing about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, and positively first-rate jazz. Brazilian singer **ASTRUD GILBERTO** performs through Sunday, Sept. 21; on Tuesday, Sept. 23, super bassist **RON CARTER** will bring in his quartet. The first set begins at nine. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is *what Greene Street was until last fall*—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. The live music includes Raw Sugar, a pop-soul group, Wednesday, Sept. 17; the **PERSUASIONS,** the stunning a-cappella R. & B. quintet, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 19-20; singer Marion Cowings Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 23-24; and **BARBARA COOK,** who sings in a satisfyingly clear, ringing soprano voice, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 25-26. Mondays are the property of pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** and bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM.** Live pop, pop-jazz, and jazz music nightly after ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and bassist Ronnie Markowitz on standards and O'Brien *compositions, and* they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. Monday, Sept. 22, from ten will belong to guitarist **JIMMY RANEY'S** trio, and Tuesdays to a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** Sundays, from five to ten, pianist **BROOKS KERR** plays stride numbers and sings a bit, too.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little spiffier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts East Side-looking couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** has settled in the dining room, where he usually plays Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 17-20, Wellstood will be away, and hard-bop composer and pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** will take over for him.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Only jaded customers don't ask for a table by the windows. Pianist Lou Forestieri's trio performs for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Unlike a lot of Hurrah's rock-disco competition, this second-floor space is amply large, its ceilings are quite high, and its video monitors are aimed from above in several directions, all of which makes it possible for one not to feel trapped or gulp for air or miss a hot video recording of David Bowie. The live-entertainment schedule: Wednesday, Sept. 17, the Bongos and the Individuals; Thursday, Sept. 18, the Dance and Chandra; Friday, Sept. 19, **BUZZ & THE FLYERS** and Tav Falco & Panther Burns; Saturday, Sept. 20, Protex and Hitmen; and Tuesday, Sept. 23, Raybeats and Bush Tetras. Live music after eleven. Dancing. Video shows on Mondays.

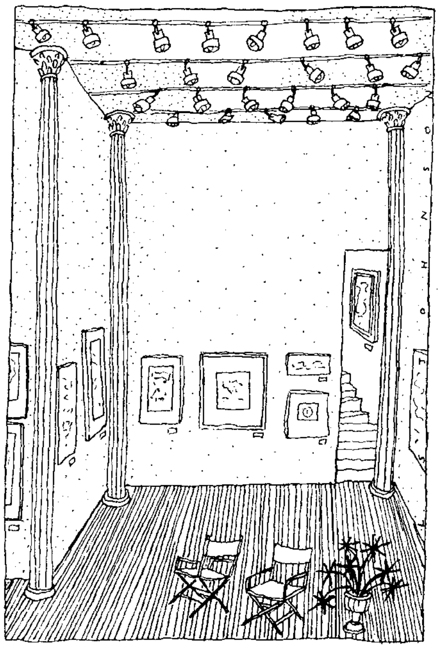
Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Upstairs in the jazz living room, drummer **CHARLI PERSIP** and trombonist **CURTIS FULLER** will co-pilot a quintet on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 19-20; and on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27, Dr. Ron Odrich, a clarinettist and a periodontist (his day gig) will lead a quartet. Music Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty, and Sundays from nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. Music *weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays,* Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A lively corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded, but crowded with good listeners. The musicians they'll be listening to are **LOU LEVY** and **BILL TAKAS** Tuesdays through Saturdays, and **DON FRIEDMAN** and **BOB BODLEY** on Sundays and Mondays. Music from about ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—One is apt to run across a lot of T-shirts, Bermuda shorts, and sockless loafers in here in warm weather. The musical standouts: Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 17-18, Tex-Mex crooner **FREDDY FENDER;** Sunday, Sept. 21, Texas Jewish cowboy satirist Kinky Friedman; Monday, Sept. 22, country singer Don Williams; Tuesday, Sept. 23, **SAM & DAVE;** and Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 24-25, **JUNIOR WALKER & THE ALL-STARS.** Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—**JOE WILLIAMS,** who sang fire-breathing vocals with the magna-cum-laude Basie band of the fifties and who has become a convincing, if a bit Vegasy, entertainer, performs *Mondays through Thursdays* at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.



Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A noteworthy rock club where over the past couple of decades the extremist fringe has turned into the mainstream. The lineup: Wednesday, Sept. 17, Neon Leon and Fan Heater; Thursday, Sept. 18, Joe Bidewell, Panic Squad, and Flamin' Oh's; Friday, Sept. 19, the Offs and Sirius; Saturday, Sept. 20, the Offs and Donna Destri; Sunday, Sept. 21, the Reactors, Slim Jim & the Fat Boys, and the Pencils; Monday, Sept. 22, Poodle Boys and 911; and Tuesday, Sept. 23, Buddy Love and Melting Five. Shows usually begin *long after ten-thirty.*

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Bobbi Rogers is singing "Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most" and other compositions by composer Tommy Wolf Tuesdays through Saturdays. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, a traditional New Orleans-style septet plays, and Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Singer Janice Pendarvis works with an R. & B. quintet on Wednesday, Sept. 17; **HUGH MASEKELA,** the South African funk-jazz trumpeter, leads his quintet Friday and Saturday, Sept. 19-20. Music from ten to two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—Pianist **AL HAIG** works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays and Sundays from nine-fifteen until two. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet *that features drummer* **FREDDIE MOORE.** Dining.

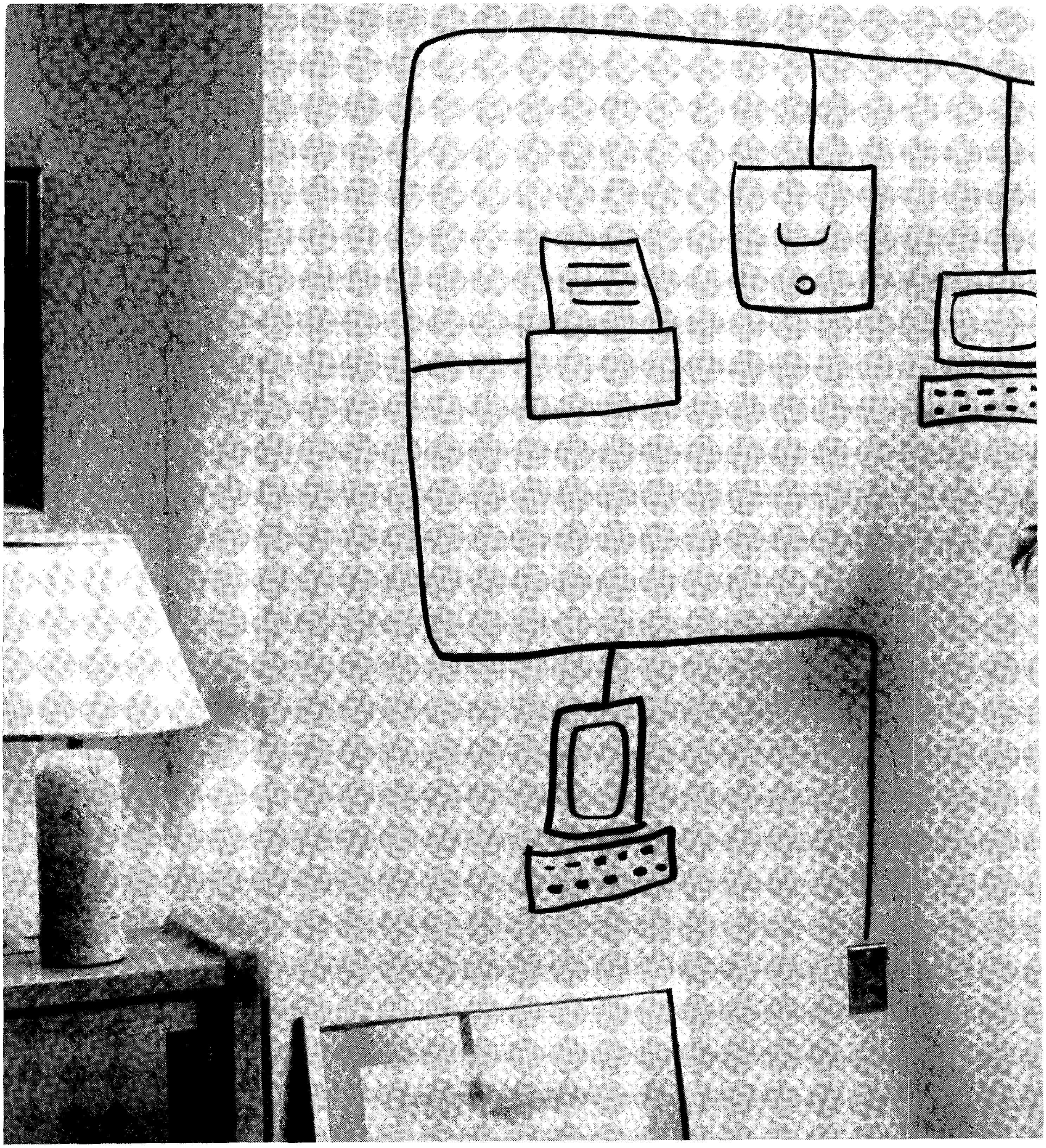
Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club, but there is jazz, and even some rock, thrown in here and there. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 19-20, are rock nights with the Others, Buddy Love, and Fan Heater; and Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 24-27, will be turned over to **MOSE ALLISON,** the simultaneously rural and urbane singer and pianist, and his trio. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. On Mondays, a new-talent showcase begins about nine.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, possesses a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **PANAMA FRANCIS** and his **SAVOY SULTANS** make it virtually impossible for one not to want to dance Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco. A very large ballroom—the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet—remodelled in 1935 to accommodate neighborhood ethnic social-club affairs, and then used for nearly twenty-five years as an RCA recording studio. Now it belongs to the post-Pepsi generation. The lineup: Wednesday, Sept. 17, Robert Gordon; Thursday, Sept. 18, **SAM & DAVE, SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS,** and the Rockats; Friday, Sept. 19, Gary Myrics & the Figures and Jamie Sheriff; Monday, Sept. 22, the Senders and Startoon; and Tuesday, Sept. 23, the **PRETENDERS.** Music after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—A revue, "It's Delightful . . . It's De-Lovely . . . It's Cole Porter," with four singing and dancing performers doing Porter numbers from Broadway shows, is the attrac-



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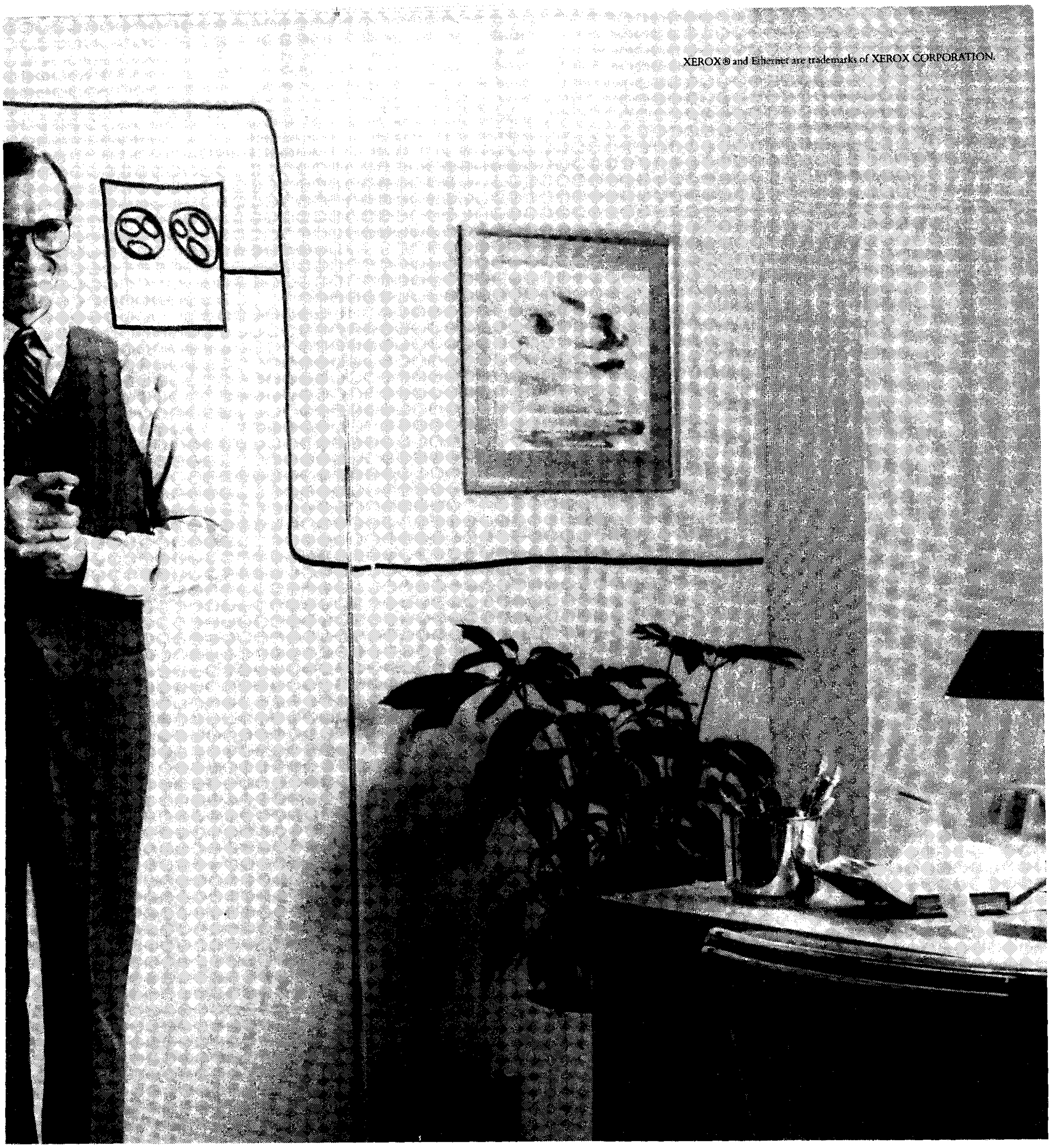

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tion right now in the King Cole Room. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Salt Peanuts, 399 Greenwich St., at Beach St. (431-6044)—Below Canal Street and way out west, one will find trumpeter Tex Allen and a quintet performing through Saturday, Sept. 20. On Tuesday, Sept. 23, guitarist **ted dunbar** will come in with a quartet. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten to four. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A jazz and R. & B. lineup: Wednesday, Sept. 17, the Chelsea Funk Orchestra; Thursday and Friday, Sept. 18-19, flutist Bobbi Humphrey; Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 20-21, Sybil Thomas and a sextet; Tuesday, Sept. 23, trumpeter **marvin (hannibal) peterson;** Thursday and Friday, Sept. 25-26, Seventh Avenue South All-Stars —**randy brecker, cedar walton, buster williams,** and **lenny white;** and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 27-28, trumpeter Mike Lawrence's quintet. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A room where one can just wander in, take a seat, and listen to some piano-bass exchanges between **cedar walton** and **lisle atkinson,** through Saturday, Sept. 20, and between **roland hanna** and *his* bassist, beginning Tuesday, Sept. 23. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in very fine, proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Bluesy saxophonist **david (fathead) newman** is in charge of a quartet through Saturday, Sept. 20; on Sunday, Sept. 21, **chris connor** will sing here; on Monday, Sept. 22, pianist **kenny barron** will lead a trio; and on Tuesday, Sept. 23, tenor saxophonist and composer **frank foster** will bring in a quartet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—Blown-up photographs of famous people from within and without the world of bebop—Max Roach, Stan Getz, Sammy Davis, Jr., Bette Davis, and Joan Crawford—line the wall. Drummer and proprietor **john lewis** and his trio occupy the bandstand Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. Sundays belong to the **louis hayes-harold mabern-clint houston** trio (that's drums, piano, and bass); they start at nine. Mondays are claimed by guitarist **chuck wayne's** trio at nine-thirty.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A rock, jazz, ska, and blues lineup. Bluesman **lightnin' hopkins** sings about hurricanes, wimmin, prison, bad luck, and trouble, and plays a few of his favorite guitar chords with his band through Thursday, Sept. 18; on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 19-20, the **jimmy rogers** blues band will perform some classic Chicago blues; Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 23-25, R. & B. singer Syl Johnson will work with the sturdy, adeptly bluesy Realtones; and on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27, Chicago-blues guitarist Luther Johnson will be present with his band. Shows most nights at nine and midnight. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side: Wednesday, Sept. 17, John Loeffler & the Immortals, the Go, and Balloon; Thursday, Sept. 18, Neighbors & Allies and Soldier; Friday, Sept. 19, Huey Lewis & the News and Design; Saturday, Sept. 20, the Elektrics and Willy Oz; Monday, Sept. 22, the Proof; and Tuesday, Sept. 23, Bruce Carroll, Bob Duncan, and the Tupelos. Dancing.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the downstairs outsized quarters, **morgana king,** a smoky-voiced singer who usually appears in more intimate clubs, performs through Thursday, Sept. 18. On Monday nights, the room is given over to salsa bands. Music from nine on Mondays, from ten Tuesdays through Fridays and on Sundays, and from midnight on Saturdays. Meanwhile out on the sidewalk lounge, jazz harpist **daphne hellman** and her trio work on Tuesdays after ten.

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Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The least pretentious and most prestigious jazz club in town. Alto saxophonist **arthur blythe** leads his quartet through Sunday, Sept. 21; on Tuesday, Sept. 23, guitarist **jim hall** will arrive with a trio. The **mel lewis** big band blasts off on Mondays. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of today's meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are John Weiss on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and Harris Simon Thursday through Sunday. Music begins at eight.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal place for appreciative students—and non-students—who come to hear aging swing musicians who can still swing. Pianist Joe Albany and his New Yorkers perform bebop through Saturday, Sept. 20. Music from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

George Adams and Don Pullen Quartet / Mike Nock Trio—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 19-20, at 9.

Commodores—With Bob Marley & the Wailers and Curtis Blow. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 19-20, at 8.)

Molly Picon—Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, Sept. 21, at 3.

Dionne Warwick—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, Sept. 21, at 8.

Pretenders—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

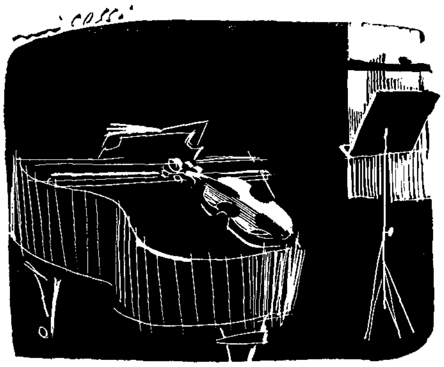
Lou Rawls and Natalie Cole—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 25-26, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 27, at 7:30 and 11; and Sunday, Sept. 28, at 8.

Leroy Jenkins Sextet—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27, at 9.

Levon Helm & the Cate Brothers Band—With Orleans. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Wednesday, Sept. 17: Jam session, headed by Jo Jones, Jr. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 18: Tom Lellis quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 20: The James Spaulding quintet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 21: Lawson Street Ensemble. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 24: Jam session, headed by Jo Jones, Jr. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 25: Ed Byrne octet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27: Hilton Ruiz trio. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around 9:30.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday, Sept. 19: Karl Berger. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 26: The Errol Park Experience. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27: Jerom Cooper. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Evenings at 8:30.)



A Sing Out for Sight—A benefit concert, wit Bob Gibson, John Herald, Odetta, Tom Payton, Peter Rowan, Jeremy Steig, Happ Traum, the Josh White Singers, Peter Yarrow, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday Sept. 20, at 7.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are ope Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 o 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Marcelo Bonevardi—Painted construction drawing on the concepts of Joseph Cornell Through Oct. 19. (Center for Inter-America Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Sidney Gordin—Abstract drawings of the fortie and painted-metal geometric sculptures completed in the fifties. Through Oct. 11 (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

Ron Isaacs—Realistic constructions of clothin made of painted plywood. Through Oct. 4 (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Vitaly Komar and Aleksandr Melamid—Join works, including a three-panel academic-styl portrait of dinosaurs in full face. Throug Oct. 11. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Bob Paige—An outsize still-life in oil, entitle "Autumn Tableau," and four medium-siz canvases, each a detail of the larger one Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Katherine Porter—Abstract works on pape covering a ten-year period. Through Oct. 7 (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Group Shows—At the **acquavella,** 18 E. 79th St.: Collages by Catherine Warren and Robert Nickle, folded-paper works by Maureen Connor, and other offerings. Through Oct. 11. (Open Mondays.) . . . **willard,** 29 E. 72nd St.: Lois Lane, Donald Sultan, Daisy Youngblood, and other gallery artists showing paintings and sculptures. Through Oct. 1.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Frank Bowling—Abstract paintings in effervescent colors by an artist born in Guyana. Through Oct. 2. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Joseph Golinkin (1896-1977)—Watercolors of the America's Cup and other sporting events. Also lithographs and drawings. Through Friday, Sept. 26. (Spectrum, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Lorrie Goulet / Ben Shahn (1898-1969)—Carved-stone sculptures of women. Through Oct. 3. / A small show of prints from the early years of his career. Through Oct. 10. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Michael Graves—Preliminary sketches, finished drawings, and models of a current architectural project (the Portland Public Office Building), as well as two recent murals, and designs for furniture and a rug. Through Oct. 4. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

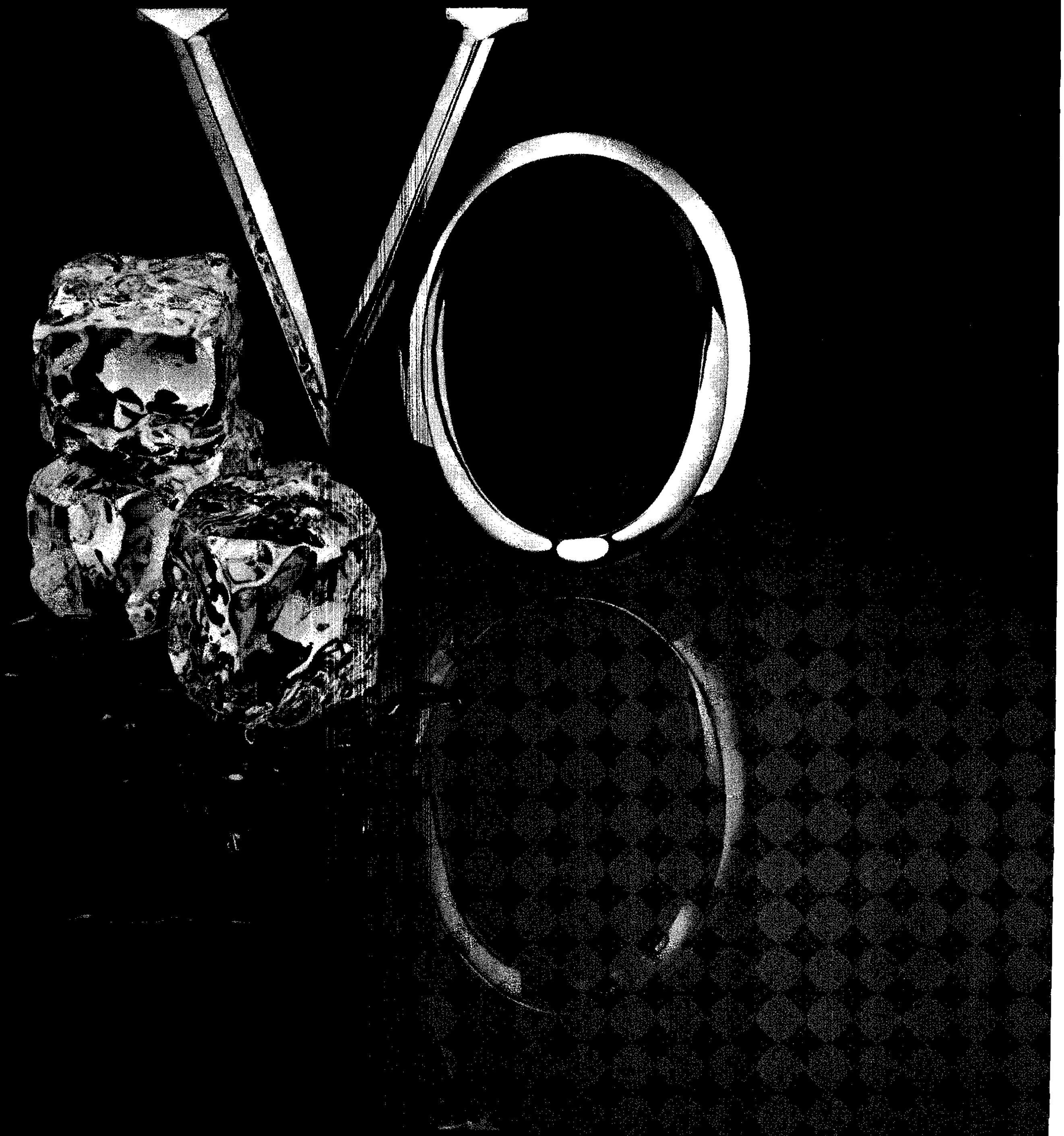
Hiroshige (1797-1858)—Seventy color woodcuts of Kiso-Kaido (the mountain route from Tokyo to Kyoto), made in collaboration with Eisen Keisai. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.)

Manuel Hughes—Tightly controlled pastels on dark-gray paper. Through Oct. 18. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Gary Kahn—Vertical sculptural pieces made up of elegantly balanced blocks, like a Cubist totem pole. Except for two large Corten steel works, they are done in wood painted black. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Edward Mayer / Mary Frank—A large environmental sculpture, almost nine feet high, twenty-two feet long, and eight feet wide, made up of raw wooden laths stacked one on top of the other. A narrow path leads through the structure, and visitors are free to explore

Some things just naturally go together.



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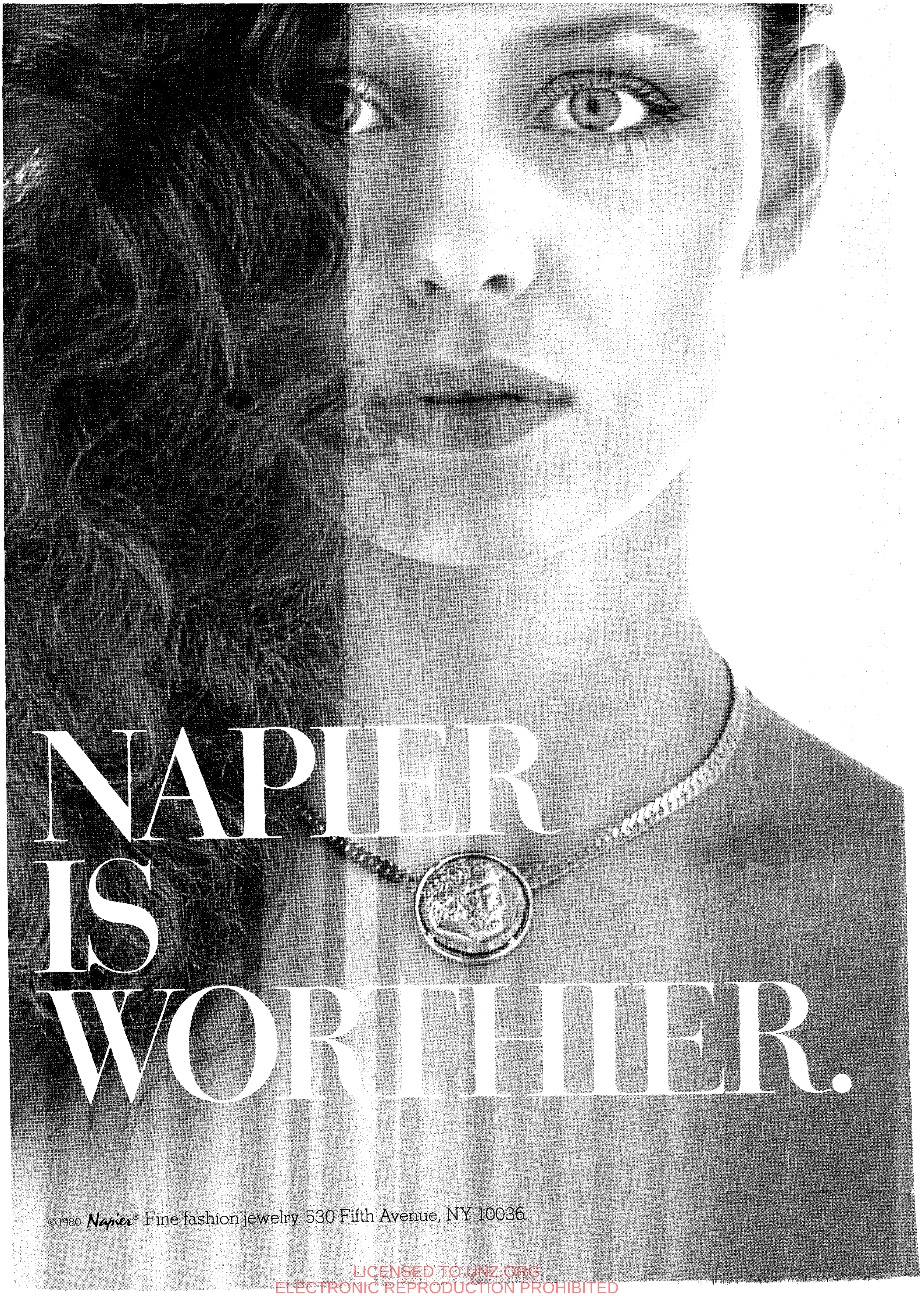
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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it. / New monotypes, ranging in theme from the skeletons of prehistoric beasts, rampant, to serene Oriental landscapes. Through Oct. 11. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ed McGowin—Models for outdoor sculptures, accompanied by working drawings. Through Oct. 4. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Yuko Nii—Paintings of undulating, strangely lighted sand dunes picked out in a Pointillist technique. Through Oct. 4. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Dennis Oppenheim / Les Levine—Practical-looking drawings for fantasy machines—impulse reactors, thought-conversion stations, exchange-shape transmission chambers. / Conventional subject matter—cows, horses, kittens, barns—painted the way they would be presented on billboards. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Thomas A. Rose—Paintings in which a sort of architectural form is created on a black ground by the addition of strips of wood and wire screening. Through Oct. 4. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Charles Seliger—Small acrylic abstracts that have the richness and density of fine cloisonné. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

William Tillyer—Collages and watercolors. Through Oct. 25. (Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Elena Urbaitis—Sculptures in which fluorescent light glows from openings in long, narrow aluminum casings. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Architecture—The Municipal Art Society has opened its new headquarters in the north wing of the recently restored Villard mansion—or the Urban Center, as it is now called—and there are two exhibitions (mostly photographs and architectural models) to celebrate the occasion; the first focusses on the buildings the society has been influential in preserving (Grand Central Station, for example) and on some that were lost (Pennsylvania Station), and the second on the various planning and construction stages of six new big buildings. Through Tuesday, Sept. 23. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Daily, 11 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **AARON BERMAN,** 50 W. 57th St.: Boulderlike floor sculptures by Grace Knowlton and colored-pencil drawings of fruits and vegetables by Po Kim are among works by nine artists. Through Friday, Sept. 19. . . . **GRUENEBAUM,** 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures of the fifties by Sonia Gechtoff, Reuben Nakian, James Brooks, George Spaventa, and others. Through Oct. 11. . . . **MARKEL,** 50 W. 57th St.: Twenty-odd artists are represented in a show of works in which commercial glitter is an element—among them Frank Stella (*who seems to have* legitimized its use), William Weegee, Toby Buonogurio, and Cliff Petterson. Through Oct. 7. . . . **PEARL,** 29 W. 57th St.: A show of contemporary portraiture, with works by Robert Arneson, Leland Bell, Philip Grausman, and others. Through Oct. 2. . . . **SUTTON,** 29 W. 57th St.: Huge drawings by Latin-American artists—a mascaraed eye, six feet long, by Rodolfo Abularach; flamboyant blossoms by Juan Gòmez-Quiroz; and collages ten feet high by Maria Luisa Pacheco. Through Oct. 4. . . . **WASHBURN,** 42 E. 57th St.: Small sculptures and works on paper by Niles Spencer, Bolotowsky, Gorky, Marin, and other Americans, plus drawings by Picasso and Matisse. Through Saturday, Sept. 27.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Lynda Benglis—Paper sculptures. Through Oct. 11. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Louise Bourgeois—Houses segue into people, breasts into clouds, trees into abstractions in these paintings and drawings done mostly in the forties and fifties by this sculptor. Through Oct. 11. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Cris Cristofaro—Constructions consisting of layers of abstract painting on canvas interspersed with layers of cut-out, painted steel. They are based on—and have the spirit of—paper collages. Through Oct. 8. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Richard Hamilton / Patrick Ireland—Collages of interiors in which printed matter is mingled with the artist's drawings—e.g., a photograph of Picasso's studio is crowded with parodies of his works. / A black-string construction set up in front of a huge black rectangle painted on the wall; when viewed from the proper perspective, the two merge as one. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Margie Billstein Katz—Abstract oils. Through Oct. 5. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St. Open Sundays.)

Irving Kriesberg—Semi-abstract and more or less figurative drawings (people, birds, and beasts) done with pastels on rag paper saturated with turpentine. Through Sept. 30. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

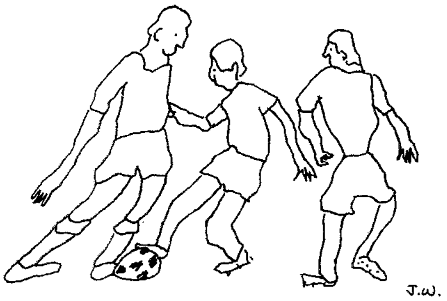
Louis (Cork) Marcheschi—Abstract compositions made up of neon tubing glowing against a canvas background in a deep frame. Through Oct. 4. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Judy Pfaff / Kim MacConnel—An environmental sculpture in which wood or Lucite stick figures, along with abstract pieces in various materials, are set against painted walls. / Patterns cut out of fabric and paper. Through Oct. 4. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Julius Tobias / Marilyn Giersbach—*Two* intersecting wood blocks, more than five feet high, which divide the space into four separate areas. / Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Sam Wiener / Lance Richbourg—"Splendors of the Sohites" is the title of an exhibition that parodies some of the grander ones at the Met. It is housed in a walk-through, graffiti-laden dumpster, and it consists of archeological finds lately exhumed in SoHo—sardine cans, broken dolls, tail pipes, hubcaps. These have been gilded, individually framed in velvet-lined shadow boxes, and reverently lighted, and the result is stunning. A circular saw looks like an Aztec sunburst, a brake drum like a ceremonial Thracian bowl. The final touch of the spoof is an adjoining gift shop, also in a dumpster, where reproductions of the Sohite treasures are on sale, along with T-shirts, scarves, and the like. / Historic moments in baseball (Honus Wagner lining one out, Ty Cobb stealing third, Yogi Berra tagging a runner at home plate), documented in *oil on canvas by the son* and namesake of the old Boston Brave outfielder of half a century ago. Through Oct. 4. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: In a show of works on paper by eleven artists, Jim Richard has drawings of suburban interiors and exteriors colored with felt-tip pens and gouache; and Thomas Lo Cicero has large watercolors of flowers. Through Nov. 1. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway: New works by gallery artists, including a carved-wood sculpture of a fish on a plate by Fumio Yoshimura and a self-portrait by Juan Gonzalez. Through Oct. 9. . . . **PINDAR,** 127 Greene St.: Abstract watercolors done on jute sacking by Doris Lubell; curious, hand-dyed silk-organza hangings by Kiyomi Iwata; landscapes by Martha Margulis; and drawings and prints by Naomi Hilton. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Opens Sundays at 1.) . . . **THORP,** 419 West Broadway: Fangor, John Lees, and Jane Rosen are some of the gallery regulars showing paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. . . . **WEBER,** 420 West Broadway: The fall opening show has works by Alice Aycock, Hans Haacke, Sol LeWitt, and others. Through Saturday, Sept. 27.



OTHER GALLERIES

Walter Gay (1856-1937)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by an American expatriate artist who had a varied career but is best known for his interiors of elegant turn-of-the-century Parisian homes. Through Nov. 1. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Marino Marini (1901-80)—Forty aquatints. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Horn, 503 Sixth Ave., at 13th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 8; Saturdays, 1 to 8; Sundays, 3 to 6.)

Leo Rabkin / Livio Saganic—Watercolor-on-pleated-Oriental-paper works. / Sculptures. Through Sept. 30. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Diane Arbus (1923-71) / **Dana Garrett**—Vintage proofs, none of them exhibited before. / Dim paintings in which spectral forms—skeletal figures, planets, a curving wave—are visible through the gloom. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Harry Callahan—About sixty color prints taken over the last four decades. Also black-and-white beach scenes. Through Oct. 4. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.) . . . ¶ More Callahan. Through Tuesday, Sept. 23. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Weekdays, 10 to 7; Sundays, 11:30 to 6.)

Wendell MacRae—More than three hundred vintage prints (half are mounted on the wall; the rest are in bins) provide a view of the city during the thirties. Through Oct. 18. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

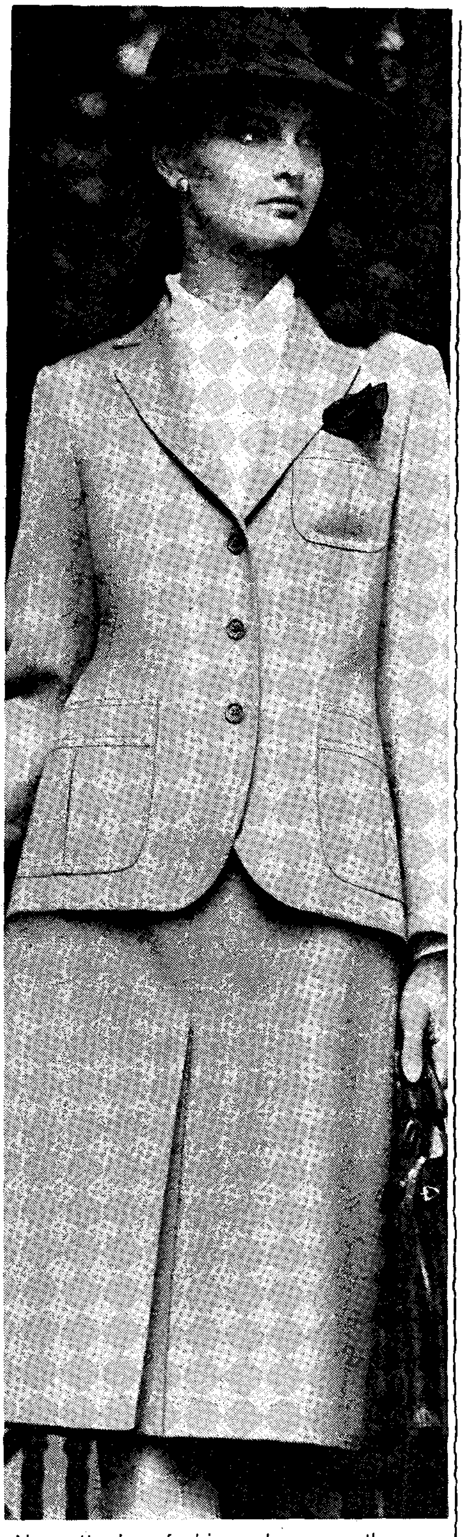
Timothy H. O'Sullivan (1840-82)—An album of photographs of the Colorado River and the Grand Canyon taken between 1871-73—probably the first ever made. Thirty-four of the prints are by Mr. O'Sullivan, and fifteen by William Bell. Through Oct. 4. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Irving Penn—Seventy-six photographs of the female nude. Though the prints were made in 1949-50, this is the first time that many of them are being shown. Through Oct. 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Rosamond Wolff Purcell—Polaroids. Through Oct. 17. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Dan Weiner (1919-59)—Documentary photographs (mostly city scenes) taken during the last decade of the artist's life. Through Oct. 4. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **FREIDUS,** 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.: "Five Still Lifes," 20-X-24-inch Polaroids by William Wegman, Victor Schrager, Betty Hahn, Robert Fichter, and Robert Cumming. . . . ¶ Colored photographs made through picture windows by John Pfahl. Both shows through Oct. 11. . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Sixty mid-nineteenth-century photographs made on the grand tour of the Continent. Examples by Bisson Frères, Charles Marville, Robert MacPherson, and others. . . . ¶ Thirty-five black-and-white street photographs by Lou Lanzano. Both shows through Sunday, Sept. 21. . . . **SURROGATES COURT HOUSE,** 31 Chambers St.:



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

About a hundred and twenty W.P.A. photographs taken in the late thirties and early forties by more than sixty photographers—of construction men, tattoo artists, pushcart peddlers, restaurant helpers, policemen and firemen, knife grinders. Through Oct. 17. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show from the Nigerian government: perhaps a hundred artifacts dating from 500 B.C. to the nineteenth century and representing seven cultures. (Most of them were unearthed only in the past forty years.) Highlights include ancient Nok terra-cotta heads; copper and bronze ceremonial vessels from Igbo-Ukwu; and bronze sculptures from the royal court of Benin. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ About a hundred and forty Japanese lacquer boxes, dating from the seventeenth century to the twentieth, and ranging in size from the tiny inro to large picnic boxes. Through Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Twenty-eight drawings by French artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; from the Lehman Collection. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Fifty-one paintings by European artists (three apiece by Klee, Léger, and Matisse), temporarily on loan from the otherwise occupied Museum of Modern Art. Through Oct. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Pablo Picasso retrospective. Through Sept. 30—but all tickets have been sold, and no more will be available. (Open daily—members only on Wednesdays—10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper from the museum's collection of twentieth-century art. Through Nov. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—An exhibition of twentieth-century figurative paintings and sculptures from the permanent collection—nearly two hundred works in all. Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Nineteen works by Stuart Davis, the majority of them paintings and prints. Through Oct. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—In 1921, the sculptor Constantin Brancusi began to photograph his works in progress and his studio, and he continued to do so until his death, in 1957. Seventy-three of these vintage prints are on loan from the Musée National d'Art Moderne. Through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Fifteen scroll paintings by contemporary Chinese artists have been borrowed from the *China Daily News*, at 30 Market Street. Through Oct. 12. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—Felt sculptural works by eleven contemporary artists. Also, a group of twentieth-century traditional felt objects from the Mideast. Through Sept. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A survey of Chinese, European, and American wallcoverings, dating from the late seventeenth century to the early twentieth. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ "Beach, Boardwalk, Boulevard": An examination (through photographs, memorabilia, and artifacts from demolished luxury hotels) of the transition of Atlantic City from the famous beach resort of the turn of the century, through its deterioration beginning in the thirties, to its present emergence as a casino resort. Through Oct. 19. . . . ¶ "Electroworks": A display of more than two hundred and fifty works produced on photocopiers over the past twenty-five years, including examples by Bruno Munari, Pati Hill, E. F. Higgins III, and Buster Cleveland. Through Nov. 2. (Open daily e cept Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to with no admission charge after 5; Wedne days through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sunday noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—Acrylic-an metallic-powder paintings by Tadaa Kuwayama, and animated sculptures by R kuro Okamoto. Through Oct. 26. (Open dail 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An Warhol has done a set of ten portraits twentieth-century Jews: Bernhardt, Brandei Buber, Einstein, Freud, Gershwin, Kafka, t Marx Brothers, Meir, and Gertrude Stei Through Jan. 4. (Open daily except Friday Saturdays, and Thursday, Sept. 25. Hour Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Su days, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A collection botanical illustrations from printed book sketchbooks, and albums, as well as paintin and drawings of plants and flowers. The ea liest item is a tenth-century Byzantine ma uscript on herbal remedies by Dioscoride there is a seventeenth-century book of flor designs by Pierre Vallet; and drawings Georg Dionysius Ehret and Pierre-Josep Redouté. Through Nov. 9. (Open daily excep Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Satu days, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.– There are a hundred and forty whirligigs an wind toys—promised gifts from the collectio of Dorothy and Leo Rabkin—in this sho which includes wooden figures as small as few inches high and others six feet tall. special interest are the complex whirligi consisting of several figures, each performin a chore or activity. Through Nov. 9. (Ope daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesday 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge aft 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Par W., at 77th St.—"The Phrenology of th Land: How to Read the New York Lan scape": Paintings, photographs, prints, map and architectural plans concerned with Ne York State, from Colonial times to the pre ent. Through Oct. 30. (Open daily excep Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Friday 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., a 125th St.—A show by artists-in-residenc paintings by Louis Delsarte; sculpture paintings, and photographs by Candace Hil Montgomery; graphics and handmade book by Jacqui Holmes. Through Sunday, Sept. 2 (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tue days through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays an Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; f Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; and for Kaufman Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. a 92nd St., 427-4410.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Wednesday evenin Sept. 17: "Die Fledermaus" (in English with Maralin Niska, Gianna Rolandi, Ala Titus, Jerry Hadley, Richard Fredrick Richard McKee, James Billings, and Jac Harrold; conducted by Imre Pallo . . . ¶ Thurs day evening, Sept. 18: "Anna Bolena," wit Olivia Stapp, Susanne Marsee, Mimi Lerne Samuel Ramey, and Rockwell Blake; Charle Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Friday evening Sept. 19: "Carmen," with Joy Davidso Elizabeth Hynes, Riccardo Calleo, an Charles Long; Charles Wendelken-Wilso . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 20: "Madam Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Kathlee Hegierski, Joseph Evans, and David Arnold Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept 20: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), wit Maralin Niska, Inga Nielsen, Alan Titus Jerry Hadley, Richard Fredricks, Richar McKee, James Billings, and Jack Harrold Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 21 "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Gianna Rolandi, Jane Shaulis, Brent Ellis, Joseph Evans

Spiro Malas, and Donnie Ray Albert; William Fred Scott III. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 21: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Elizabeth Hynes, Riccardo Calleo, and Charles Long; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 23: "Anna Bolena," with Olivia Stapp, Patricia McCaffrey, Kathleen Hegierski, Samuel Ramey, and Michele Molese; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Thursday, evening, Sept. 25: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Diana Soviero, Barry McCauley, Dominic Cossa, and John Seabury; Calvin Simmons. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 26: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Gianna Rolandi, Jane Shaulis, Robert McFarland, Jerry Hadley, Richard McKee, and Carlos Chausson; William Fred Scott III. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 27: "La Bohème," with Pamela Myers, Carol Gutknecht, Vinson Cole, Richard Fredricks, Robert Hale, and Harlan Foss; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 27: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Kathleen Hegierski, Joseph Evans, and David Arnold; Judith Somogi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 9.)

El Canto Opera—Igor Chichagov conducting a performance of Rimski-Korsakov's "The Snow Maiden," in English; staged by Gary Filsinger. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Saturday, Sept. 27, at 7:30, and Sunday, Sept. 28, at 3. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS

ew York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, May 9—Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 8, a nonsubscription concert for the benefit of the Philharmonic (with Isaac Stern and Itzhak Perlman, violin, and Pinchas Zukerman, violin and viola); and Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8; Friday, Sept. 26, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8; and Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 7:30, a Bartók-Brahms program (no soloists).

Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting an all-Richard Strauss program, with Judith Blegen, soprano, and José Ferrer, narrator. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 28, at 3.)

RECITALS

ussell Sherman—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 8.)

oris Berman—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 8.)

Garrick Ohlsson—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Sept. 21, at 3.)

tsko Tazaki—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Sunday, Sept. 21, at 8.)

Andrew Bolotowsky and Jane Adler—Flute and mime. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Monday, Sept. 22, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Gary Kirkpatrick—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Sept. 22, at 8.)

Yizhak Schotten—Viola. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Monday, Sept. 22, at 8.)

Mordecai Shehori—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Monday, Sept. 22, at 8.)

Megan Meisenbach—Flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 8.)

James Richman—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8.)

eonard Hindell—Bassoon, with assisting artists. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Sept. 26, at 8. Free.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Michael Feldman conducting an all-Bach program. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8. There will be a pre-concert recital at 6:45 of Handel organ concerti. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 8:05. . . . ¶ St. Louis, Friday, Sept. 26, at 8:05, and Saturday, Sept. 27, at 2:05. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Toronto, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 17-18, at 8. . . . ¶ Boston, Friday, Sept. 19, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 20-21, at 2. . . . ¶ Cleveland, Monday through Thursday, Sept. 22-25, at 8.

Professional Basketball—Exhibition games—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Boston vs. Milwaukee and Knicks vs. Nets, Thursday, Sept. 25, at 6. . . . ¶ Atlanta vs. Washington and Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Sept. 27, at 6. . . . **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER,** Piscataway, N.J.: Nets vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, Sept. 23, at 8:05. (For information about tickets, call 201 463-8770.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 20:** Army vs. California, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Yale, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . **SUNDAY, SEPT. 21:** Rutgers vs. Cincinnati, at Piscataway, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 27:** Colgate vs. Cornell, at Hamilton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Princeton, at Piscataway, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Jets vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Sept. 21, at 1.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles. (Philadelphia. Monday, Sept. 22.)

Hockey—Exhibition games—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Friday, Sept. 26, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Tuesday, Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Sept. 27. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 13. The Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 20; the Manhattan Handicap, Sunday, Sept. 21; the Matron, Monday, Sept. 22; the Grey Flight Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 24; and the Ruffian Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 27. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 11:50, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:45 and noon.) . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 30. The Paterson, Thursday, Sept. 18. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Oct. 18.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. a team selected from the other clubs in the North American Soccer League, in a farewell salute to Franz Beckenbauer. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 9. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Oct. 29.

ET ALIA

Walking Tour—"The World of Edith Wharton: Madison Square and Gramercy Park," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Sept. 21, starting at the Little Church Around the Corner, 1 E. 29th St., at 2. For reservations, call 534-1672.

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)—Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 18, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American and European paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 25, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Friday, Sept. 19. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 24-25, at 10 and 2: American posters, prints, and drawings.

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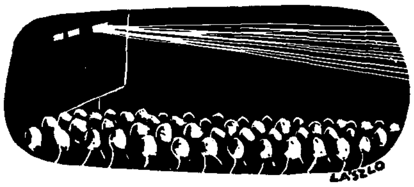
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 22. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; Tuesdays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Third Generation." (No performances on Monday, Sept. 22.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Sept. 23: "Anti-Clock."
From Sept. 24: "The Man Who Fell to Earth."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Sept. 18: "Cheech and Chong's Next Movie" and "The Wiz."
Sept. 19-25: "Xanadu" and "Running."
From Sept. 26: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Sept. 25: "Rocky" and "Rocky II."
From Sept. 26. "Stardust Memories."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Airplane!"

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Sept. 25: "Herbie Goes Bananas" and "Lady and the Tramp."
From Sept. 26: "In God We Trust."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Sept. 20: "Those Lips, Those Eyes."
Sept. 21: A program of five films photographed or directed by Nicolas Roeg—"Fahrenheit 451," "Performance," "Walkabout," "Don't Look Now," and "The Man Who Fell to Earth."
From Sept. 22: "Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Exterminator."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"My Bodyguard."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through Sept. 18: "The Mountain Men."
From Sept. 19: "The Blue Lagoon."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Sept. 25: "Willie & Phil."
From Sept. 26: "Stardust Memories."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Getting of Wisdom."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Sept. 25: "My Brilliant Career."
From Sept. 26: "Willie & Phil."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
A program of films from the Cinema 5 vaults, shown two a day. Call theatre for dates and titles.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"The Tin Drum."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Sept. 18: "The Kidnapping of the President."
From Sept. 19: "Mother's Day."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Fame."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Dressed to Kill."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through Sept. 24: "Airplane!"
Sept. 25: Theatre closed.
From Sept. 26: "Hopscotch."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through Sept. 24: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind."
Sept. 25: Theatre closed.
From Sept. 26: "Divine Madness."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Sept. 18: "The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu."
From Sept. 19: "Ordinary People."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Sept. 18: "Honeysuckle Rose."
Sept. 19-25: "The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu."
From Sept. 26: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through Sept. 18: "The Kidnapping of the President."
From Sept. 19: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Sept. 18: "Herbie Goes Bananas" and "Lady and the Tramp."
From Sept. 19: "Mother's Day."

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Sept. 25: "The Exterminator."
From Sept. 26: "When a Stranger Calls."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Sept. 25: "Rocky" and "Rocky II."
From Sept. 26: "He Knows You're Alone."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 18: "The Mountain Men." From Sept. 19: "Summer Camp" and "Flesh Gordon."
Theatre 2: "The Big Brawl."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Exterminator."

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Fame."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"My Bodyguard."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 25: "The Tin Drum." From Sept. 26 (tentative): "The Great Santini."
Theatre 2: "My Brilliant Career."
Theatre 3: "Dressed to Kill."
Theatre 4: "Come Have Coffee with Us."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Great Santini."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Raise the Titanic."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Airplane!"

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Return of the Seacaucus 7."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Sept. 25: "Willie & Phil."
From Sept. 26: "Stardust Memories."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Make Room for Tomorrow."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Sept. 25: "The Arabian Nights."
From Sept. 26: "The Tempest."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Sept. 19: "Those Lips, Those Eyes."
Sept. 20-25: A six-day series of British films: see listings under Film Libraries, Etc.
From Sept. 26: To be announced.

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Sept. 18: "The Marriage of Maria Braun."
From Sept. 19: "Being There."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through Sept. 25: "The Blue Lagoon."
From Sept. 26: "The Great Santini."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Lady and the Tramp" and "Herbie Goes Bananas."
Theatre 2: "Dressed to Kill."
Theatre 3: "My Bodyguard."
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 18: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind." From Sept 19: "Rough Cut."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through Sept. 21: "The Tin Drum."
From Sept. 22: "Hullabaloo Over Georgie and Bonnie's Pictures."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Fame."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 18: "The Big Red One" and "Carny."
Sept. 19-25: "My Bodyguard" and "Fatso."
From Sept. 26: "Dressed to Kill" and "The Amityville Horror."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 24: "Fame." (†)
From Sept. 25: "Divine Madness." (†)
Theatre 2: "The Blue Lagoon." (†)
Theatre 3: "The Blues Brothers."
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 18: "Prom Night."
From Sept. 19: "Smokey and the Bandit II."
Theatre 5: Through Sept. 24: "Xanadu" (†)
From Sept. 25: "Fame." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Herbie Goes Bananas" (†) and "Lady and the Tramp." (†)
Theatre 3: "My Bodyguard." (†)
Theatre 4: "The Hunter."

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Dressed to Kill." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Airplane!" (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Empire Strikes Back." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through Sept. 25: "The Mountain Men." (†)
From Sept. 26: "When a Stranger Calls." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through Sept. 25: "The Big Brawl" (†) and "Enter the Dragon."
From Sept. 26: "Hopscotch." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Sept. 25: "The Exterminator." (†)
From Sept. 26: "He Knows You're Alone." (†)

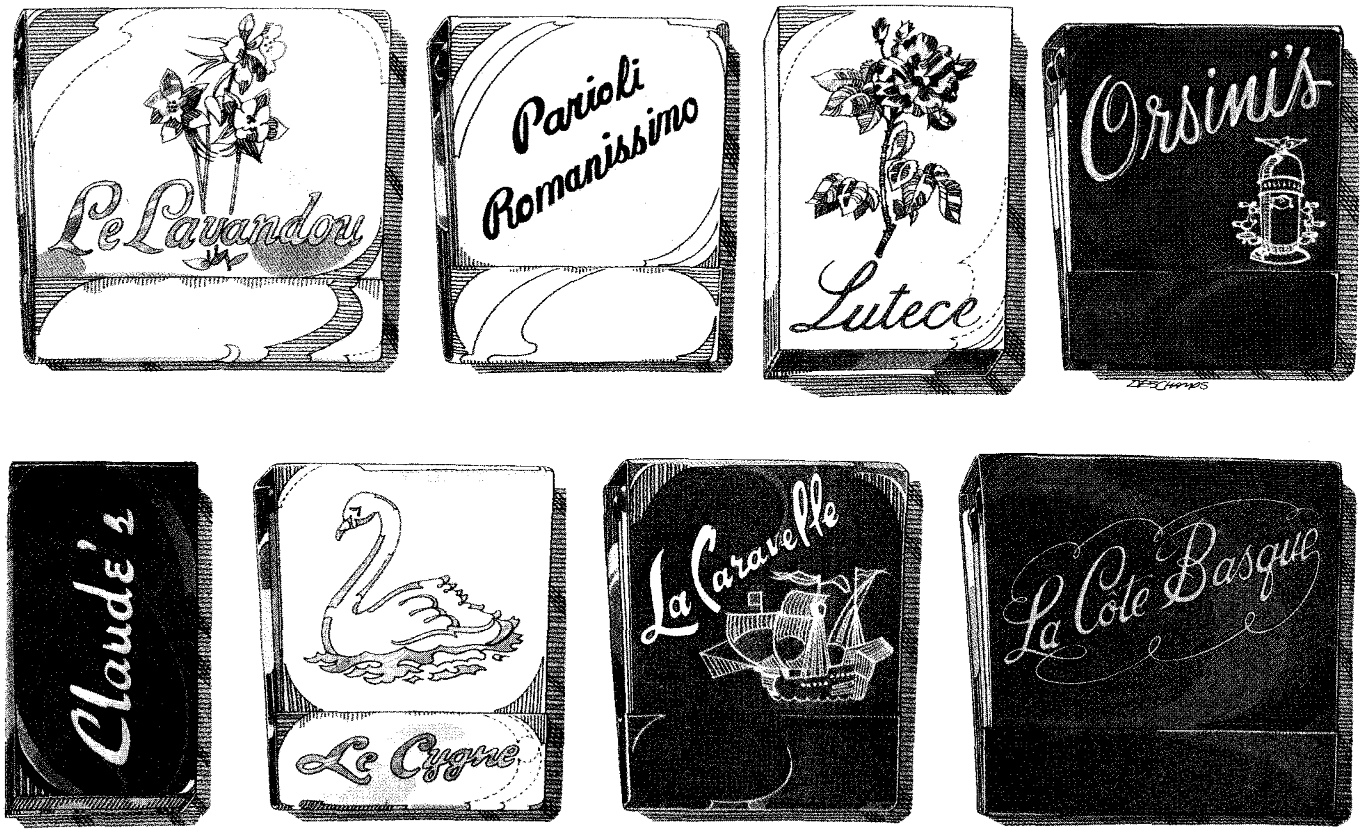
Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Sept. 18: "Smokey and the Bandit II."
Sept. 19-25: "Mother's Day." (†)
From Sept. 26: "In God We Trust." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Rocky" (†) and "Rocky II." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Sept. 18: "The Octagon."
From Sept. 19: "Summer Camp" and "Flesh Gordon."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Sept. 17: "The Killers" (1946), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Burt Lancaster, Ava Gardner, Edmond O'Brien, Albert Dekker, and Sam Levene; and "The Killers" (1964), directed by Don Siegel, with Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson, John Cassavetes, and Ronald Reagan.
Sept. 18: "The Magic Flute" (1975), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman.
Sept. 19: "The Lord of the Rings" (1978), and "Wizards" (1977), both animated films, directed by Ralph Bakshi.
Sept. 20: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden.
Sept. 21-22: "Quadrophenia" (1979), directed by Franc Roddam; and "Punking Out" (1978), a documentary about punk rock.
Sept. 23: "Zatoichi's Cane Sword" (1966), in Japanese, directed by Kimiyoshi Yasuda, with Shintaro Katsu as the blind swords-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

man; and "A Man Who Loved Love" (1961), in Japanese, directed by Yasuzo Masumura, with Raizo Ichikawa and Ayako Wakao.

Sept. 24: "Crazy Mama" (1975), directed by Jonathan Demme, with Cloris Leachman and Stuart Whitman; and "Caged Heat!" (1974), directed by Jonathan Demme, with Juanita Brown and Roberta Collins.

Sept. 25: "3 Women" (1977), directed by Robert Altman, with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule; and "Images" (1972), directed by Robert Altman, with Susannah York, René Auberjonois, Marcel Bozzuffi, and Hugh Millais.

From Sept. 26: "Radio On" (1980), directed by Christopher Petit.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Sept. 17: "Waltz of the Toreadors" (1962), directed by John Guillermin, with Peter Sellers and Margaret Leighton.

Sept. 18-19: "The Deer Hunter" (1978), directed by Michael Cimino, with Robert De Niro.

Sept. 20: "Breaking Away" (1979), directed by Peter Yates, with Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley.

Sept. 21: "Top Hat" (1935), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire; and "Swing Time" (1936), directed by George Stevens, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness.

Sept. 22: "Autumn Sonata" (1978), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann; and "Spellbound" (1945), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.

Sept. 23: "El Cid" (1961), directed by Anthony Mann, with Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren, Raf Vallone, and Geneviève Page.

Sept. 24: "Two Women" (†); and "The Black Orchid" (1959), directed by Martin Ritt, with Sophia Loren, Anthony Quinn, and Ina Balin. (Miss Loren will be present at about 7:30 P.M.)

Sept. 25: "Marriage–Italian Style." (†) and "Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow." (†)

Sept. 26: "A Special Day" (1977), in Italian, directed by Ettore Scola, with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni; and "The Gold of Naples." (†)

Sept. 27: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Sept. 18: "The Human Factor" (1980), directed by Otto Preminger, with Richard Attenborough, John Gielgud, Derek Jacobi, Robert Morley, and Nicol Williamson; and "Gumshoe" (1972), directed by Stephen Frears, with Albert Finney.

Sept. 19-20: "Heat" (1972), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Sylvia Miles and Joe Dallesandro; and "Trash" (1970), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn.

Sept. 21-22: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider.

Sept. 23: "The Battle of Chile." (†)

Sept. 24-25: "Heart Beat" (†), and "Simon" (1980), directed by Marshall Brickman, with Alan Arkin, Madeline Kahn, Austin Pendleton, and Wallace Shawn.

Sept. 26-27: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Sept. 18: "The Grateful Dead" (1977), a filmed concert.

Sept. 19-21: "Rust Never Sleeps" (1979), a documentary about Neil Young; and "Gimme Shelter" (1970), directed by the Maysles brothers and Charlotte Zwerin, about the Rolling Stones concert at Altamont.

Sept. 22-24: "Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones" (1974), a concert on film; and "Pink Floyd." (†)

Sept. 25: Theatre closed.

From Sept. 26: "Union City" (1980), directed by Mark Reichert, with Dennis Lipscomb and Deborah Harry.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)

Sept. 17: "Ninotchka" (1939), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, and Sig Rumann; and "Silk Stockings" (1957), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Janis Paige, and Jules Munshin.

Sept. 18-19: "Cabin in the Sky" (1943), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John Bubbles; and "The Band Wagon" (1953), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Nanette Fabray, and Jack Buchanan.

Sept. 20-22: "Pat and Mike" (1952), directed by George Cukor, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Aldo Ray; and "Adam's Rib" (1949), directed by George Cukor, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen, and David Wayne.

Sept. 23-24: "San Francisco" (1936), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald, and Spencer Tracy; and "The Merry Widow" (1934), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier.

Sept. 25-26: "Scaramouche" (1952), directed by George Sidney, with Stewart Granger, Eleanor Parker, Janet Leigh, and Mel Ferrer; and "The Three Musketeers" (1948), directed by George Sidney, with Lana Turner, Gene Kelly, Vincent Price, Angela Lansbury, and June Allyson.

From Sept. 27: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939), directed by Victor Fleming, with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "Meet Me in St. Louis." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Sept. 17: "Dog Day Afternoon" (1975), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Al Pacino and John Cazale; and "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" (1975), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Ellen Burstyn, Kris Kristofferson, and Alfred Lutter.

Sept. 18-20: "The Late Show" (1977), directed by Robert Benton, with Art Carney, Lily Tomlin, Bill Macy, and Eugene Roche; and "All the President's Men" (1976), directed by Alan J. Pakula, with Dustin Hoffman and Robert Redford.

Sept. 21-22: "America America." (†)

Sept. 23-24: "Northwest Passage" (†); and "Plymouth Adventure" (1952), directed by Clarence Brown, with Spencer Tracy, Gene Tierney, Van Johnson, and Leo Genn.

Sept. 25-27: "The Gorgeous Hussy" (†); and "Jezebel" (1938), directed by William Wyler, with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Sept. 17: "The Great Madcap" (1949), "Land Without Bread" (1932), and "Simon of the Desert" (1965)—three films made by Luis Buñuel in Mexico. In Spanish.

Sept. 18: "Funny Face" (1957), directed by Stanley Donen, with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Kay Thompson, and Michel Auclair; and "Two for the Road" (1967), directed by Stanley Donen, with Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney.

Sept. 19-20: "The Europeans" (1979), directed by James Ivory, with Lee Remick, Tim Woodward, Lisa Eichhorn, and Kristin Griffith; and "Shakespeare Wallah" (1965), directed by James Ivory, with Shashi Kapoor.

Sept. 21: "To Be or Not to Be" (1942), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart; and "In Name Only." (†)

Sept. 22: A program of Tex Avery cartoons and a program of "Felix" cartoons by Otto Messmer.

Sept. 23: "The Invitation" (†) and "My Uncle Antoine." (†)

Sept. 24: "Maîtresse" (1976), in French, directed by Barbet Schroeder, with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu; and "More" (1969), in French, directed by Barbet Schroeder, with Mimsy Farmer.

Sept. 25: "Harlem Rhythm and Blues" (1955) and "Rock 'n' Roll at the Apollo" (1955), both revue films.

Sept. 26-27: "Macbeth" (1948), directed by

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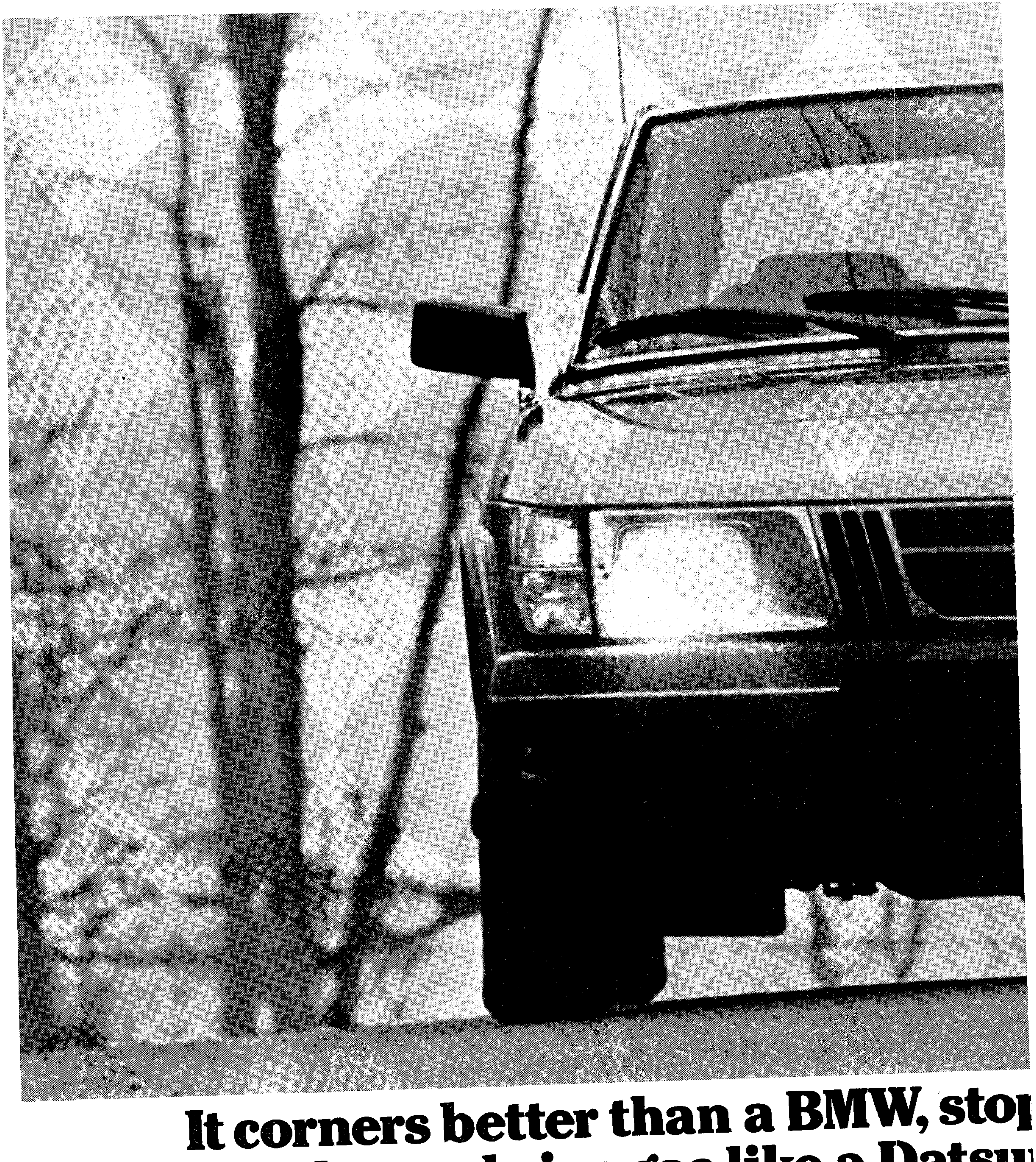

It corners better than a BMW, sto a Mercedes and sips gas like a Datsu

FACT: Against the BMW 528i, in an independent study earlier this year, the front-wheel drive Saab 900 GLE was consistently faster through a 700-foot slalom course.

(In two years of similar but separate tests, *Road & Track* magazine reports the Saab Turbo to be faster than, among other cars, two Ferraris, two Jaguars and a couple of Porsches, including the 928.)

FACT: Against the Volvo GLE, in 60 mph to zero braking tests, the Saab 900 consistently stopped quicker.

FACT: In 21 of 36 separate ways of judging comfort, a consumer panel actually rated the Saab 900 more comfortable than the Mercedes 280E.

FACT: With a five-speed transmission, the *mid-size* Saab 900 GLE equals beats the EPA mileage ratings of 1 Datsuns, seven Toyotas, two VWs one Subaru. And it comes very, ve close to quite a few other compact sub-compact cars.

FACT: Of the 153 sedans as larg larger inside than the mid-size Saab only four get better gas mileage. If

*Manufacturers suggested retail price. Not including taxes, license, freight, dealer charges or options. Touring package extra.

etter than a Volvo, feels better than miracle? No, a Saab.

e always said you'd buy a big car gets good gas mileage, here's your ce.

aab 900 GLE five-speed: ㉒ EPA ated mpg, 33 estimated highway Remember, use estimated mpg for parison only. Mileage varies with d, trip length and weather. Actual way mileage will probably be less.)

FACT: Saab 900 GLE prices start at $10,825.* Other Saabs start at $8,225.* More, perhaps than a Datsun, a Toyota or a Subaru will cost you, but less than a BMW, a Mercedes or the like will set you back.

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Orson Welles, with Welles, Jeanette Nolan, Don O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowall; and "The Blue Angel" (1929), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 17: "The Road to Singapore" (1931), directed by Alfred E. Green, with William Powell, Doris Kenyon, and Louis Calhern; and "Lawyer Man" (1932), directed by William Dieterle, with William Powell, Joan Blondell, and Helen Vinson.

Sept. 18: "No Man of Her Own" (1932), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Carole Lombard and Clark Gable; and "True Confession" (1937), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Carole Lombard, John Barrymore, and Fred MacMurray.

Sept. 19-20: "Foreign Correspondent" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and George Sanders; and "Number Seventeen" (1932), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Leon M. Lion and Anne Grey.

Sept. 21: "Holiday" (†) and "Suddenly, Last Summer." (†)

Sept. 22: "Night After Night" (†) and "My Little Chickadee." (†)

Sept. 23: "Dangerous" (1936), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Bette Davis, Franchot Tone, John Eldredge, and Margaret Lindsay; and "Fashions of 1934" (1934), directed by William Dieterle, with William Powell, Bette Davis, and Frank McHugh.

Sept. 24: "Easter Parade" (†); and "The Band Wagon" (1953), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Nanette Fabray, and Jack Buchanan.

Sept. 25: "Portrait of Jennie" (1949), directed by William Dieterle, with Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, Ethel Barrymore, and Lillian Gish; and "Cluny Brown." (†)

Sept. 26-27: "The Great Gatsby" (1949), directed by Elliott Nugent, with Alan Ladd, Betty Field, Macdonald Carey, and Barry Sullivan; and "This Gun for Hire" (1942), directed by Frank Tuttle, with Veronica Lake, Alan Ladd, and Laird Cregar.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, *11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)*—Sept. 19 at 6: "The Scarlet Letter" (1926), a silent film, directed by Victor Sjöström, with Lillian Gish, Lars Hanson, and Henry B. Walthall. . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 8:30: "The Night of the Hunter" (1955), directed by Charles Laughton, with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, and Lillian Gish. . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 6: A program of four films with Lillian Gish, directed by D. W. Griffith, at Biograph, between 1912 and 1913. . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 8:30: "The Cobweb" (1955), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Richard Widmark, Lauren Bacall, Lillian Gish, Charles Boyer, and Gloria Grahame. . . . ¶ Sept. 21 at 6: "The Night of the Hunter." . . . ¶ Sept. 21 at 8:30: "The Scarlet Letter." . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 6: "The Cobweb." . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 8:30: A program of four films with Lillian Gish, directed by D. W. Griffith, at Biograph, between 1912 and 1913. . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 6: "La Bohème" (1926), a silent film, directed by King Vidor, with Lillian Gish and John Gilbert. . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 8:30 and Sept. 24 at 6: "Hearts of the World" (1918), a silent film, directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish, Adolphe Lestina, Josephine Crowell, Robert Harron, Dorothy Gish, and Erich von Stroheim. . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 8:30: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 6: "Broken Blossoms" (1919), a silent film, directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, and Donald Crisp. . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 8:30: "The Wind" (1928), a silent film, directed by Victor Sjöström, with Lillian Gish and Lars Hanson. . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 6: "The Trip to Bountiful" (1953), directed by Vincent J. Donehue, with Lillian Gish, John Beal, Eileen Heckart, and Eva Marie Saint; a kinescope of a television production. . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 7:30: "Orphans of the Storm" (1922), a silent film, directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish, Dorothy Gish, Joseph Schildkraut, and Lucille LaVerne. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 10 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Sept. 21: A program of films by Robert Frank—"Life Dances On" (1980), "Conversations in Vermont" (1969), and "About Me: A Musical Film About Life in New York City" (1971), daily at noon and 4; also a musical whose name we are unable to spell (1972; co-directed by Danny Seymour), daily at 2. Mr. Frank will be present at the 2 P.M. showing on Sept. 18. . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 23: More films by Robert Frank—"Pull My Daisy" (1959; co-directed by Alfred Leslie) and "Keep Busy" (1975; co-directed by Rudy Wurlitzer), daily at noon and 4, plus Tuesday evening at 6; and "Me and My Brother" (1965-68), daily at 2. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Brakhage and Bresson. Showings Sept. 18-20 and 25-27 at 8.

British Film Now—A series of films by British filmmakers. At the Paramount Theatre, B'way at 61st St.—Sept. 20 at 8 and Sept. 21 at 2: "The Gamekeeper" (Ken Loach; 1980). . . . ¶ Sept. 21 at 5 and 8: "Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession" (Nicolas Roeg; 1980). . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 3: "Long Shot" (Maurice Hatton; 1978). . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 6:15: "Moon Over the Alley" (Chuck Despins; 1980). . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 9: "The Tempest" (Derek Jarman; 1980). . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at noon: "Bleak Moments" (Mike Leigh; 1972). . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 3: "Bloody Kids" (Stephen Frears; 1980). . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 6:15: Three films by Bill Douglas—"My Childhood" (1972), "My Ain Folk" (1974), and "My Way Home" (1978). . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 9:30: "Long Shot." . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 2:30: Three films by Bill Douglas. . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 6:15: "The Tempest." . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 9: "Brothers and Sisters" (Richard Woolley; 1980). . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at noon: "Moon Over the Alley." . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 3: "Brothers and Sisters." . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 6:15: "Bleak Moments." . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 9: "Bloody Kids." (For information about tickets, call 877-1800, Ext. 489.)

New York Film Festival—The first programs in a seventeen-day series of international films—At ALICE TULLY HALL, Lincoln Center. Sept. 26 at 7:30: "Melvin and Howard" (Jonathan Demme; United States). . . . AVERY FISHER HALL: Sept. 26 at 9: A repeat showing of "Melvin and Howard." . . . ALICE TULLY HALL: Sept. 27 at 12:30: "The Handyman" (Micheline Lanctôt; Canada). . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 3: "Masoch (The Confessions of Wanda Sacher Masoch)" (Franco Brogi Taviani; Italy). . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 6: "The Life and Times of Rosie the Riveter" (Connie Field; United States). . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 9: "Bye-Bye Brazil" (Carlos Diegues; Brazil). (For tickets, call 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Airplane!—It has the best trailer of recent years, but the movie is just more of the same: cheerfully clunky gags. If you were a teenager in the late fifties and read the movie lampoons in *Mad* and watched a lot of TV series shows and a lot of cheapie old movies on television and remembered parts of all of them, jumbled together into one dumb movie—that's "Airplane!" It's compiled like a joke book. The three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/1/80.) (34th St. East, Festival and Forum. . . . ¶ Loews New York 1; through Sept. 24.)

America America (1963)—Elia Kazan's account, drawn from his own family background, of the fierce struggle of a Greek boy to get to the fabled land of opportunity. Flawed by miscasting, and almost destroyed by the desperate ambitiousness of the project, this unconvincing, poorly scripted movie is intermittently interesting for some of the performers (Linda Marsh, particularly, and Paul Mann) and for some of the images caught by the cinematographer, Haskell Wexler. (Regency; Sept. 21-22.)

The Amityville Horror (1979)—Based on the book, which should have been called "The Amityville Nuisance." A young couple (James Brolin and Margot Kidder) move into a new house and ascribe everything that goes wrong to demons. Everything that goes wrong in the movie can be ascribed to cheap tricks. With Rod Steiger as the obligatory priest. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (8/13/79) (Olympia; starting Sept. 26.)

Anti-Clock—With Sebastian Saville, directed by Jack Bond and Jane Arden. (Art; through Sept. 23.)

The Arabian Nights (1973)—Directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian; X-rated. (Cinema 3; through Sept. 25.)

Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession—With Art Garfunkel, Theresa Russell, Harvey Keitel, and Denholm Elliott; directed by Nicolas Roeg. (Sutton; starting Sept. 22.)

The Battle of Chile (1976)—A great two-part, three-hour-and-ten-minute documentary about the events leading to the fall of Allende. This cross-section view of a collapsing government is surely unprecedented—we actually see the country cracking open. The young director, Patricio Guzmán, and his team have put a strict Marxist vise on the material; the film is structured to demonstrate that workers have to be prepared to use force of arms to defend their legally won gains, and much of what is presented as fact is highly questionable. But as a piece of epic filmmaking it is superb, and the editing is so subtle and fluid that the second half has the effect of one long, continuous shot. (Cinema Village; Sept. 23.)

Being There—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidentally rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel, which has gained depth and direction as a movie. The picture is often funny, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (1/7/80) (Cinema Studio 2; starting Sept. 19.)

The Big Brawl—With Jackie Chan and José Ferrer, directed by Robert Clouse. (R.K.O. 86th St. . . . ¶ Loews State 2; through Sept. 25.)

The Big Red One—With Lee Marvin and Mark Hamill, directed by Sam Fuller. (Olympia; through Sept. 18.)

The Blue Lagoon—The central and virtually the only characters are two little cousins; shipwrecked, they grow up alone together on a South Seas island, and turn into Brooke Shields and Christopher Atkins. The film has an inevitable, built-in prurience. The director, Randal Kleiser, and his scenarist, Douglas Day Stewart, have made the two clean and innocent by emptying them of any dramatic interest. Watching them is about as exciting as looking into a fishbowl waiting for guppies to mate. (7/21/80) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Manhattan 2; starting Sept. 19.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

Carny—With Gary Busey and Jodie Foster, directed by Robert Kaylor. (Olympia; through Sept. 18.)

The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith—This great Australian film was taken from Thomas Keneally's novel, which is like Nat Turner's story as a lusty ironist—an Irish Nabokov, perhaps—might have written it. The direc-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tor, Fred Schepisi, dramatizes the inability of the displaced Europeans at the turn of the century (scrabbling tightwads who got where they are by self-denial) to understand the aborigines who live in the remnants of a tribal society with an elaborate structure of claims: men are obliged to give a share of their earnings to their kin, even if their kin are drunken and diseased and want the money only to go on a binge. And men offer their wives to visiting kin as a form of hospitality. To the whites, giving money away is unfathomable laxity, and since the black women are so easily available the white men treat the aboriginal settlements as brothels. Jimmie Blacksmith is a product of one of these visits to a tin shanty: a half-caste who is taught by a Methodist minister, he grows up determined to escape the debased existence of aborigines in their hovels by working hard, buying land, and, as the minister's wife has advised him, marrying a nice white girl off a farm, so his children will be only a quarter black and the next generation scarcely black at all. The film is the grotesque, explosive comedy of what happens to this young man; trying to improve himself, he's like a hair-raisingly foolish cross between Jude the Obscure and Gunga Din. When he rebels, it isn't out of conscious militancy or a demand for political justice, it's out of helplessness and frustration. It's as if he had let his unconscious take over. He says he has declared war, but he doesn't wage war directly against the men; he attacks the men's most prized possessions—their robust, well-fed women, their pink-and-white children. With Tommy Lewis as Jimmie, and Freddy Reynolds as laughing Mort, his aborigine half-brother, a loyal, easygoing bum in ragged tweeds who makes us understand what the Europeans have destroyed. This is a large-scale film—a visually impassioned epic. (9/15/80) (Cinema Studio 1.)

Cheech and Chong's Next Movie—Directed by Thomas Chong. (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 18.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind (1977)—Steven Spielberg's celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of the technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic and a childlike comic spirit. The version playing now is called "the Special Edition;" Spielberg has reëdited the film—he has made some trims, put in some outtakes, and shot a few new bits. The action is swifter, and the central character, played by Richard Dreyfuss, is easier to understand, but you may miss some of the scenes that have been cut, and find that the outtakes that Spielberg has substituted for the scenes you remember keep jarring you. With François Truffaut, Melinda Dillon, Teri Garr, Bob Balaban, and Cary Guffey. (11/28/77 and 9/1/80) (Gramercy, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ Loews New York 2; through Sept. 24.)

Cluny Brown (1946)—A girl with a passion for plumbing is terribly repugnant to stuffy people who don't want to admit that they have drains. This wonderfully suggestive idea is at the center of Ernst Lubitsch's mischievous satire on English propriety, set in contemporary rural England. Jennifer Jones is Cluny (it's her lightest, funniest performance, rivalled only by her dippy blonde in "Beat the Devil"), and Charles Boyer is a debonair scrounger—a displaced European sophisticate who encourages her to flout social conventions. These two are surrounded by a prime collection of English class and mass types—the wheezy Richard Haydn, Una O'Connor as his mother, Reginald Owen, Margaret Bannerman, Peter Lawford, Helen Walker, Ernest Cossart, Sara Allgood, Florence Bates, Reginald Gardiner, C. Aubrey Smith, Queenie Leonard, Billy Bevan, Whit Bissell, and many others. It's a lovely, easygoing comedy, full of small surprising touches. Based on Margery Sharp's novel, adapted by Samuel Hoffenstein and Elizabeth Reinhardt. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 25.)

Come Have Coffee with Us (1970)—With Ugo Tognazzi, directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Quad Cinema.)

Divine Madness—Filmed at several live performances of Bette Midler's stage show of the same name, by Michael Ritchie. (Criterion Center; starting Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Loews New York 2; starting Sept. 26.)

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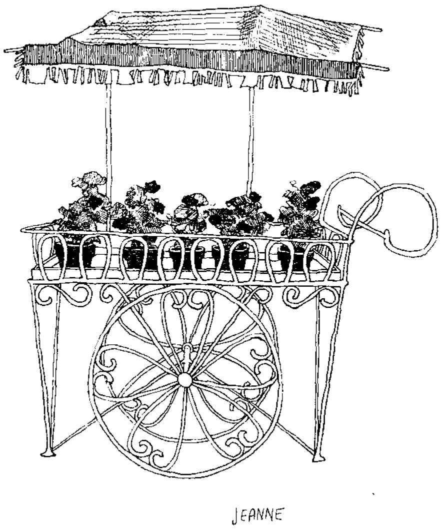
Dressed to Kill—One of the most sheerly enjoyable films of recent years, this sophisticated horror comedy was written and directed by Brian De Palma. Set in Manhattan, it's about sex and fear; De Palma presents extreme fantasies and pulls the audience into them with such apparent ease that the pleasure of the suspense becomes aphrodisiacal. With Angie Dickinson as a beautiful, aging, golden blonde, Michael Caine as her analyst, the breezy comedienne Nancy Allen as a pretty investment-minded hooker, and Dennis Franz as a brash police detective. (8/4/80) (Beekman, Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 5. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Sept. 26.)

Easter Parade (1948)—There's not much comedy and not much invention in this oversize M-G-M musical, but Fred Astaire and Judy Garland finally get to their great number, "A Couple of Swells." With Ann Miller and Peter Lawford; Lola Albright may be glimpsed as a hat model. Charles Walters directed; the score, by Irving Berlin, includes "*It Only Happens When I Dance with You.*" (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 24.)

The Empire Strikes Back—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor, which is great news for kids and for us all. Directed by Irvin Kershner, produced by George Lucas. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (5/26/80) (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Exterminator—With Christopher George, Samantha Eggar, and Robert Ginty; directed by James Glickenhaus. (Plaza, and Waverly. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum 2, and National; through Sept. 25.)

Fame—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's *unfictional* School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. Directed by Alan Parker; with Mau[illegible] Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCra[illegible] Meara, and Jim Moody. The music [illegible] chael Gore. (5/26/80) (Gemini 2, Gr[illegible] Playhouse 1, New Yorker 2, and Cr[illegible] Center.)



Fatso—Is there something funny about the sight of three compulsive eaters wrecking a kitchen in an orgy of gluttony? Is there pathos in a fat man who devours forty dollars' worth of takeout Chinese food in a parked car? Possibly, but not as presented in this queasy comedy, which is far more self-indulgent than its weepy victim-hero, Dominick DiNapoli (Dom DeLuise). Many closeups of food. With Anne Bancroft, who cooked up the whole thing in this, her first effort as a writer and director. (Olympia; Sept. 19-25.)

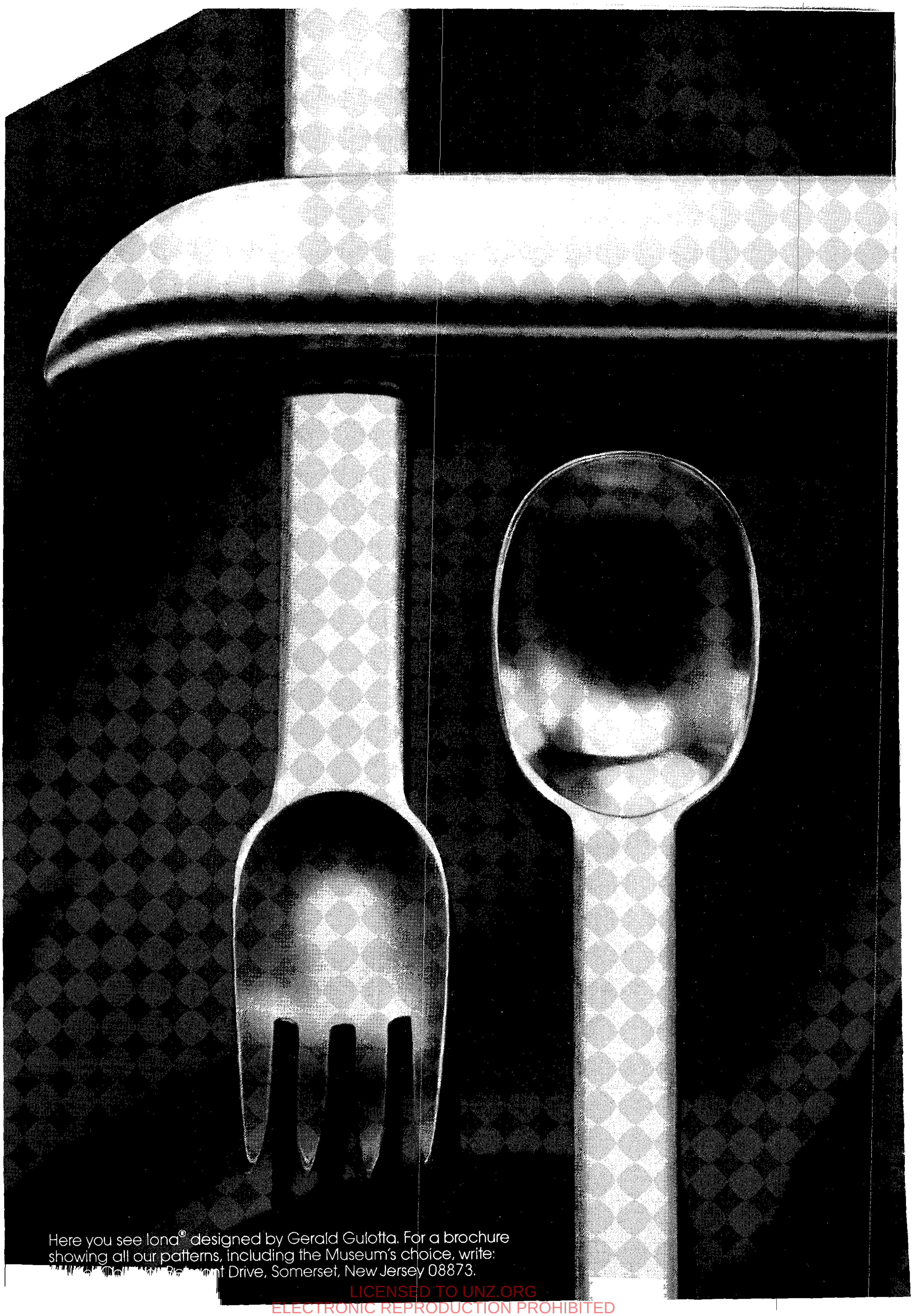
The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu—With Peter Sellers, directed by Piers Haggard. (Loews Tower East; through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Sept. 19-25.)

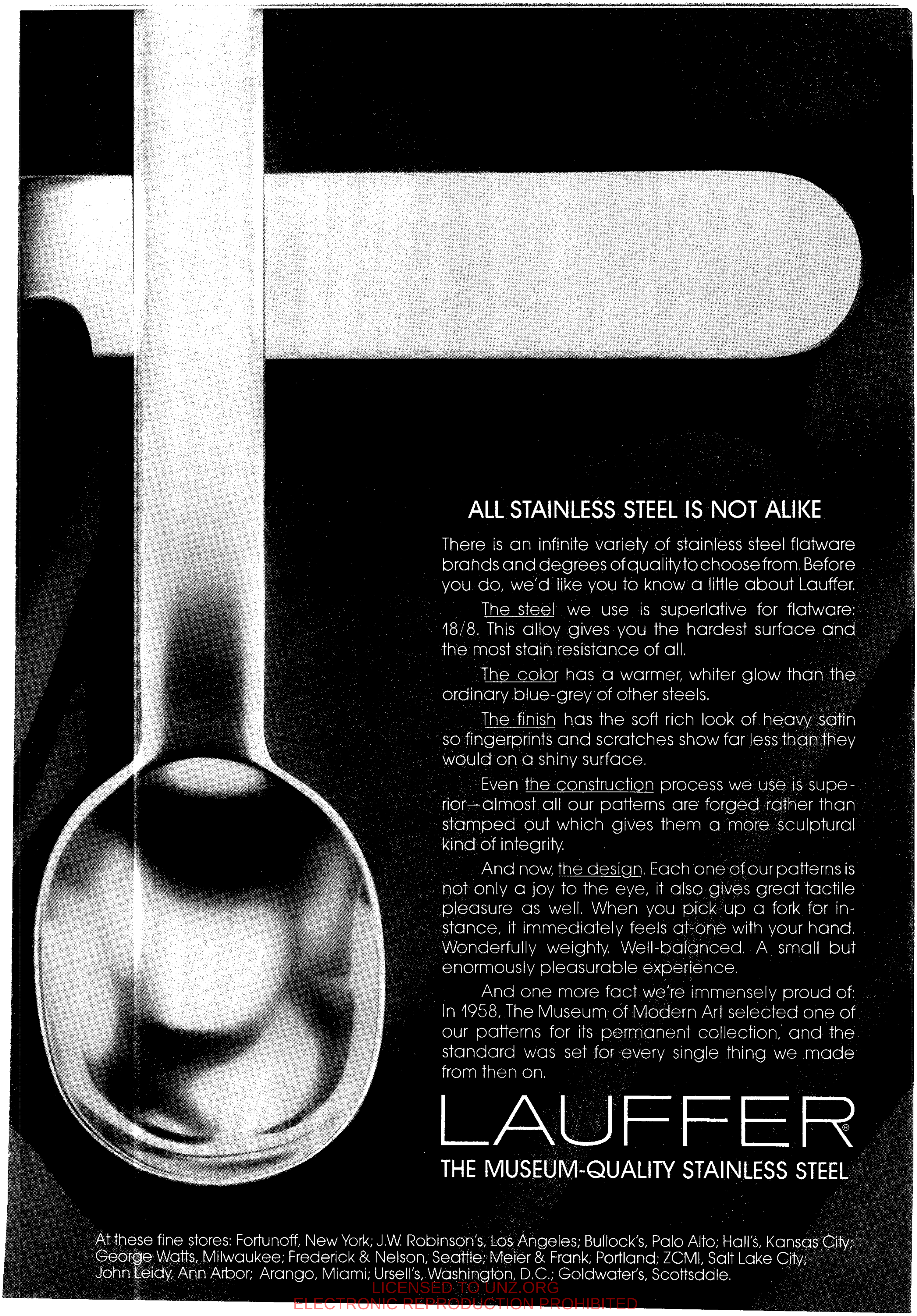
The Getting of Wisdom (1977)—A minor post-Victorian autobiographical novel about an Australian girl's coming-of-age, re-created for the screen in its own terms—or, rather, in what the re-creators think are its own terms. At thirteen, an impoverished girl (Susannah Fowle) from the back country who is highly precocious and a gifted musician comes to Melbourne, and she spends five years there at the Presbyterian Ladies College, a select school for the daughters of the wealthy, where the teachers sneer at her because her mother runs a post office in the bush, and the girls are harpies. She almost succumbs to snobbery, but she has her brains and her talent and her intrepid nature to see her through. This self-infatuated fantasy is presented in the guise of harsh realism, and the faithful, meticulous period re-creation makes it hard for us to connect with the heroine or with anything else. Directed by Bruce Beresford, whose attitude toward the material is cold and literal, as if we were in need of a muckraking exposé of the Victorian education of ladies. From a script by Eleanor Witcombe; cinematography by Don McAlpine. (9/15/80) (Coronet).

The Gold of Naples (1957)—Vittorio De Sica directed this collection of Neapolitan episodes, featuring Totò as a little clown imposed on by a bullying racketeer, Silvana Mangano as a prostitute, Sophia Loren in her celebrated comic turn as a pizza seller, and De Sica himself as a gambler—which the whole world knows he was. He was also a director who could combine melancholy and wit. It's an uneven film, but Loren walking and De Sica gambling are works of art. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 26.)

The Gorgeous Hussy (1936)—The title is deceptive. The film is about Andrew Jackson (Lionel Barrymore) and his Presidential problems. Specifically, it deals with his dissolving his Cabinet because the wives of the members had cut a certain Mrs. Eaton (Joan Crawford). Something like this actually happened, though the picture will never convince anyone of it. Beulah Bondi smokes a corncob with the assurance befitting a First Lady, Melvyn Douglas plays dreary, gentlemanly John Randolph, and Robert Taylor and Franchot Tone are the handsome young men. Clarence Brown directed. (Regency; Sept. 25-27.)

The Great Santini (called "The Ace" on Home Box Office)—This slice-of-family-life melodrama features Robert Duvall in the Bruce Dern role (the military-psychopath father) and Michael O'Keefe in the Richard Thomas role (the sensitive, thoughtful teen-age son). There's a sequence that is a strong metaphor for the ugly competitiveness inside a father's determination to toughen up a son: a one-on-one basketball game between them. Refusing to accept his defeat, the father follows the boy inside the house and demands another game; walking up the stairs right behind the boy, he tries to goad him by bouncing the ball, hard, off the boy's head and calling him "my sweetest little girl." This is the only sequence that hits home, though. With Blythe Danner, who comes close to creating a believable woman out of an idealized mother figure, and brings in shadings that help to suggest a real family, though she doesn't have a single scene that is really hers. Also with Lisa Jane Persky as the family comic, Theresa Merritt as the housekeeper, David





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Keefe as the redneck so mean he shoots a saintly black's dawg, and Paul Mantee. (9/1/80) (Guild. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 26. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Sept. 26, tentative.)

Heart Beat—Almost everything has gone wrong with this clunky romance based on the early wanderings and drinkings of the novelist Jack Kerouac and his friend Neal Cassady, who became the model for the hero of Kerouac's "On the Road." The picture, which was written and directed by John Byrum, ends up with Kerouac famous but *unhappy*, man, and it keeps giving off the wrong signals, causing us to groan or giggle by turns at the self-conscious sufferings of these pioneer beats. John Heard is Kerouac, Nick Nolte is Cassady, and Sissy Spacek (in some great-looking Joan Crawfordy dresses) is Carolyn Cassady—attractive performers all, but utterly unable to make this sashweight take wing. (5/12/80) (Cinema Village; Sept. 24-25.)

He Knows You're Alone—With Don Scardino and Caitlin O'Heaney, directed by Armand Mastroianni. (86th St. East, and National; starting Sept. 26.)

Herbie Goes Bananas—The further adventures of Disney's precocious VW Beetle. With Cloris Leachman, Charles Martin Smith, and John Vernon; directed by Vincent McEveety. (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Sept. 25.)

Holiday (1938)—In the thirties, Katharine Hepburn's wit and nonconformity made ordinary heroines seem mushy, and her angular beauty made the round-faced ingénues look piggy and stupid. Here she is in her archetypal role, as the rich tomboy Linda in Philip Barry's romantic comedy. She had understudied the role in 1928 on Broadway and had used it for her screen test, and she was the moving force behind this graceful film version, which Donald Ogden Stewart tailored for her and which George Cukor directed. In the pivotal role of a man who wants a holiday in order to discover his values, Cary Grant manages to make a likable and plausible character out of a dramatist's stratagem. With Edward Everett Horton and Jean Dixon as the man's friends; Lew Ayres as Linda's brother; Doris Nolan as her stuffy, patrician sister; and Henry Daniell and Binnie Barnes among her obnoxious relatives. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 21.)

Honeysuckle Rose—The film seems color-coördinated to Willie Nelson's hippie-Indian earth-tone clothing; he plays Buck Bonham, a country-and-Western singer, a regional idol who has never quite attained national success. Buck loves travelling in his tour bus with his backup band; life on the road is the answer to his restlessness. As Buck's wife of fifteen years, Dyan Cannon (who sings in a good torchy blues voice) is so full of energy and humor and knowingness that she gives the audience hope: if this is maturity, then life looks pretty good. Having stumbled onto this affirmation, the director, Jerry Schatzberg, knows what he's got and doesn't overplay his hand and wreck it. The songs (by Nelson, Kris Kristofferson, Leon Russell, and others) have a lot of energy, and the music and the imagery move together. Though the film has no big dramatic conflicts, in its loose, nonlinear way it has more going on than most movies, though what's going on is understated and sometimes a little screwed up, with story points undeveloped or left dangling. The story is "Intermezzo" out West, with Amy Irving as the young musician who is in love with Buck. The film is very sensual in its color, in the looks that the two central women characters exchange with Buck, and in the music itself. Also with Slim Pickens, Charles Levin, Joey Floyd, Priscilla Pointer, and a guest appearance by Emmylou Harris. Cinematography by Robby Müller; music supervised by Richard Baskin; the almost nonexistent script is credited to three writers; many others reportedly worked on it, too. (8/18/80) (72nd Street East; through Sept. 18.)

Hopscotch—With Walter Matthau, Glenda Jackson, and Ned Beatty; directed by Ronald Neame. (Loews New York 1, and Loews State 2; starting Sept. 26.)

Hullabaloo Over Georgie and Bonnie's Pictures—With Peggy Ashcroft, Larry Pine, Victor Banerjee, and Aparna Sen; directed by James Ivory. (New Yorker 1; starting Sept. 22.)

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21	22	23	24	25	26	27

In God We Trust—With Marty Feldman, Louise Lasser, Peter Boyle, and Andy Kaufman; directed by Feldman. (Eastside Cinema, and Rivoli; starting Sept. 26.)

In Name Only (1939)—Slinky Kay Francis is the coldhearted wife in name only. All she wants of her husband, Cary Grant, is his wealth and social position, while he is so desperate for a divorce in order to marry the companionable Carole Lombard, a young widow with a small daughter, that he becomes ill and almost dies of pneumonia. This is one of the rare movies in which the robust Grant actually has sickbed scenes. John Cromwell directed this "mature" ("Dodsworth"-influenced) view of marital incompatibility, which emphasizes the wife's shrewdness in manipulating her in-laws. It's a solemn, soapy picture, but with unusually good performances. With Charles Coburn as Grant's father, and Helen Vinson, Peggy Ann Garner, Katharine Alexander, Alan Baxter, Maurice Moscovich, and Nella Walker. Adapted by Richard Sherman, from Bessie Brewer's novel, "Memory of Love." (Thalia; Sept. 21.)

The Invitation (1973)—A summery haze hangs over this wonderfully simple and tender film by the Swiss filmmaker Claude Goretta. This tale is about a middle-aged, shy office worker, delicately played by Michel Robin. He lives with his mother until she dies. After taking two months off from his job, he invites every member of the staff of his small office to a day-long party. They had expected to find their host living as humbly as before; they find him on an estate, attended by an exquisitely played hireling butler (François Simon). In French. (Thalia; Sept. 23.)

The Kidnapping of the President—With William Shatner, Hal Holbrook, Van Johnson, and Ava Gardner, directed by George Mendeluk. (Gemini I, and Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Sept. 18.)

Lady and the Tramp (1955)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Sept. 25.)

Make Room for Tomorrow—With Victor Lanoux and Jane Birkin, directed by Peter Kassovitz. In French. (Paris).

The Man Who Fell to Earth (1976)—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (Art; starting Sept. 24.)

Marriage—Italian Style (1964)—A bit of cashing-in on the much funnier and rasher "Divorce—Italian Style;" this picture also stars Marcello Mastroianni, but it was directed by Vittorio De Sica, not Pietro Germi. Mastroianni plays a rising young businessman back in 1943 who meets a sumptuous prostitute (Sophia Loren). Over the years, the obliging girl assumes the tripl task of being his mistress, his business as sociate, and his housekeeper, having onc tricked him into a marriage that he quickl had annulled. The plot squeaks with com plications, but De Sica's love of all scamps i endearing, and so are the two stars' lusciou comic gifts. In Italian. (Carnegie Hal Cinema; Sept. 25.)

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The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed b Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has bee married for a day and thereafter does what ever is required to survive, of Germany in th last days of the war and throughout the eco nomic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequence and longueurs, but there is also some goo work, particularly in the persons of mino characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinem Studio 2; through Sept. 18.)

Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)—Judy Garland sprightly and vocal, in an excellent musical comedy adaptation of Sally Benson's stories With Margaret O'Brien as Tootie, whose Hal loween adventure is the high point of th movie. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Min Cinema; starting Sept. 27.)

Mother's Day—With Nancy Hendrickson an Deborah Luce, directed by Charles Kaufman (Gemini 1, and U. A. East; starting Sept 19. . . . ¶ Rivoli; Sept. 19-25.)

The Mountain Men—With Charlton Heston Brian Keith, and Stephen Macht; directed b Richard Lang. (Manhattan 2, and R.K.O 86th St.; through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ Loews Stat 1; through Sept. 25.)

My Bodyguard—With Chris Makepeace, Ruth Gordon, Matt Dillon, John Houseman, an Martin Mull; directed by Tony Bill. (Manhattan 1, Greenwich Playhouse 2, Loew 83rd Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Olympia Sept. 19-25.)

My Brilliant Career—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated Down Under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through Sept. 25.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—A classic among bad movies: despite the presence of Mae West and W. C. Fields (it's the only time they acted together), this satire of Westerns never really gets off the ground. But the ground is such an honest mixture of dirt, manure, and corn that at times it is fairly aromatic. Mae West is rather slowed down by the censors breathing down her décolletage; but even though she is less bawdy, and rather more grotesque than at her best, she is still overwhelming. Fields is in better form: whether cheating at cards, or kissing Mae West's hand ("What symmetrical digits!"), or spending his wedding night with a goat, he remains the scowling, snarling misanthrope. Fields and West, who wrote most of their own vehicles, collaborated on the script. Directed by Edward Cline; with Joseph Calleia, Margaret Hamilton, and Dick Foran. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 22.)

My Uncle Antoine (1971)—A good French-Canadian picture about rural Quebec, made by Claude Jutra. The sense of small-town society is accurately serious and funny—whispers, giggles, children spying, flurries of love affairs. Jutra himself plays a village-store clerk; it is a wonderful study in sheepishness tinged with truculence. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 23.)

Night After Night (1932)—Mae West in her film début, but no one would mistake her for a débutante. With George Raft. Archie Mayo directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 22.)

Northwest Passage (1940)—Plodding adventure story with a rather queasy point of view. Even those Boy Scouts who revel in the hardships of the stalwart martinet Major Rogers (Spencer Tracy) and his Rangers in this pre-Revolutionary story may become uncomfortable when these heroes attack and burn a village of sleeping Indians. Directed by King Vidor, from the novel by Kenneth Roberts. With Walter Brennan, Robert Young, Ruth Hussey, Nat Pendleton, and an endless Technicolor landscape of the Lake Champlain district. (Regency; Sept. 23-24.)

Ordinary People—With Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, Timothy Hutton, and Judd Hirsch; directed by Robert Redford. (Loews Tower East; starting Sept. 19.)

Pink Floyd (1974)—A concert-*cum*-puff by the famous London rock group, playing in Pompeii in quadrophonically recorded sound. The young men are adept musicians but are even more adept at technology. They can make a Steinway piano sound like demonic stomach rumblings. (8th St. Playhouse; Sept. 22–24.)

Raise the Titanic—With Jason Robards, Richard Jordan, David Selby, Anne Archer, and Alec Guinness; directed by Jerry Jameson. (Ziegfeld.)

Return of the Secaucus 7—Directed by John Sayles. (57th St. Playhouse.)

Rocky (1976)—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. He's amazing to watch: there's bull-necked energy in him, smoldering, and in his deep caveman's voice he gives the most surprising, sharp, fresh shadings to his lines. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (R.K.O. Cinerama 1. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and 86th St. East; through Sept. 25.)

Rocky II (1979)—As the ads say, "the story continues . . ." Practically repeats itself, in fact. Rocky Balboa retires from boxing after going the distance against the heavyweight champion, marries, becomes a father, loses a couple of jobs, and, finally, agrees to a rematch with Apollo Creed. Sylvester Stallone is the writer, director, and star, and he seems to be the best man for the jobs. Same basic cast: Talia Shire, Burgess Meredith, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers. Same location (Philadelphia). Different ending. "Rocky III" is in the works. (7/2/79) (R.K.O. Cinerama 1. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and 86th St. East; through Sept. 25.)

Rough Cut—With Burt Reynolds, Lesley-Anne Down, and David Niven; directed by Don Siegel. (Loews 83rd Quad; starting Sept. 19.)

Running—A film about a thirty-four-year-old quitter (Michael Douglas), who finds himself, and resumes his responsibilities as husband and father, by running in an Olympic marathon. The story seems constantly on the verge of being persuasive; on account of weaknesses in acting, screenplay, and direction, it never quite is. (11/5/79) (St. Marks Cinema; Sept. 19-25.)

Stardust Memories—With Woody Allen, Charlotte Rampling, Jessica Harper, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Tony Roberts; directed by Allen. (Bay Cinema, Baronet, and Little Carnegie; starting Sept. 26.)

Suddenly, Last Summer (1959)—One of Tennessee Williams' feverous fantasies, padded out by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, the director, and by Williams and Gore Vidal, who did the screenplay. They should never have allowed the audience so much time to think about what's going on: the short play turns into a ludicrous, lumbering horror movie. Katharine Hepburn is rather amusing as the Southern-belle dragon lady whose homosexual poet-son, Sebastian, was killed and partly eaten by the North African boys he'd preyed upon. Elizabeth Taylor is her distraught niece, whom she's trying to get lobotomized so that the girl won't be able to tell the story. Taylor works hard at her big monologue, trying to give us the shudders, but Mankiewicz has delayed her revelations too long. Montgomery Clift, in possibly his worst performance, is the dim-witted neurosurgeon who can't seem to get anything into his eminent head. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 21.)

The Tempest—With Heathcote Williams and Karl Johnson, directed by Derek Jarman. (Cinema 3; starting Sept. 26.)

The Third Generation—With Eddie Constantine, Hanna Schygulla, Volker Spengler, and Harry Baer; directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, Sept. 22.)

Those Lips, Those Eyes—With Frank Langella, Glynnis O'Connor, and Thomas Hulce; directed by Michael Pressman. (Paramount; through Sept. 19. . . . ¶ Sutton; through Sept. 20.)

The Tin Drum—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (Cinema II. . . . ¶ New Yorker 1; through Sept. 21. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Sept. 25.)

Two Women (1961)—A young widow, Sophia Loren, takes her teen-age daughter out of wartime Rome to her native village and then starts back home too soon; both mother and daughter are raped by Moroccan soldiers. Emotional, even shattering, but far from depressing. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Eleanora Brown, directed by Vittorio De Sica. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 24. Miss Loren will be present at around 7:30 P.M.)

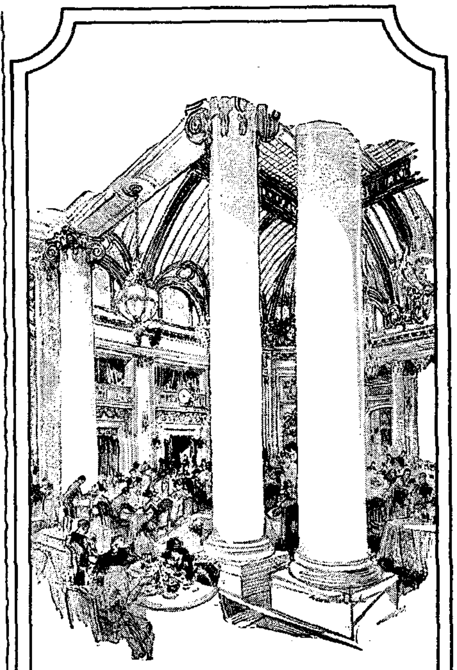
When a Stranger Calls—With Carol Kane, Charles Durning, and Colleen Dewhurst; directed by Fred Walton. (Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews State 1; starting Sept. 26.)

Willie & Phil—Writer-director Paul Mazursky's homage to "Jules and Jim" is also an overview of the psychosocial fashions of the seventies, but there's no texture to the lives of the characters. We have no idea why Willie, a high-school teacher (Michael Ontkean), and Phil, a go-getting fashion photographer (Ray Sharkey), who meet at a revival showing of "Jules and Jim" in Greenwich Village, become inseparable friends, or why they both fall in love with Jeannette (Margot Kidder), rather than with any other stray pretty girl in Washington Square. Jeannette doesn't live up to what Willie and Phil say about her, and they don't live up to what the narrator (Mazursky) says about them. In Mazursky's best films, everyone is satirized, and the characters' foolishness makes them more likable. Mazursky brings people to life only when he makes fun of them. But he presents everything that Jeannette does at face value, and, having held back his feelings about her (or not having sorted them out), he muffles his satiric feelings about the men and the triangular situation. The whole movie becomes neutral. These three are so burdened by what Mazursky thinks they should be that they have none of the spontaneity of the people in "Jules and Jim." Apparently looking for an escape from his principal characters, Mazursky drags in ethnic humor and never lets up on it—Willie's Jewish parents, Phil's Italian-Catholic parents, and Jeannette's Protestant mother in Kentucky. The liveliest, funniest performance—it's just a small one—is by Kaki Hunter as Jeannette's cutie younger sister. With Helen Hanft as a used-car saleswoman, Julie Bovasso as Phil's mother, Jan Miner as Willie's mother, Kathleen Maguire as Jeannette's mother, Hubert J. Edwards as the student who recites "To Be or Not to Be," and Kristine DeBell as Rena. (9/1/80) (Baronet, and Little Carnegie; through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; starting Sept. 26.)

The Wiz (1978)—With Diana Ross in the lead, Dorothy is now a shy schoolteacher in Harlem, and Diana Ross's shy is like Sergeant Bilko's modest. Fervently wet-eyed, she sings songs of preachy uplift in relentlessly slow arrangements. Nipsey Russell (as the Tinman) is able to ride right over the film's muddy carelessness, and a sweetness comes through the Pagliacci makeup that Michael Jackson wears as the Scarecrow, and Mabel King, who plays the Wicked Witch, has a hot growly song. But this film brings out all the weaknesses of its director, Sidney Lumet, and none of his strengths. The whole production has a stagnant atmosphere, and the big dance numbers are free-form traffic jams. Charlie Small's score for the Broadway show has been padded out with some new music, and adapted by Quincy Jones; the maladroit script is by Joel Schumacher. With Lena Horne, Richard Pryor, and Ted Ross. (10/30/78) (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 18.)

Xanadu—A musical, with Olivia Newton-John, Gene Kelly, and Michael Beck, directed by Robert Greenwald. (Criterion Center; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Sept. 19-25.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow (1964)—Vittorio De Sica puts Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni through their paces in a funny three-part comedy of high and low life in Naples, Milan, and Rome. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 25.)



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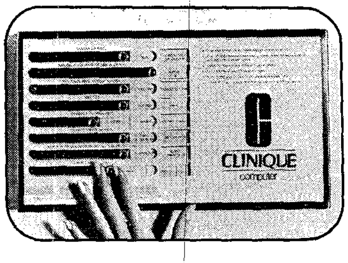

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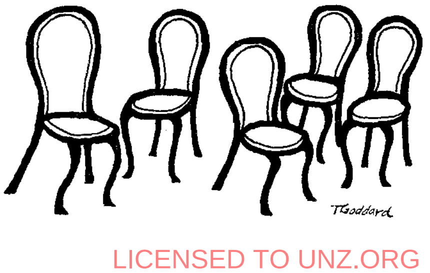
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT is often said that the technique of nonviolence used by Mahatma Gandhi in India's struggle for independence could never have been successful if the adversary had been a determined totalitarian regime rather than constitutional England. But now without firing a shot, and without any threats of violence, Polish workers have—for the time being, at least—successfully defied the Polish state and the Soviet Union, both of which *are* totalitarian, and won the right to set up trade unions that are independent of the Communist regime. This victory, though it falls far short of Polish independence from Soviet rule, is of great historical importance, for it establishes and legitimatizes a rival center of power in a system in which a state monopoly on power is fundamental, both in theory and in practice. A comparable event in the religious sphere would be an acknowledgment by the Catholic Church that in some matters the Protestants had better access to religious truth. The workers in Poland are now formally permitted to set up only what are called trade unions, but the very logic of the situation forces those unions into a political role. Under capitalism, individual unions ordinarily strike against individual employers or, at most, against individual industries. Under Communism, where all the people ordinarily have a single employer, the state, strikes will be against that one employer, and, to be fully effective, must be widespread strikes, of the kind recently organized by the Polish workers. And strikes of that kind are in their nature political. Moreover, in a Marxist state, where economics is deemed to be at the very heart of politics, no independent center of economic power can be anything but political. At first glance, one is tempted to regard the peaceful methods of the Polish workers as a new form of passive resistance. But nonviolence and passivity are not the same. It is true that from an economic point of view widespread strikes are a form of passivity, since workers quit their jobs and turn their factories and shipyards into vast "unproductive" meeting halls. However, this economic inaction is at the same time political action—and political action in one of its purest and most powerful forms. You might say that in Poland a half-million or so workers took two weeks off from their jobs in order to pour their energies into the political transformation of their nation. They kept away from the arena of violence, where they were hopelessly overmatched by the state, and joined battle on the ground of public opinion, where the state was pitifully weak. Before they were done, they had worked a chemical change in the allegiance of the people which military force was apparently powerless to reverse. By a stroke of imagination, they simply skipped over the stage of violence and began to deal with their government as though the battles on the streets had already been won.

No doubt a number of fortuitous circumstances, including the Soviet Union's preoccupation with Afghanistan, contributed to the miracle in Poland. It is notable, however, that another rebellion in recent memory—the one in Iran—was also carried out in the face of overwhelming military force with almost no recourse to violence, although with results depressingly different from those in Poland; ironically, the nonviolent action in Iran brought to power a regime that sanctifies violence. The two different outcomes only go to show that nonviolent action, like any other powerful force, can be used to attain either good or evil ends. Yet in both rebellions this new means, at least, was not evil. And, on balance, it seems encouraging that, in our world, there are forces abroad that from time to time can prevail over the tanks and machine guns.



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Book

MR. SIDNEY SHIFF, the ebullient new publisher of the Limited Editions Club, telephoned us one morning not long ago. "It's here," he said. "You've got to see it. Come on over. It's here on my desk in front of me."

We knew that Mr. Shiff was talking about the Club's limited edition of the late Rachel Carson's "The Sea Around Us," because he had been keeping us posted since early May on the book's progress through the production process. The Limited Editions Club was founded fifty-one years ago by the late George Macy and has been publishing fine illustrated books, mostly classics, for a limited list of member-subscribers ever since. Because no more than two thousand copies are printed, and there is nothing to membership except an obligation to buy a copy of each book, no more than two thousand people can belong. The price of a Club book, which, like the price of everything else, is higher than it used to be, has risen from ten dollars to sixty dollars, New York State sales tax not included. Yet most of the five hundred and thirty-four volumes that the Club has published are worth considerably more, in mint condition, than they cost originally, even after a correction for the dollar's inflation. That explains, if

"But surely, Jennifer, my steadfast support of the E.R.A. counts for something."

only in part, why for years the Club's membership was full, with a roster of applicants waiting for admission. Some of its most sought-after volumes, like James Joyce's "Ulysses" illustrated by Henri Matisse and Aristophanes' "Lysistrata" illustrated by Pablo Picasso, are worth from twelve hundred to two thousand dollars, if a copy is to be found at all. For that matter, the third book in the current series—Isaac Bashevis Singer's "Two Tales," designed by Bruce Campbell and illustrated by Raphael Soyer—is said to be worth about a hundred dollars, even though it was published only a few months ago. Each copy of a Club book has a colophon page at the back bearing its number and the signature of the artist, the author, or the designer, along with certification of the exact number of copies produced. Shiff brushes aside the idea that the members are merely investors in collectibles. Most of them, he argues, admire well-made, illustrated books, and quite a few appreciate the elements involved in their production—the book design, the type design, the typesetting, the letterpress printing, the paper, the binding, the fine arts. They are looking forward not to selling their books but to holding them in their hands, admiring them, and reading them.

After Macy died, in 1956, his widow, Helen Macy, ran the Club until 1974, when she retired. By 1978, the Club had lost three-quarters of its members and was sliding into bankruptcy. In May of that year, Shiff organized a small group of fellow-bibliophiles and, with them, took responsibility for the Club's debts and set about the difficult task of winning back members or finding new ones. Shiff, who was fifty-four then, had considered himself a semi-retired Wall Street broker, but he soon found he was working full time as a publisher-promoter of fine books, or, as he describes it, "fighting the good fight."

We went right over to the Club's office, in the rear corner of the fifth floor of the Fred F. French Building, on Fifth Avenue at Forty-fifth Street. Shiff was standing behind a large desk in front of a wall of fine books and talking animatedly on the telephone. He looked tanned and fit, like a man just back from a vacation. He is tall and thin, a jogger who remembers lunchtime Martinis with fondness, and he has a long, thin nose and wavy black hair. He was wearing a dark-gray summer suit. Shiff talks in fast bursts of enthusiasm, smiling, and then he pauses, looking a trifle doubtful, as if wondering whether his enthusiasm has been excessive. He motioned to a chair in front of his desk, cupped his hand over the telephone mouthpiece, and whispered to us that he would be finished in a second. While Shiff continued with his call, we studied the top of his desk—which was slightly cluttered—looking for "The Sea Around Us." It was there, in a manner of speaking. Its two hundred and eighty-four pages of text, unbound, were stacked in a neat pile. (We knew from our advance briefings that the creamy paper, six and three-quarters inches wide and nine and three-eighths inches deep, with an eggshell finish, had been made specially for the book by the Mohawk Paper Mills, in Cohoes, New York, and that, being acid-free, it ought to last practically forever. We also knew that the sparkling typeface, which had been chosen by the book's designer, Philip Grushkin, was thirteen-point Van Dyck with two points of leading and had been designed by one of the greatest of the seventeenth-century Dutch typefounders, Christophel Van Dyck. Its thick and thin strokes are sharply contrasting, its serifs finely bracketed, and its ascenders so tall that they rise above the tops of its capital letters—the whole offering an effect of extraordinary brilliance and clarity. Grushkin's choice of type for Miss Carson's titles and part numerals was Eric Gill's Perpetua, which was designed about 1930 by the English sculptor and woodcut artist, and is admired for its elegance.) Beside the stack of pages were proofs of the illustrations: color photographs by Alfred Eisenstaedt, who is now eighty-one years old—three glorious two-page spreads, and a splendid one-page portrait of Miss Carson sitting on a rock beside a Maine stream, oblivious of an army of flies that have settled on her pleated skirt. That is to be the frontispiece. For the volume's endpapers, there were two closeups, precise and mysterious, of seaweed, sand, starfish, and rocks. A dummy of the book, with blank pages—a big thing bound in heavy deep-sea-blue buckram, with a matching slipcase—sat beside the photograph proofs.

Shiff finished his call, hung up, and

smiled a broad smile. "It's beautiful, isn't it?" he said. "We are all very proud of it. This is the fourth book the Club has done since I came aboard—the fourth volume of the twelve volumes in the Forty-fifth Series—and I'll be surprised if the members don't love it. We expect it back from the binders any day now. It's being bound in Fairfield, New Jersey, by A. Horowitz & Sons. And what a great book! A true twentieth-century classic. Oxford published the first edition in July, 1951. By November, it was at the top of the best-seller list, and it stayed on the list for eighty-six weeks. It won the National Book Award and the John Burroughs Medal. It has been translated into at least thirty-two languages. And its success enabled Rachel Carson to retire from the Fish and Wildlife Service of the Department of the Interior and write full time, with the result that we also have 'The Edge of the Sea' and, even more important, 'Silent Spring.' If everything goes well, the members should be getting 'The Sea Around Us' within a few weeks.

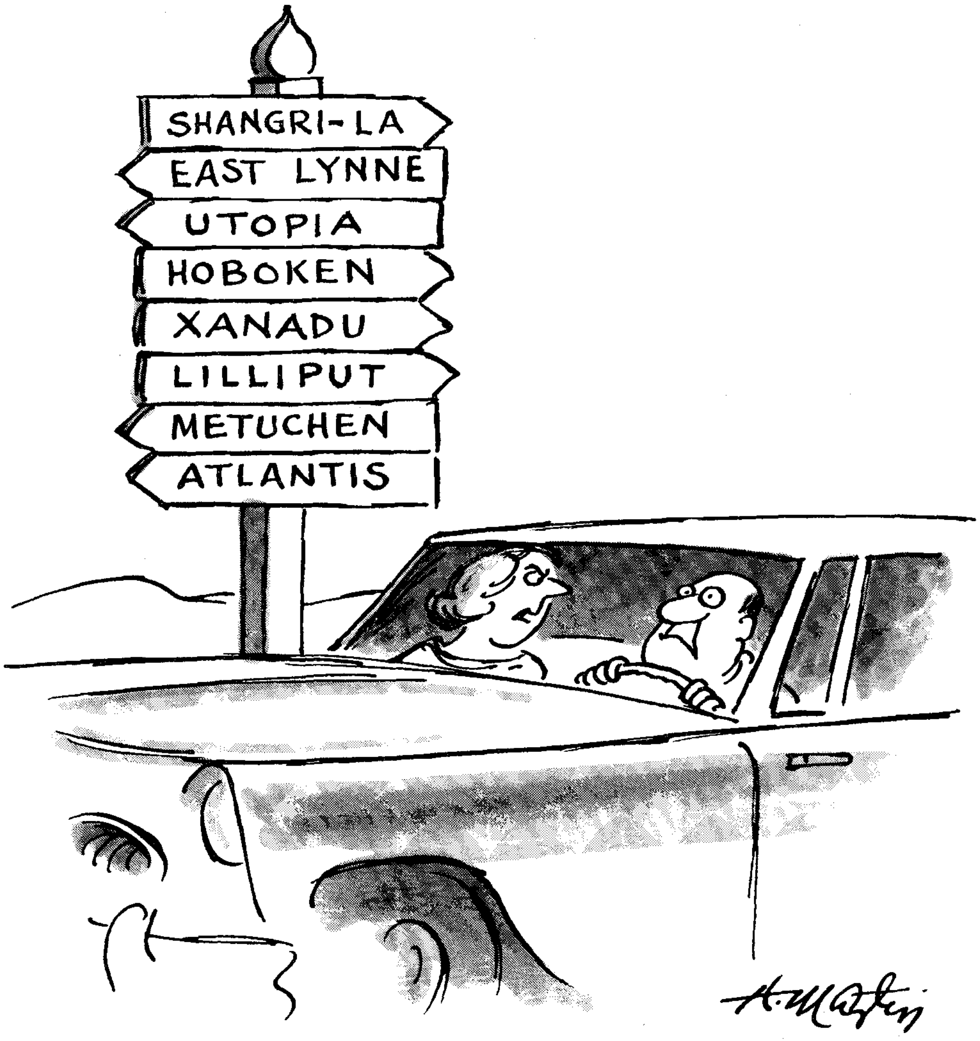
"People sometimes say to me, 'What right do you have to be doing this?' They think it's pure fun—morning, noon, and night. I say to them, 'I haven't any right. The challenge came along, and I was ill equipped to do anything about it.' I got my master's degree from Columbia in public law and government. I had a small investment business down in New Brunswick, New Jersey. I ran for Congress there, in 1956. Didn't get elected. I moved to New York City, worked on Wall Street, made some money. Then I took a few years off to work on community projects, if that's the right word. I helped start the Small Business Development Opportunity Centers, which were part of the Anti-Poverty Program. I haven't any right, but my answer is '*Somebody* had to put his finger in the dike.'

"Just as I had got myself involved up to my neck—in January, 1979, that was—we found a young man, Donald Sigovich, with marvellous credentials, who knew everything about the technical side. He loves fine books. He was a member when he was a student at the Rochester Institute of Technology, spending money he should have used to eat, and he had worked for two of the best presses—the Stinehour Press, in Vermont, and the Meriden Gravure Company, in Connecticut. He became our head of production. George Macy's great forte was his ability to persuade wonderful artists to do the illustrations by letting them do the books they loved. We want to do the same. That wedding between text and illustration, because the artist is really involved, has been the Club's claim to fame. Soyer is a good friend of Singer's. He was eager to do the series of oil paintings for 'A Gentleman from Cracow' and 'The Mirror'—the 'Two Tales.' We asked Robert Kipness what his favorite book was. He said that when he was a student he walked around with a battered paperback volume of Rilke's poetry in his hip pocket. He loves Rilke, and he is going to do Rilke's 'Selected Poems' for us, in the C. F. MacIntyre translation. We got Eisenstaedt the same way. The Club had been thinking for a long time about doing Rachel Carson's first book, 'Under the Sea Wind.' I was up on the Vineyard, and I heard Eisenstaedt give a lecture at the Edgartown Methodist church. I knew he had been a great friend of Carson's, so I called him up and asked him if he'd do the book. He was excited by the idea, but before long he said, 'You know, the book really should be "The Sea Around Us."'

"Good things are happening, and that is what life is all about, isn't it? We are at least part of the way back. The membership has doubled in a year and a half. I run scared, because I have never been able to function any other way, but I am telling myself that it is all worthwhile. I feel that doing good—whatever the field—benefits the whole society. And doing good books . . ." We could almost hear Shiff telling himself to take it easy. "Doing good books," he said, "seems like a reasonable starting point."

Pleasures and Palaces

MOROSE: In a large ballroom where some damage had been done—tables no longer neat, promotional material in disarray—scores and scores of people with a history in the business of rock and roll listened with little attention to the unfolding of the *Billboard* Magazine Sixth Internation-



"For heaven's sake, Melvin, why don't you pull into a filling station and find out where the hell we are!"

al Talent Forum. Like the professions of medicine and law, the business of rock and roll is given to the idea of the symposium and the forum, perhaps because the young men and women in the business of rock and roll have cousins in the professions of medicine and law. Or perhaps it's something else. Perhaps people in the business of rock and roll need a chance to attend gatherings not organized around the annoying and elusive principles of pleasure and spontaneity. At a concert or a club, there is a certain weighty pressure on a person in the business of rock and roll: enjoyment as burden. At a forum or a symposium, other, more comfortable forces are at work, and the rock-and-roll business person can put aside the work of feigning enjoyment and assessing the magnitude of the enjoyment of others. At a forum or symposium, a rock-and-roll business person can have a reaction of his own.

The reactions in the damaged ballroom were morose. Simple excitement left this business some time ago, but the excitement of contrivance remained, so the simple excitement was not much missed. Now, however, contrivance has begun to fail, and this failure (at the very center of the skills and concerns of the business) is perceived as failure. People in the business are vehement about the condition, but they are not, they think, responsible for the failure.

A man approaching forty but young-seeming, with much curly blond hair and a very small but expressive mouth, said, "So you travel down these gravel roads at one hundred miles an hour, and his car was not even roadworthy. I said, 'Let's stop a minute; let's put it together; let's share.' All the goddam mistakes. Share my experience. Share some time. *Save* a year. But no. None of them will listen. So you get eighty thousand in cash flow, and what do you come away with? Two thousand in profits. Look at this—no professionalism, no production. Barroom talent. What you do. What you do is—take your confidence. Take your confidence and leave this God-damned industry."

The band on the stage as this man spoke was a band that had played at clubs in Los Angeles to good effect. A reviewer had said this and that favorable thing. The band members were black but were using Negro motifs, as certain black performers do now. They had the air of self-conscious contrivance which is a force of energy now, at times, but they lacked, perhaps, the air of *obsessive* contrivance which can call a group to notice.

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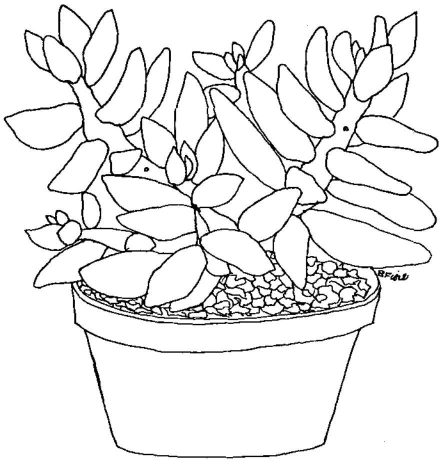
BUMPS: The first work in the exhibit called "The Phrenology of the Land: How to Read the New York Landscape," now installed at the New-York Historical Society, is a colored engraving of Trinity Church dating from 1887. There follows a series of nineteenth-century advertising posters. The first of these advertises the Architectural Iron Work Company (D. D. Badger and Others, Proprietors); the next an establishment selling gunpowder; the third the oyster business of Stephen D. Barnes & Company. This last is a remarkable document. It shows what appears to be a line of twelve small houses, each with distinctive, dignified architectural detail pleasantly abundant. Cornices, pilasters, a balustrade, shuttered windows, and, in the case of the entity labelled No. 3, arabesques are to be seen. In reality, we were informed by Mary Black, the Historical Society curator who put the show together, the houses are the fancy façades of warehouse superstructures on oyster barges. "Those little palaces are barges," Mrs. Black said.

All the early advertising posters in the show have a certain quality—the quality of organization. This is clearest in the advertisement of the Architectural Iron Company. The advertisement is contained within the framework of a building of cast iron, itself a little like a palace, or a cathedral. There is a large central space within the building, rather like a nave, and small, subsidiary spaces. Two spiral staircases balance one another on either side of the building. Names wind around the staircases. On the left: "D. D. Badger, Prest" and "W Cheney, Vice Prest." On the right "M. Reed, Tres" and "W. F. Nisbet Secty." It is impossible not to notice that the advertisement seems to be trumpeting the process of the work and that the egotism involved seems to be the uncomplicated egotism of pride in one's premises.



Also on display are advertisements for Hawes & Graham, Mahogany and Rose Wood, and for George Hart, Plain & Ornamental Slate Roofer; a quotation from Walt Whitman referring to a phrenology of the land; a circular map from 1828 showing everything within a thirty-mile radius of New York; a phrenological head; a view of New York and environs in 1861 done like a fish-eye photograph; and a photograph showing No. 308 Broadway, the shop of Fowler & Wells, where the phrenological work of Orson Squire Fowler was undertaken. Fowler was also a publisher. Whitman worked for him. Fowler did a phrenological study of Whitman's head and published the first edition of "Leaves of Grass."

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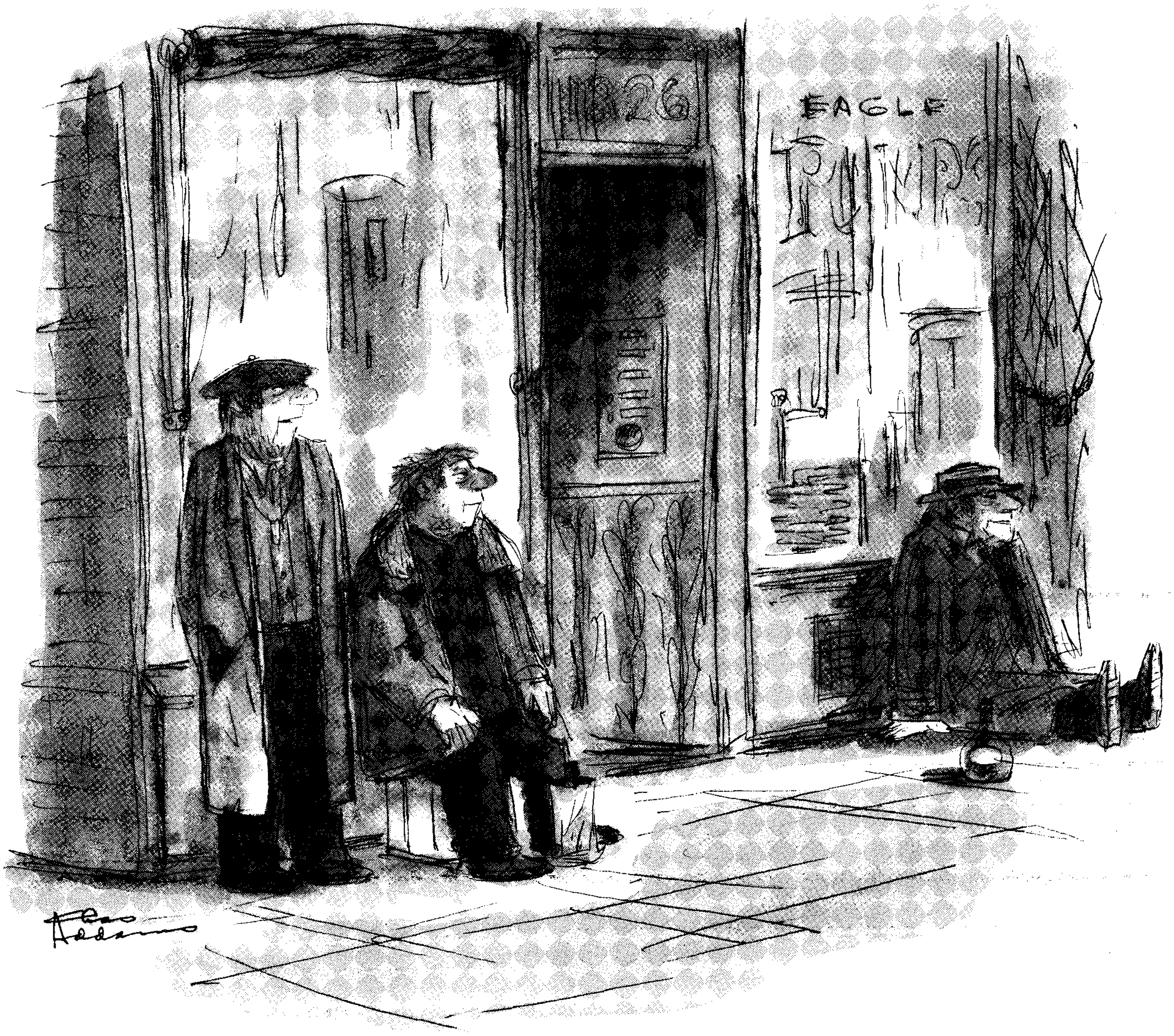
THE PALACE: Mr. Harry Helmsley was introduced, by a man in his employ, as "Mr. New York, and probably Mr. U.S.A., from all the things he's been doing." This was in a restored room of the restored famous old Villard Houses, on Madison Avenue. The Helmsley Palace Hotel, as many people know, comes in two parts: one part is composed of the restored famous old Villard Houses; the other part is an enormous modern building rising behind the restored part. It is as though fabled historic Nieuw Amsterdam had been adopted by the International Telephone & Telegraph Corporation.

Mr. Helmsley spoke. He said, "Transformation and metamorphosis." He said, "Seismographs to make sure vibrations didn't hurt beautiful, historic rooms." He said, "American ingenuity, technical know-how." He said, "Terry robes in the bathrooms, just like the top Paris hotels."

Mrs. Harry Helmsley spoke. She said that she was extremely proud to be Mrs. Harry Helmsley.

Then, after a time, she and Mr. Helmsley went into the Gold Room, which Mr. Whitelaw Reid had had Mr. Stanford White design years and years ago as a music room. There, in the Gold Room, which will be the



"Actually, Mitchell was a pioneer in the whole white-wine thing."

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locus of Continental breakfasts and tea in the future as the Palace Hotel entertains its guests, Mr. and Mrs. Helmsley climbed a tiny staircase to a gallery, where, years and years ago, musicians used to entertain Mr. Whitelaw Reid and his guests. There Mr. and Mrs. Helmsley gave a photo opportunity. Mrs. Helmsley made a playing-the-violin gesture, as though she were a musician, as part of the photo opportunity.

People spoke with extreme reverence about the wonderful old materials—the marbles and the woodwork. They spoke with reverence about McKim, Mead & White. It seemed at times as though McKim, Mead & White had been responsible for writing "Huckleberry Finn" and other American classics. Then tours were organized through the more contemporary portion of the Palace. Here, it was obvious, no expense had been spared. Carpeting was luxurious. In the elevators, there were red-and-gold medallions carrying out a theme of luxury adhering to quality in the presence of a kind of royalty. In the elevators, sky and clouds had been painted on small domed ceilings. The actual painting was not really skillful, but the effect was pleasing, certainly. Rooms, typical rooms, which will be extremely expensive (a highly affluent clientele is expected to adhere to them), were made available to sight. The door of each room had a gold laurel decoration surrounding the room number, in the way that the luxury-loving Julius Caesar had a laurel wreath surrounding his head. In the rooms, which were quite small in a very appealing and totally luxurious way, there were beds and television sets, and each one had a French print, a work of art. Some were "La Demande . . . The Proposal." Others were "La Réponse . . . The Answer." Both were charming, certainly, and very European in feeling. All the beds, of whatever size, had specially designed headboards, making use of the shell motif, which is a theme carried out luxuriously throughout the hotel. There are terry-cloth robes in the bathrooms. The rooms are in one of three tones: rose, light green, and beige. An accompanying and helpful employee of the Palace said, "Other than that, they are all the same."

LULLABY

Ellen's hairdresser, Tony, stood next to me at the bar. He was in full motorcycle regalia—high black boots, a leather jacket, and a wide belt studded with rows of silver stars. He told me my mustache needed a trim and asked if I had seen Ellen lately.

"I went shopping with her on Saturday," I told him.

He rested his back against the bar and leaned closer. "She isn't mad at me, is she?"

"She didn't say anything about it," I said. "Why should she be mad at you?"

"I was supposed to work her in between my five-fifteen and my six last week, but things got fouled up and she had to wait. Inside of ten minutes, she was sound asleep, sprawled all over the couch in the shop, with her mouth open." He upturned a bottle of beer to his lips, then dangled it at his side, holding the neck between two fingers. "I can't have a woman asleep like that in the shop, with the window right next to the sidewalk where anybody can see in. I had to wake her and ask her to call me another day. What the hell's the matter with her anyway?"

"I guess she's sleepy," I said.

He spun around and rocked the beer bottle noisily on the bar—his way of signalling the bartender. "That's a brilliant deduction," he said.

Tony has a very successful business. His shop is all mirrors and white porcelain tiles. Behind the main part of the place is a room for manicures, and behind that another room where he sells speed, Quaaludes, and cocaine to friends. Given the business in the back room, I'm sure Ellen's falling asleep on the couch looked all the worse. Ellen had often said she wouldn't go there if Tony hadn't been an old friend and cut her hair for free.

"I thought things would be better after she got rid of that awful man," Tony said. "You know what Ellen's problem is? She doesn't get out enough. She sits around that apartment reading those god-awful depressing books. And that lipstick she wears. How she can put that stuff on her face I do not know. And she won't let me do a thing with her hair. 'Just trim the ends,' she says. Do you realize how long she's been dragging that mop around?"

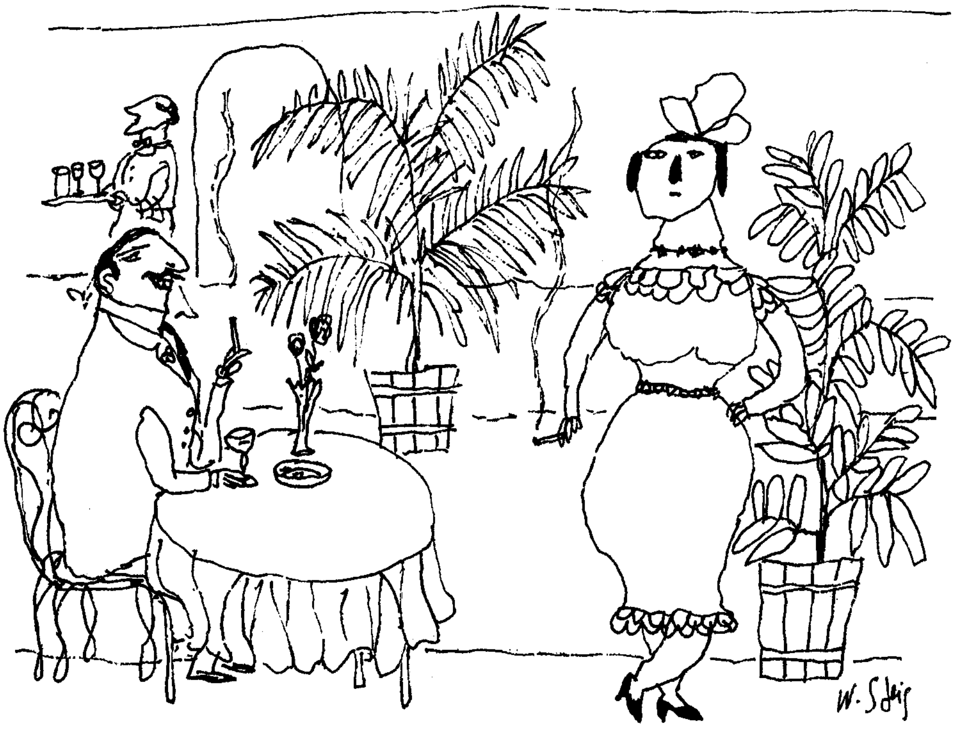
"I like her hair," I said.

"You could probably start a club of about one."

My eyes were beginning to feel as if they had ground glass in them; I fanned a cloud of cigarette smoke away from my face.

"Tell Ellen to come see me," Tony said.

I made up my mind that of all the things I might tell Ellen—and there were many things I would have liked to tell her—I would never, ever tel her to go see Tony.



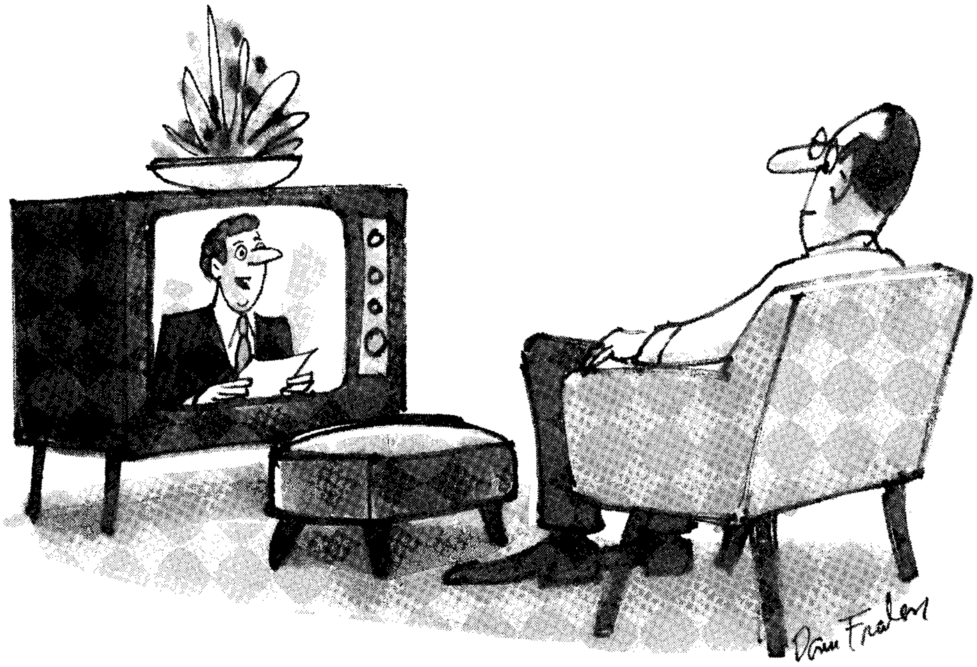
Prurient Interest

Last Saturday, when I was with Ellen, we went to the department store; I had to return a lace tablecloth that for some reason was straight on one side and scalloped on the others. When we rode up in the elevator, Ellen found the corner, held the rail with both hands, leaned her head against the wall, and closed her eyes. When we reached our floor, I had to poke her. It took a long time for me to return the tablecloth; Ellen pulled out a chair that was part of a display and clearly not meant for sitting. Just as she was about to sit, a saleswoman shook her head at Ellen and rushed to return the chair to its position.

Afterward, we went for pizza in a place that was as long and narrow as a railroad car. Taking a booth with dark wooden benches, Ellen slumped on her side of the table, stretched her legs out underneath, and propped her feet next to me on my bench. We had wine, and Ellen, her voice a weary monotone, complained through lunch. "I wish I didn't have to worry about money all the time," she said. "I wish I could have spent Christmas in Rio. . . . I wish I could smoke marijuana without falling asleep. . . . I wish I had been born during the Romantic Era."

After lunch, we went back to her apartment—two floors in a restored brownstone, with a garden out back. The living room and dining room were joined by French doors with bookshelves floor to ceiling on either side. Ellen played a Chopin nocturne on the piano and yawned after the final chord. She ran her fingers through her hair several times. Her hair is long and wild-looking, a deep mahogany color. After a minute she began telling me a dream she'd had. Ellen always has a dream to tell. As long as I've known her, she's kept a journal of her dreams. She reads books about dream interpretation and says anyone can remember their dreams by deciding to remember them. She often wakes up in the middle of the night and writes in her journal of dreams.

This was the dream she told me Saturday: Late at night, she walked to her window and saw the Brooklyn Bridge ablaze; the vertical cables were black like prison bars against the flames, the waters of the East River were orange, molten. In the dream,



"Today Reagan moved five degrees to the left, Carter moved three degrees to the right, and Anderson didn't move at all."

• •

she had felt deeply touched by something so old and strong being engulfed and brought to its knees, so to speak, and she had sat down at the piano and played some eerie, sad music while orange shadows flickered around the room.

Joining me on the couch, she said, "Bridges are always transitions, of course." She propped her elbow on the back of the couch and leaned the side of her face into the palm of her hand. "I slept with Robert last night," she said.

She looked at me, waiting for a reaction. Pornographic snapshots flashed in my mind—Robert and Ellen, specific positions, pained, ecstatic facial expressions.

"Are you telling me that for a reason?" I asked.

"I guess I felt a need to confess," she said.

"Why should you feel a need to confess that you slept with your husband?"

"I don't know," she said. "We met at the lawyer's office to sign the separation papers yesterday. It's official now. And . . . I don't know . . . I had this big desire all of a sudden. He did, too—I could tell. It almost seemed like some kind of perverse ritual. I said, 'This doesn't change anything, you know,' and he said, 'I know, I know.' " She rubbed her eyes with the hand that wasn't supporting her head, and got a very distant look on her face. "I wonder if there's any mail," she said.

"Why don't you look and see?"

She shrugged one shoulder and almost whispered, "Probably isn't."

"I'll look," I said.

The door to the hallway, where the mail was left, was about five feet from where we were sitting. The postman always put Ellen's mail on the radiator in the corner of the hall. The heated envelopes smelled of paper and glue; there were three for Ellen.

"Still warm," I said, handing them to her.

"Bills," she said, tossing two envelopes onto the coffee table. "And Mother."

She opened the letter and sat reading, blank-faced. Not looking up from the page, she said, "A girl who rode in my car pool in the fourth grade is being kept alive by machines. She was pregnant and went into labor and then into a coma. Some kind of a tumor, they think."

Ellen was using the same half-hearted, cynical tone I had noticed during lunch—a tone she was not very good at affecting.

"That's terrible," I said.

"I don't even remember what the girl looked like," Ellen said, folding the letter back into the envelope; she slid it under the two others on the coffee table.

"But still, it's terrible," I said.

"I know," she said. "Mother's letters are always cheery. The rest of it's about Robert. She says that since things haven't worked out with Robert, I should try and find a man with straight teeth. And she wants to send me a hundred dollars if I promise to use part of it on getting my hair fixed." Ellen slid down into the corner of the couch and drew her legs up onto the cushions. "I wish I had a cup of coffee," she said. "Do you feel like making it? I could go for a cup but I don't feel like making it. I get so tired of making coffee."

I went to the kitchen, where Ellen kept bags of coffee beans in the freezer. I poured the beans into the red electric grinder, found the paper filters, spooned the ground coffee into the drip funnel, put water on the stove, and waited for it to boil.

The kitchen window, opened slightly at the bottom, looked out onto the garden. In the garden next door, I saw Ellen's neighbors, a middle-aged couple, sitting at their picnic table, wearing identical cream-colored cardigans. They looked happy and animated, red-faced, drinks in hand. Two pieces of steak were sending up ribbons of smoke from a hibachi at the corner of their patio.

I made a whole pot of coffee and took a carton of milk from the refrigerator. I was in the kitchen about fifteen minutes, and when I returned to the living room with two cups, Ellen was curled up on the couch, most of her face hidden by her hair. I said her name softly, but she didn't answer; I could see her stomach moving in and out as she breathed. Unfolding the afghan that was draped across the back of the couch, I spread it over her legs.

SOMETHING about a quiet house invites snooping. In Ellen's bedroom upstairs I looked at the framed photographs she had taken on her and Robert's trips—pictures of Mexican children with full lips, braided hair, dark circles under their eyes; of a black child in short pants, leaning against the porch post of a shanty somewhere down South; of a group of children standing in front of the door to a pub that could have been in Ireland; of children (maybe Roman) playing naked in a fountain.

The bed was unmade, and I could smell Ellen's perfume on the pillows. Next to the bed, under a lamp on a table, a spiral notebook lay by the telephone. On the cover was a pen drawing of a crescent moon with a cloud passing across it, and underneath, in an ornate script, the word "Dreams."

On Ellen's dresser was a card from Tony. It was plain white, with "Congratulations" embossed on the front; inside, Tony had written, "Now that you're a free woman . . . let's get together and have some fun for a change. Call me." I remembered picking up Ellen once at Tony's shop; I was to have dinner with her and Robert that evening. When we told Tony we were meeting Robert, he looked at Ellen and said, "Oh, God. Are you two still together? How much of that torture can you endure?" Ellen told him that she hoped he exercised more tact with his customers than he did with his friends. But I could tell that Tony's remark had gotten to her; in the car, when I said I thought her hair looked good, she said, "Tony's such a low-life." After one of her and Robert's many separations, Ellen had kept it a secret for weeks that they were back together.

Stuck into the frame of the mirror above the dresser was a snapshot of Ellen and me. It was at least three years old, taken the night of our graduation from dancing school. Robert—a natural dancer, who could see a step once and imitate it almost flawlessly—had told Ellen he thought she was a cute dancer, which she hated. She said cute wasn't good and he was patronizing the one single thing she knew how to do—to stand in one spot and move her hips and arms as if she were drying her buttocks with a towel. Ellen persuaded me to go into Manhattan with her once a week to a dingy studio in the theatre district, where black footprints were painted on the floor in arrangements that looked as arbitrary as croutons floating on soup. Over a period of three months, the dance instructor, a man with a forever-young face, who wore garish gold jewelry and skintight jump suits, taught Ellen and me five complicated variations of the hustle. Socially our lessons proved fruitless: aside from the models on television commercials for bluejeans, we never saw anyone doing the dances we had learned. And Robert complained that while Ellen's feet were admittedly swifter, her pelvis wasn't nearly as loose as it had been.

In the photograph, Ellen was beaming—a happiness that looked as if it wanted elbowroom. I wished I could take it out of the picture, that smile, and carry it downstairs to give back to Ellen.

I decided to make the bed. I suddenly felt very serious about making the bed; I punched the pillows, threw them against the headboard, and pulled the bedcovers off. A pair of Ellen's socks, trapped in the covers at the foot of the mattress, fell out onto the floor. I tucked the sheets tightly under the rim of the mattress and smoothed out each wrinkle. I picked up the socks, folded them neatly, and put them on the table next to the dream journal.

The phone rang, and I answered it before it had finished the first ring.

Robert recognized my voice right away. "Hi," he said. "What are you doing there?"

"I went shopping with Ellen," I told him.

"Is she there now?" he asked.

"She's here, but she's sleeping."

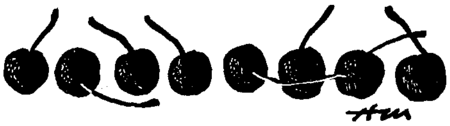
"Oh . . . well, don't wake her. Maybe I'll try again later."

"How are you?" I asked.

"I'm all right."

"You don't sound it."

"What can I tell you? Right now



A LETTER HOME

They do not make it all that easy here
To know the city trains and how to wear
The latest look and how to run a store.

Tough luck if you're not kind of beautiful
And don't work hard in order to fulfill
Your dream, which is to work in some hotel.

What virtues have they got? They're practical
And fast, the government delivers mail,
Repairs the streets, and keeps the budget small,

The little girls are dressed without a patch
Or tear, and every boy has got a watch,
And dad has always got a train to catch.

The streets are what you've seen and heard before;
The noise is somewhat less than one can bear.
The beggars aren't as broke as they appear.

Somehow their institutions hang intact;
The church and modern art remain well liked
And no one's liberties have been revoked.

If you are young and lovely there are lanes
And parks with lanterns like a hundred moons
And eyes which swim upon the rolling lawns.

And if you are run over by a tram
Its bells will ring and one or two will come
To shake their heads and say it was a shame.

But, having written that, I feel ashamed
To suddenly regret the door I slammed
Upon the face this country has assumed,

Because I've listened to the breath and voice
Beyond my door, which tried but could not pass
The latch within my heart, which I release

At last to silence, to a caller gone
Already out into the mincing rain
Of this strange land whose virtues are our own.

—Anthony Lombardy

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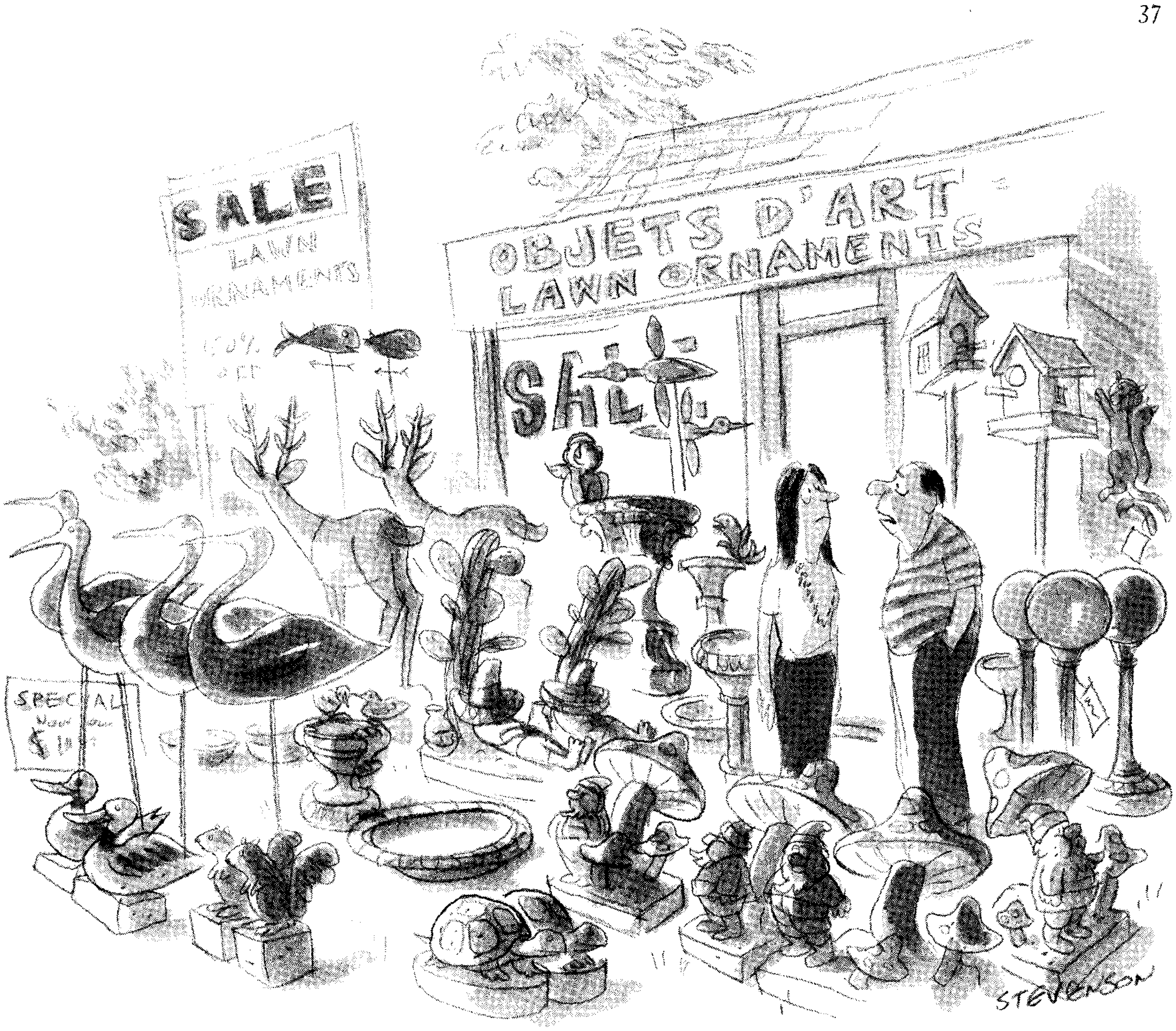

"Well, I guess this is it, Estelle. If the National Endowment for the Arts doesn't come through by Friday, we're bankrupt."

• •

I'm in a little place in SoHo and there are two women sitting down at the other end of the bar. One of them keeps crossing her legs so I can get a good look, and I keep looking but I don't know how to talk to her. Maybe you'll tell Ellen I called?"

"I will, Robert," I said.

When I went downstairs, Ellen was still on the couch, but the afghan was on the floor, and she stirred when I entered the room.

I whispered, "Ellen . . . you're asleep and I'm going home."

She opened her eyes and looked at me. "No," she said. "Don't go. I'm getting up. I want to make dinner for you. Stay. I'm getting up."

She sat up, leaning against the arm of the couch, rubbing her eyes. I went to the kitchen and put the coffee on to reheat; then I ran upstairs, took the snapshot of Ellen and me from the mirror, and stuck it in my shirt pocket.

Back in the kitchen, I could see Ellen's neighbors out the window. It was almost dark; they had finished their steaks; a candle flickered in a jar on the picnic table. The man appeared to be singing a song, to which the woman was moving her head rhythmically.

I poured coffee into two clean cups, took the photograph from my pocket, hooked both cups with one finger, and started into the living room.

Ellen was asleep again, this time flat on her stomach, her head turned toward the back of the couch. I sat in an armchair for a few minutes and sipped the coffee. Ellen had pulled the afghan up around her shoulders; her bare feet stuck out from beneath the knitted woollen squares. I found a pencil on Ellen's desk, went to the kitchen, and tore a piece of paper from a note pad that was held to the refrigerator with magnets. I put the paper and the snapshot on the dining room table, and wrote:

> You're asleep again and I'm going home. Robert called. Remember this?
> Love,
> D.

—DENNIS MCFARLAND

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A new fluorescent light control system has been developed to brighten lights while sun is shining and dim them when clouds pass over.—*Champaign-Urbana (Ill.) Daily Illini.*

Always tinkering.

TAMINA'S DEATH

IN February, 1948, Communist leader Klement Gottwald stepped out on the balcony of a Baroque palace in Prague to address the hundreds of thousands of his fellow-citizens packed into Old Town Square. It was a crucial moment in Czech history. Gottwald was flanked by his comrades, with Clementis standing at his side. There were snow flurries, it was cold, and Gottwald was bareheaded. The solicitous Clementis took off his fur cap and set it on Gottwald's head.

Neither Gottwald nor Clementis knew that every day for eight years Franz Kafka had climbed the same staircase they had just climbed to get to the balcony. During the days of the Austro-Hungarian Empire the building had housed a German secondary school. Another thing they did not know was that on the ground floor of the same building Hermann Kafka, Franz's father, had kept a shop whose sign had a jackdaw painted next to his name, *kafka* being the Czech word for "jackdaw."

Gottwald, Clementis, and all the others did not know about Kafka, and Kafka knew they did not know. Prague in his novels is a city without memory. It has even forgotten its name. Nobody there remembers anything, nobody recalls anything. Even Josef K. does not seem to know anything about his previous life. No song is capable of uniting the city's present with its past by recalling the moment of its birth.

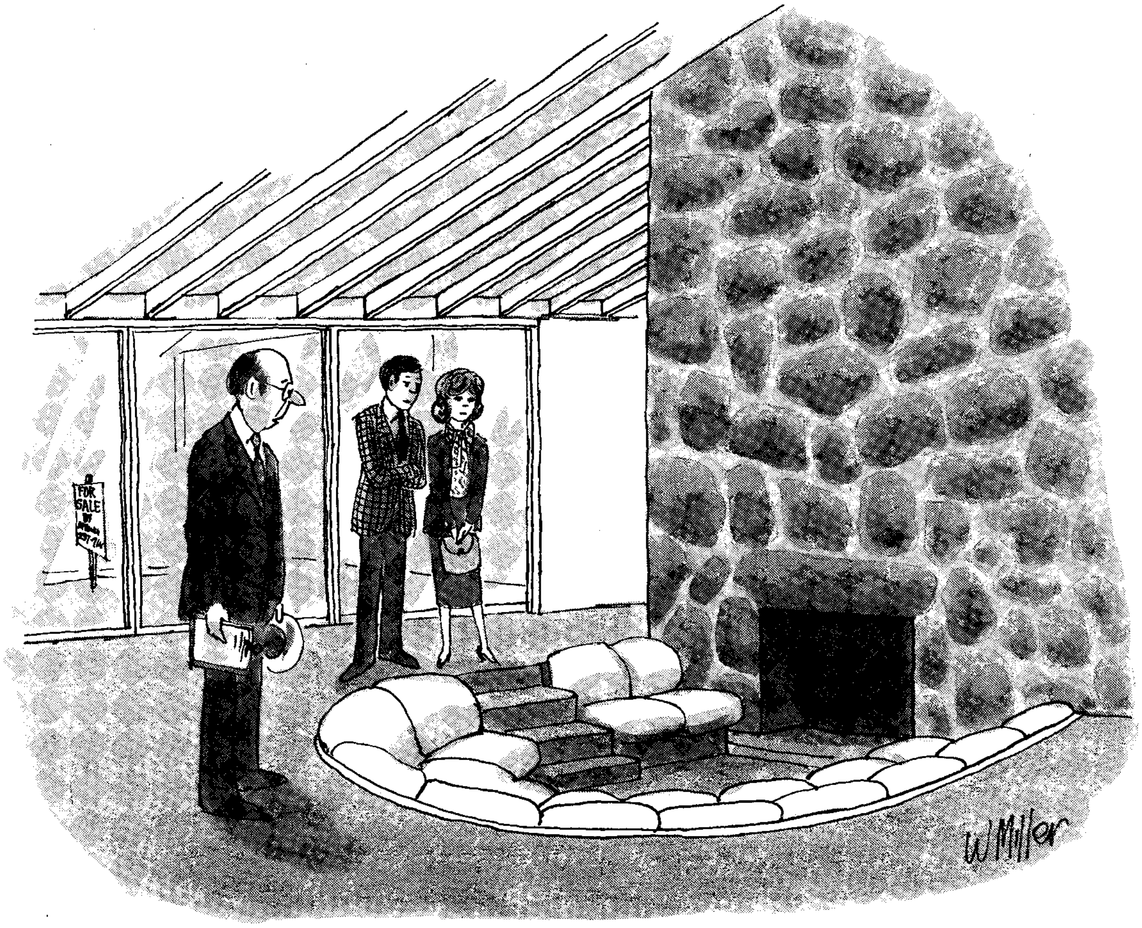
Time in Kafka's novels is the time of a humanity that has lost all continuity with humanity, of a humanity that no longer knows anything or remembers anything, that lives in nameless cities with nameless streets or streets with names different from the ones they had yesterday, because a name means continuity with the past, and people without a past are people without a name.

Prague, as Max Brod used to say, is the city of evil. After the defeat of the Czech Reformation, in 1621, the Jesuits tried to reëducate the nation in the true Catholic faith by overwhelming the city with the splendor of Baroque cathedrals. The thousands of stone saints looking out from all sides—threatening you, following you, hypnotizing you—are the raging hordes of occupiers who invaded Bohemia three hundred and fifty years ago to tear the people's faith and language from their hearts.

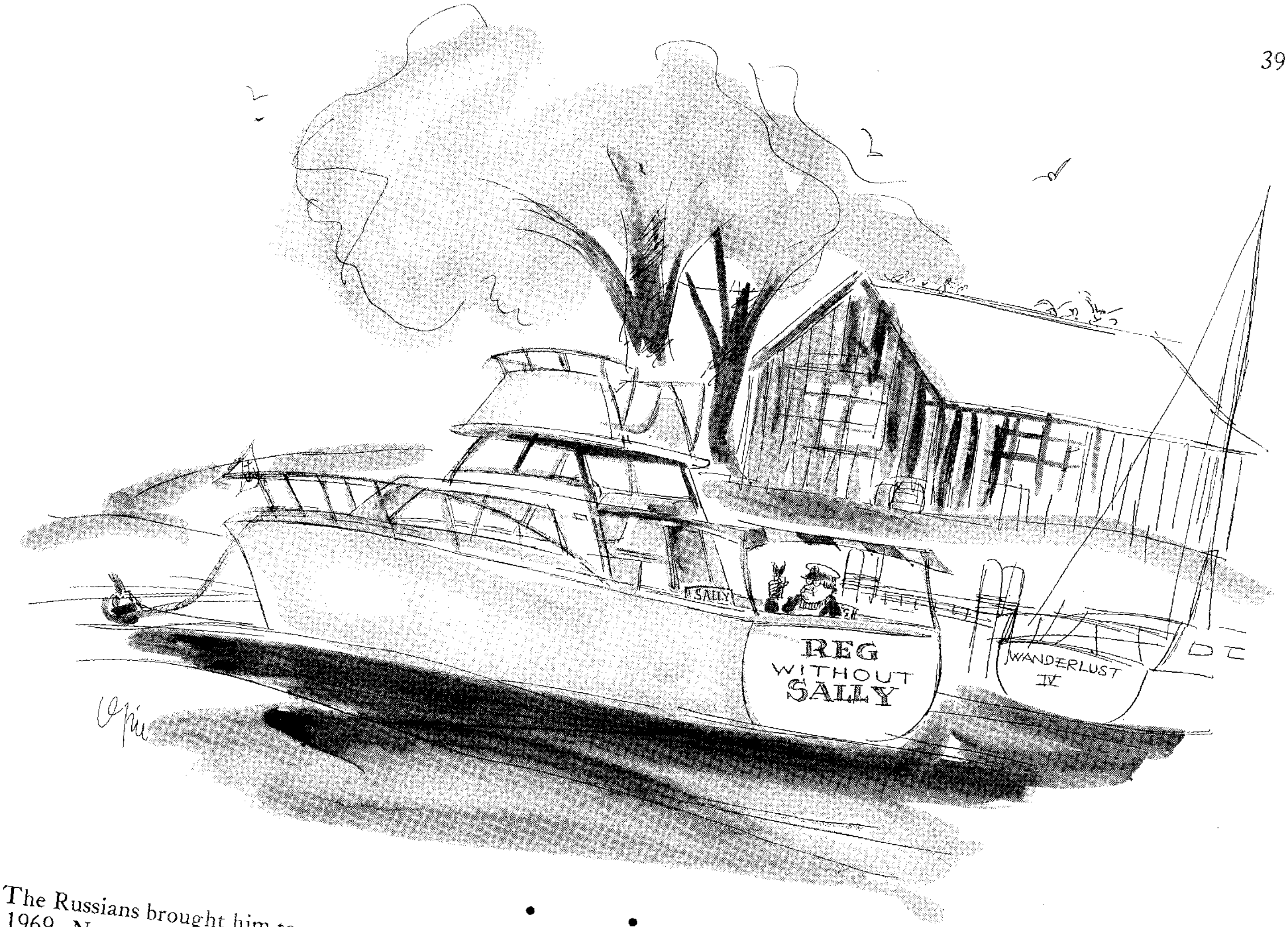
The street Tamina was born on was called Schwerin. That was during the war, when Prague was occupied by the Germans. Her father was born on Černokostelecká Avenue—the Avenue of the Black Church. That was during the Austro-Hungarian Empire. When her mother married her father and moved there, it bore the name of Marshal Foch. That was after the First World War. Tamina spent her childhood on Stalin Avenue, and when her husband came to take her away, he came to Vinohrady—that is, Vineyards Avenue. And all the time it was the same street; they just kept changing its name, trying to lobotomize it.

There are all kinds of ghosts prowling these confused streets. They are the ghosts of monuments demolished—demolished by the Czech Reformation, demolished by the Austrian Counter-Reformation, demolished by the Czechoslovak Republic, demolished by the Communists. Even statues of Stalin have been torn down. All over the country, wherever statues were thus destroyed, statues of Lenin have sprouted up by themselves. They grow like weeds on ruins, like melancholy flowers of forgetting.

IF Franz Kafka was the prophet of a world without memory, Gustav Husák is its creator. After T. G. Masaryk, who is known as the liberator-president (all his monuments without exception have been demolished), after Beneš, Gottwald, Zápotocký, Novotný, and Svoboda, Husák, the seventh president of my country, is known as *the president of forgetting*.



"This? Well, now, this is what's called a conversation pit. It's from the days when people thought they knew what they were talking about."



The Russians brought him to power in 1969. Not since 1621 has the history of the Czech people known such a massacre of culture and thought. Everybody everywhere assumes that Husák simply tracked down his political opponents. In fact, however, the struggle with the political opposition was merely an excuse, a welcome opportunity the Russians took to use their intermediary for something much more substantial.

I find it highly significant in this connection that Husák dismissed some hundred and forty-five Czech historians from universities and research institutes. (Rumor has it that for each of them—secretly, as in a fairy tale—a new monument to Lenin sprang up.) One of those historians, my all but blind friend Milan Hübl, came to visit me one day in 1971 in my tiny apartment on Bartolomějská Street. We looked out the window at the spires of the Prague Castle and were sad.

"The first step in liquidating a people," said Hübl, "is to erase its memory. Destroy its books, its culture, its history. Then have somebody write new books, manufacture a new culture, invent a new history. Before long the nation will begin to forget what it is and what it was. The world around it will forget even faster."

"What about language?"

"Why would anyone bother to take it from us? It will soon be a matter of folklore and die a natural death."

Was that hyperbole dictated by utter despair?

Or is it true that a nation cannot cross a desert of organized forgetting?

None of us knows what will be. One thing, however, is certain: In moments of clairvoyance the Czech nation can glimpse its own death at close range. Not as an accomplished fact, not as the inevitable future, but as a perfectly concrete possibility. Its death is at its side.

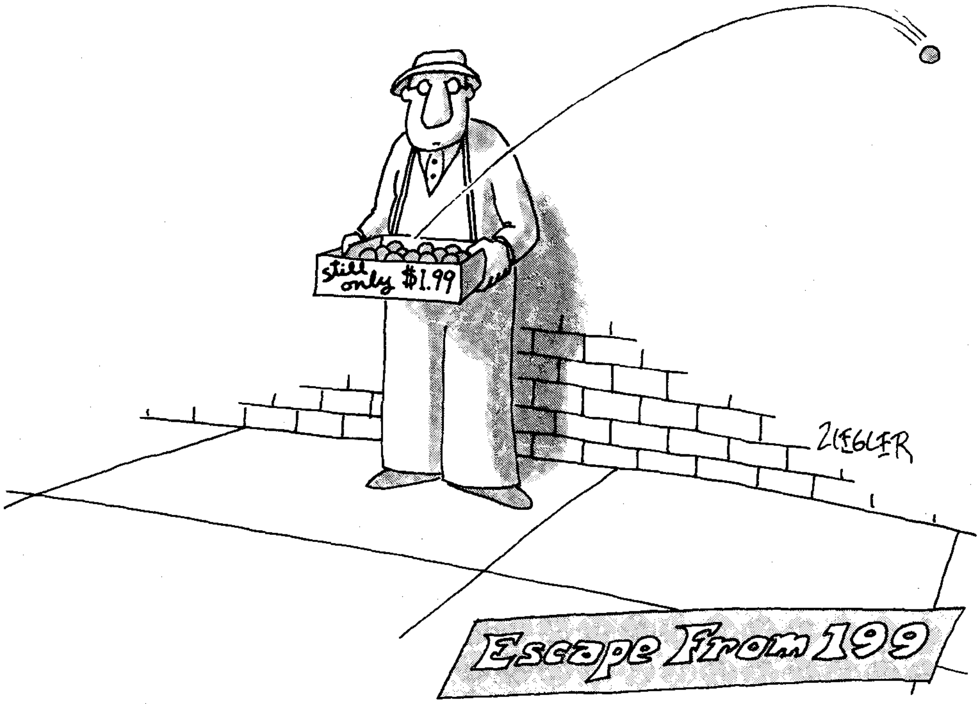
SIX months later Hübl was arrested and sentenced to many years' imprisonment. My father was dying at the time.

During the last ten years of his life my father gradually lost the power of speech. At first he simply had trouble calling up certain words or would say similar words instead and then immediately laugh at himself. In the end, he had only a handful of words left, and all his attempts to say anything substantial resulted in one of the last sentences he could articulate: "That's strange."

Whenever he said "That's strange," his eyes would express infinite astonishment at knowing everything and being able to say nothing. Things lost their names and merged into a single, undifferentiated reality. I was the only one who, by talking to him, could temporarily transform that nameless infinity into the world of clearly named entities.

His unusually large blue eyes stared out of his handsome old face as intelligently as before. I often took him for walks. We would walk once around the block. That was all he had strength for. He had trouble walking. He took tiny steps, and as soon as he felt the least bit tired, his body would tilt forward and he would lose his balance. We often had to stop, so he could lean his forehead against a wall and rest.

During the walks we talked about music. When Father could speak, I



hadn't asked him many questions. Now I wanted to make up for it. So we talked about music. It was an unusual conversation. One of the participants knew nothing but words, the other knew everything but no words.

Through the ten years of his illness Father worked steadily on a long study of Beethoven's sonatas. He wrote somewhat better than he spoke, but even while writing, he would suffer more and more lapses of memory, until finally no one could understand the text—it was made up of words that did not exist.

Once he called me into his room. The variations from the Opus No. 111 Sonata were open on the piano. "Look," he said, pointing to the music (he had also lost the ability to play the piano), "look." Then, after a prolonged effort, he managed to add, "Now I know!" He kept trying to explain something important to me, but the words he used were completely unintelligible, and seeing that I didn't understand him, he looked at me in amazement and said, "That's strange."

I knew what he wanted to talk about, of course. He had been concerned with the topic for a long time. Beethoven had felt a sudden attachment to the variation form toward the end of his life. At first glance it might seem the most superficial of forms, a showcase for technique, the type of work better suited to a lacemaker than to Beethoven. But Beethoven made it one of the most distinguished forms (for the first time in the history of music) and imbued it with some of his finest meditations.

True, all that is well known. But what Father wanted to know was what we are to make of it. Why did Beethoven choose variations? What lay behind his choice?

That is why he called me into his room, pointed to the music, and said, "Now I know!"

THE silence of my father, whom all words eluded, the silence of the hundred and forty-five historians, who have been forbidden to remember, that myriad-voiced silence resounding from all over my country forms the background against which I paint Tamina.

She went on serving coffee at a café in a small town in the west of Europe. But she no longer moved in the aura of friendly civility that had once drawn in customers. She no longer had any desire to lend them her ear.

One day, when Bibi was sitting at the counter on a barstool and her baby girl was crawling around on the floor screaming and yelling, Tamina lost her patience. She waited a minute to give Bibi a chance to quiet the child and then said, "Can't you stop her from making such a racket?"

Bibi took offense. "What makes you hate children so much?"

There is no reason to think that Tamina hated children. And she was surprised at the hostility in Bibi's voice. Without quite knowing how it came about, they stopped being friends.

Then one morning Tamina did not show up for work. It had never happened before. The owner's wife went to see if anything was wrong. She rang her doorbell, but nobody answered. She went back the next day, and again—no answer. She called the police. When they broke down the door, all they found was a carefully maintained apartment with nothing missing, nothing suspicious.

Tamina did not report to work for the next few days either. The police came back on the case but uncovered nothing new. They filed Tamina away with the Permanently Missing.

ON the fateful day, a young man in jeans sat down at the counter. Tamina was all alone in the café at the time. The young man ordered a Coke and sipped the liquid slowly. He looked at Tamina; Tamina looked off into space.

Suddenly he said, "Tamina."

If that was meant to impress her, it failed. There was no trick to finding out her name. All the customers in the neighborhood knew it.

"I know you're sad," he went on.

That didn't have the desired effect either. She knew that there were all kinds of ways to make a conquest and that one of the surest roads to a woman's genitals was through her sadness. All the same, she looked at him with greater interest than before.

They began talking. What attracted and held Tamina's attention was his questions. Not what he asked, but that he asked anything at all. It had been so long since anyone had asked her about anything. It seemed like an eternity! The only person who had ever really interrogated her was her husband, and that was because love is a constant interrogation. In fact, I don't know a better definition of love.

(Which means that no one loves us better than the police, my friend Hübl would object. Absolutely. Since every apex has its nadir, love has the prying eye of the police. Sometimes people confuse the apex with the nadir, and I wouldn't be surprised if lonely people secretly yearn to be taken in for cross-examination from time to time to give them somebody to talk to about their lives.)

THE young man looks into her eyes and listens to what she has to say and then tells her that what she calls remembering is in fact something different, that in fact she is under a spell and watching herself forget.

Tamina nods her head in agreement.

The young man goes on. When she looks backward sadly, it is no longer out of fidelity to her husband. She no longer even sees her husband; she simply looks off into space.

Into space? Then what makes it so hard for her to look back?

It's not the memories, explains the young man; it's remorse. Tamina will never forgive herself for forgetting.

"But what can I do?" asks Tamina.

"Forget your forgetting," says the young man.

"Any advice on how to go about it?" Tamina asks, laughing bitterly.

"Haven't you ever felt like getting away from it all?"

"Yes, I have," admits Tamina. "Very much so. But where can I go?"

"How about a place where things are as light as the breeze, where things have no weight, where there is no remorse?"

"Yes," says Tamina in a dreamy voice, "a place where things weigh nothing at all."

And as in a fairy tale, as in a dream (no, it *is* a fairy tale, it *is* a dream!), Tamina walks out from behind the counter where she has spent several years of her life, and leaves the café with the young man. There is a red sports car parked out front. The young man climbs in behind the wheel and offers Tamina the seat next to him.

I UNDERSTAND the remorse Tamina felt. When my father died, I had a bad case of it too. I couldn't forgive myself for having asked him so little, for knowing so little about him, for losing him. In fact, it was that very remorse which suddenly made me see what he must have meant to tell me the day he pointed to the Opus No. 111 Sonata.

Let me try to explain it by means of an analogy. The symphony is a musical epic. We might compare it to a journey leading through the boundless reaches of the external world, on and on, farther and farther. Variations also constitute a journey, but not through the external world. You recall Pascal's *pensée* about how man lives between the abysses of the infinitely large and the infinitely small. The journey of the variation form leads to that *second* infinity, the infinity of internal variety concealed in all things.

What Beethoven discovered in his variations was another space and another direction. In that sense they are a challenge to undertake the journey, a new *invitation au voyage*.

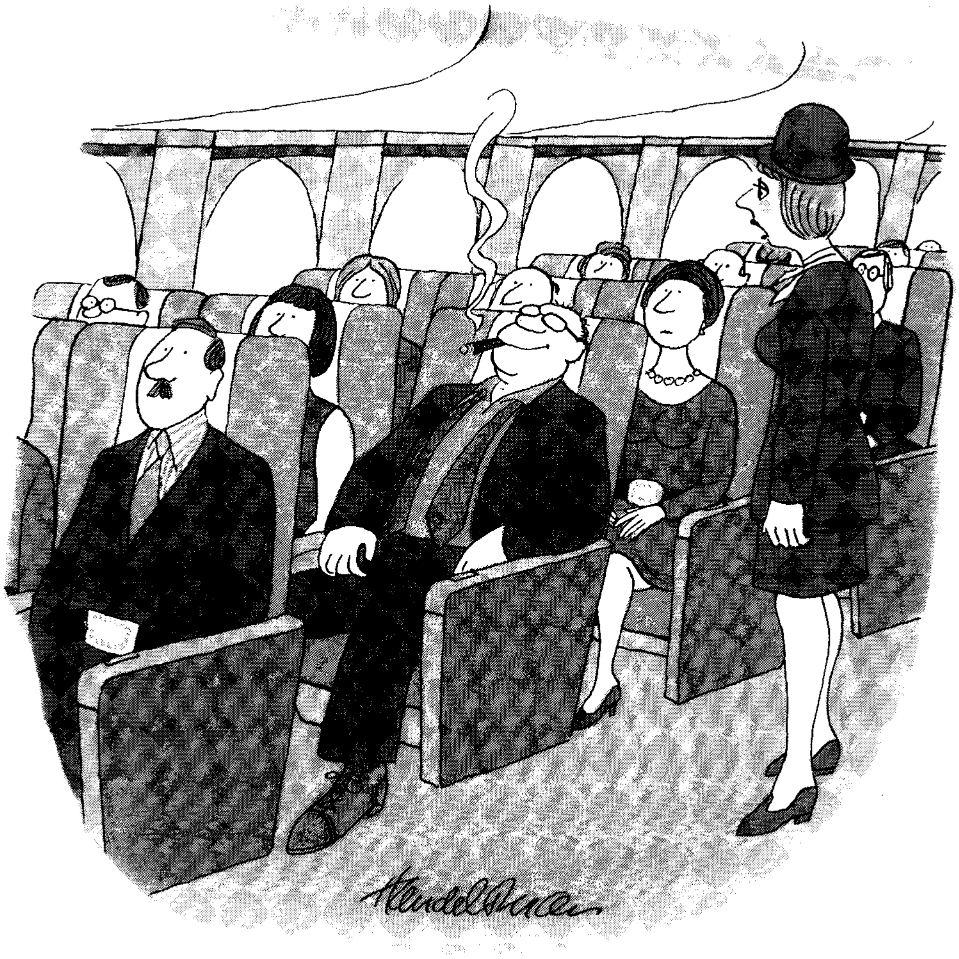
The variation form is the form of maximum concentration. It enables the composer to limit himself to the matter at hand, to go straight to the heart of it. The subject matter is a theme, which often consists of no more than sixteen measures. Beethoven goes as deeply into those sixteen measures as if he had gone down a mine to the bowels of the earth.

The journey to the second infinity is no less adventurous than the journey of the epic, and closely parallels the physicist's descent into the wondrous innards of the atom. With every variation Beethoven moves farther and farther from the original theme, which bears no more resemblance to the final variation than a flower to its image under the microscope.

Man knows he cannot embrace the universe, with all its suns and stars. But he finds it unbearable to be condemned to lose the second infinity as well, the one so close, so nearly within reach. Tamina lost the infinity of her love, I lost my father, we all lose in whatever we do, because if it is perfection we are after, we must go to the heart of the matter, and we can never quite reach it.

That the external infinity escapes us we accept with equanimity; the guilt at letting the second infinity escape follows us to the grave. While pondering the infinity of the stars, we ignore the infinity of our father.

It is no wonder, then, that the variation form became the passion of the mature Beethoven, who (like Tamina and like me) knew all too well that there is nothing more unbearable than losing a person we have loved—



"Kindly place your seat in the upright position, extinguish all smoking material, fasten your seat belt, tie your tie, and adopt a serious and dignified demeanor."

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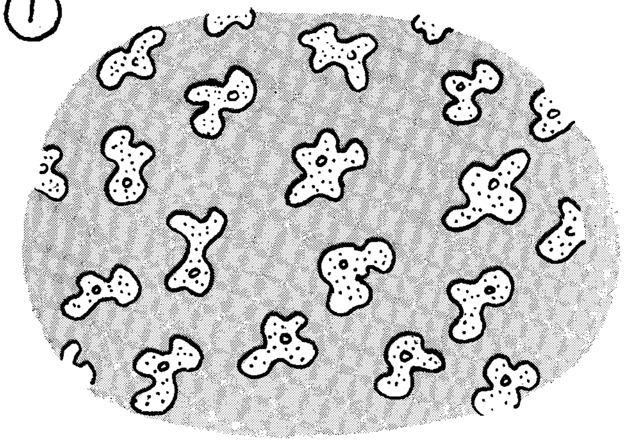

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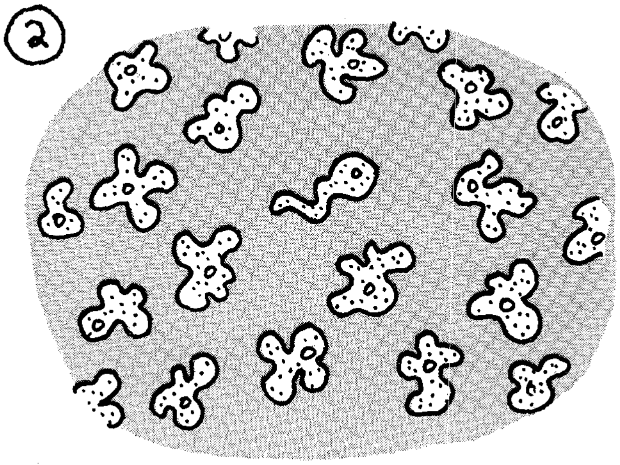

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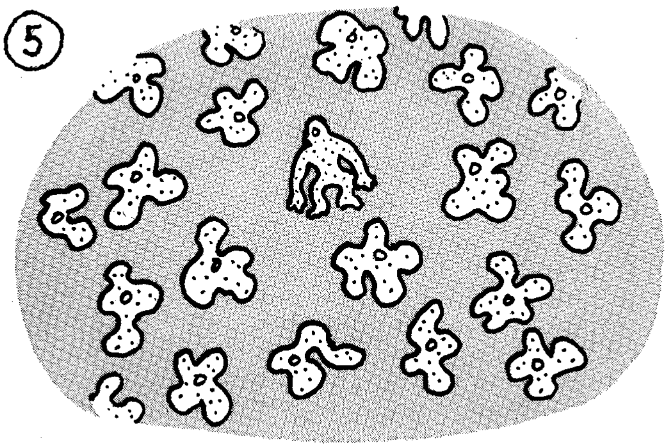

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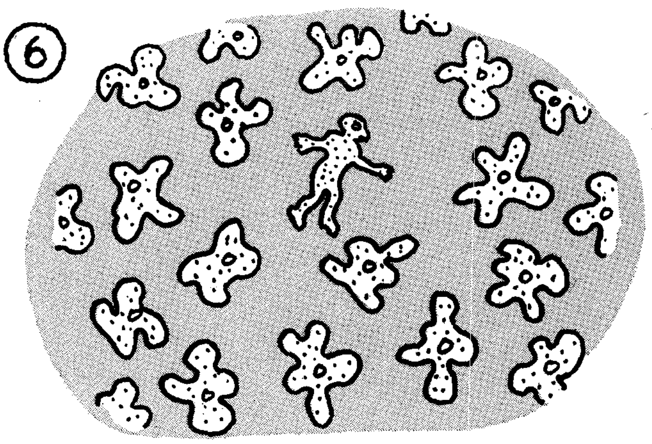

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those sixteen measures and the inner universe of their infinite possibilities.

THE countryside gradually turned into a wilderness. The farther they went, the less green there was, the more ochre; the fewer fields and trees, the more sand and clay. Suddenly the car swerved from the highway onto a narrow road that almost immediately came to an end at a steep incline. The young man stopped the car. They got out. Standing on the edge of the incline, they could see the thin stripe of a clay riverbank about thirty feet below them. The water was murky brown and went on forever.

"Where are we?" asked Tamina, with a lump in her throat. She wanted to tell the young man that she felt like going back, but she didn't dare. She was afraid he would refuse, and if he did, it would only make her more anxious.

There they stood, on the edge of the slope, water in front of them, clay all around them, wet clay with no grass cover, the kind of land good for mining. And in fact there was an abandoned bulldozer not far off.

Suddenly Tamina had a sense of déjà vu: this looked exactly like the terrain where her husband had last worked in Czechoslovakia. After they had fired him from his original job, he found work as a bulldozer operator about seventy-five miles outside of Prague. During the week, he lived at the site in a trailer, and since he could come into Prague to see her only on Sundays, she once made the trip out there during the week to visit him. They went for a walk through just this kind of countryside—the ochre and yellow of wet, clayey, grassless, treeless soil beneath them; the low gray clouds above. They walked side by side in rubber boots that sank into the mud and slipped. They were alone in the world, the two of them, full of anguish, love, and desperate concern for each other.

That same sense of despair now invaded her, and she was glad for the lost fragment from the past that it had suddenly, unexpectedly returned to her.

The memory had been completely lost. This was the first time it had come back to her. It occurred to her that she should put it down in her notebook. She even knew the exact year!

Again she felt like telling the young man that she wanted to go back. No, he was wrong to tell her that her grief was all form and no content! No, no, her husband was still alive in her grief, just lost, that's all, and it was her job to look for him! Search the whole world over! Yes, yes! Now she understood. Finally! We will never remember anything by sitting in one place waiting for the memories to come back to us of their own accord! Memories are scattered all over the world. We must travel if we want to find them and flush them from their hiding places!

She was about to tell all that to the young man and ask him to drive her back when they suddenly heard a whistling sound down below.

THE young man grabbed Tamina by the hand. He had a strong grip, so there could be no thought of escape. A narrow, slippery path zig-

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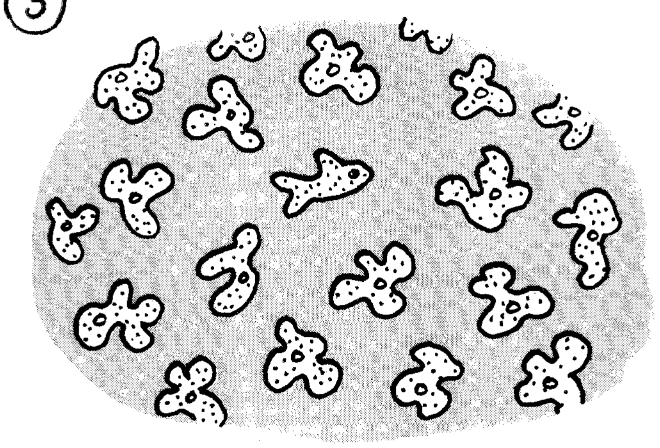

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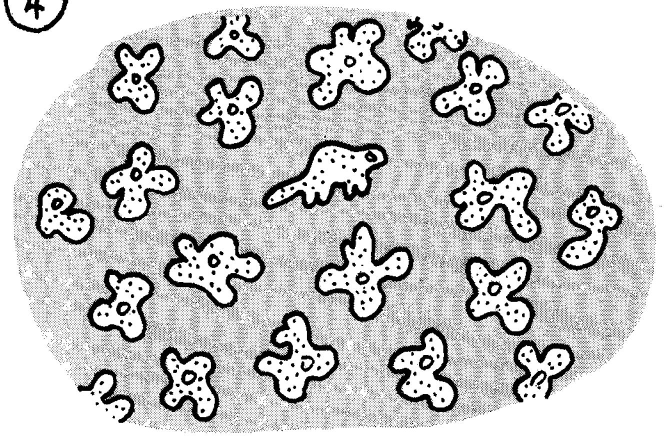

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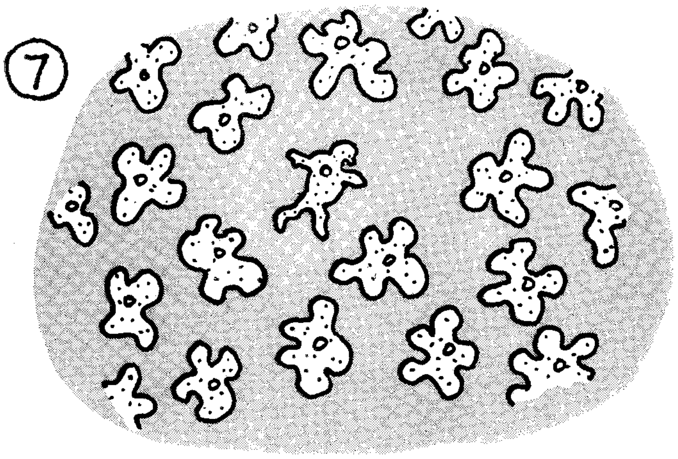

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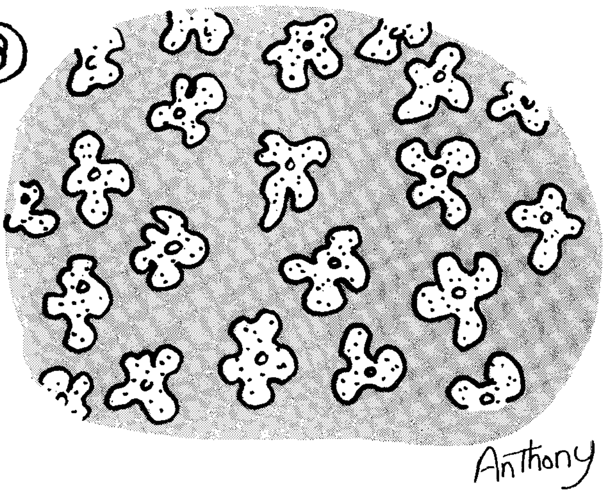


zagged down the incline, and he led her along it.

On the shore, where seconds before there had been no trace of anyone, stood a boy of about twelve. He was holding a rope attached to a rowboat, which bobbed up and down at the edge of the water. He smiled at Tamina.

She looked around at the young man. He was smiling too. She looked back and forth from one to the other. Then the young man began to laugh. The boy followed suit. It was a strange laugh—nothing funny had happened, after all—and yet pleasant and infectious. It was a challenge to Tamina to forget her anxieties, it was a promise of something vague—joy, perhaps, or peace. And since Tamina wanted to shed her misery, she laughed obediently with them.

"You see?" the young man said to her. "There's nothing to be afraid of."

When Tamina stepped into the boat, it began to pitch under her. She sat on the seat nearest the stern. It was wet. She was wearing a light summer dress, and the moisture went right through to her bottom. It felt slimy, and again she was overcome by anxiety.

The boy pushed the boat away from the shore and picked up the oars. Tamina turned around. The young man stood on the shore looking after them and smiling. Tamina thought she detected something unusual in that smile. Yes! Smiling, he shook his head ever so slightly! He shook his head ever so slightly.

WHY didn't Tamina ask where she was going?

You don't ask where you're going if you don't care about the destination!

She watched the boy sitting across from her, rowing. He looked weak to her. The oars were too heavy for him.

"How about letting me take over for a while?" she suggested, and the boy nodded eagerly and gave up the oars.

They changed places. Now he was sitting in the stern watching Tamina row. He pulled a small tape recorder out from under the seat. The air was suddenly filled with electric guitars and voices. The boy began jerking his body in rhythm. Tamina looked on in disgust. The child was swaying his hips as provocatively as an adult. She found it obscene.

She lowered her eyes so as not to see him. The boy turned up the volume and softly sang along. When Tamina looked up at him again for a minute, he asked her, "Why aren't you singing?"

"I don't know the song."

"What do you mean, you don't know it?" he asked, still jerking in time to the music. "Everybody knows it."

Tamina began to feel tired. "How about taking over for a while now?" she said.

"No, you keep rowing," he answered, laughing.

But Tamina was really tired. She put down the oars and took a rest. "Will we be there soon?"

The boy pointed ahead. Tamina turned to look. They were quite close to the shore now. It differed enormously from the landscape they had left behind. It was green—all grass and trees.

In no time the boat had touched bottom. There were ten or so children playing ball on the shore, and they looked over curiously. Tamina and the boy stepped out of the boat. The boy tied it to a stake. Beyond the sandy shore stretched a long double row of plane trees. After a ten-minute walk along the path between the trees, they came to a sprawling, low white building. There were a number of large, strange, colored objects out front—she wondered what they were used for—and several volleyball nets. It struck Tamina that there was something not quite right about the nets. Yes, they were very close to the ground.

The boy put two fingers into his mouth and whistled.

OUT came a girl who could not have been more than nine. She had a charming little face and walked with her stomach coquettishly protruding, like the virgins in Gothic paintings. She glanced at Tamina with no special interest and with the look of a woman secure in her beauty and not beneath emphasizing it by a show of indifference to everything not touching her directly.

She opened the door to the white building. They walked directly into a large room full of beds (there was no foyer or hallway). She looked around for a while, apparently counting beds, and then pointed to one. "That's where you sleep."

"You mean I'm going to sleep in a dormitory?" Tamina protested.

"A child doesn't need a room to itself."

"What do you mean? I'm not a child!"

"We're all children here!"

"But there must be some grownups!"

"No, no grownups."

"Then what am I doing here?" Tamina shouted.

The child did not notice her excitement and went back to the door. Just before going out, she turned and said, "I've put you in with the squirrels."

Tamina did not understand.

"I've put you in with the squirrels," repeated the child, with the voice of a dissatisfied teacher. "All the children are assigned to groups with animal names."

Tamina refused to talk about the squirrels. She wanted to go back. She asked what had happened to the boy who had brought her over.

The girl made believe she had not heard what Tamina said, and went on with her remarks.

"I don't care about any of that!" shouted Tamina. "I want to go back! Where is that boy?"

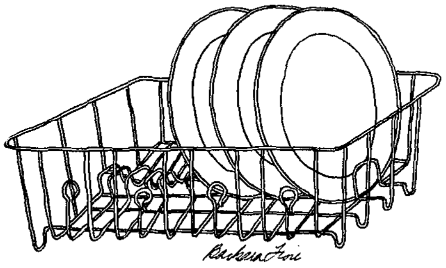
"Stop shouting!" No adult could have been more imperious than that beautiful child. "I don't understand you," she went on, shaking her head to show how amazed she was. "Why did you come here if you want to leave?"

"I didn't want to come here!"

"Now, now, Tamina, don't lie. Nobody takes such a long journey without knowing where he's going. You must learn not to lie."

Tamina turned her back on the child and ran out to the tree-lined path. When she reached the shore, she looked for the boat at its mooring, where the boy had tied it about an hour before. But the boat was nowhere to be seen—nor the stake, for that matter.

She began to run. She wanted to inspect the entire shore. But the sandy beach soon turned into swampland, and she had to make a detour before coming back to the water. The shoreline followed an even curve, and after about an hour's search (with no trace of the boat or its mooring), she found



Barbara Fein

• •

TEQUILA

I live in a stone house high in the mountains,
close to the stars . . .
Last night, a little lonely,
I went to the bar in the valley
where the regulars tell their stories,
one about a man with a runaway dog
who stood by his door each night calling
Tequila, Tequila. Nobody
knew how long his grief would last
or what he did when his house went dark.
Did he sit all night tipping
a bottle of tequila to his mouth,
legs wrapping the bottle in warmth
the way a shot of tequila
wraps the throat? Or did he sleep
like everyone else, holding his parts
close to himself like a dog? Nobody should
go near a man who wants to be
that lonely. Nobody does.
Bragging, I told them I'd go back
to any year in my life
and live it over. I lied
and said nothing had ever scared me.
They looked at me, all husbands and fathers.
The stars will blind you, they warned,
the ghosts in the alley
will blow smoke in your eyes and steal
your money. I nodded, pretending to know.
But someday I'll leave this place with
only as much as I can carry,
taking the only road
out of the valley, the one that leads
everywhere. And though I'm not friendly,
I'll leave a note on the door,
black writing on a white square, cryptic
and small, so the regulars can make up
my story: *Gone to find Tequila*—

—ELIZABETH SPIRES

herself back at the point where the tree-lined path opened onto the beach. She realized she was on an island.

She walked slowly back along the path to the dormitory, where she found a group of ten children—boys and girls between the ages of six and twelve—standing in a circle. When they saw her, they all cried out, "Tamina, come and play with us!"

They opened the circle to let her in.

Just then she remembered the young man smiling and shaking his head.

She was struck with terror, and ignoring the children, she ran straight into the dormitory and curled up on her bed.

81
27
69
4
B. TOBEY

"I'll call you back. I've got to whip these men into shape."

• •

HER husband had died in a hospital. She stayed with him as much as she could, but he died in the night, alone. When she arrived the next day and found his bed empty, the old man he had shared the room with said to her, "You should file a complaint. The way they treat the dead!" There was fear in his eyes. He knew he hadn't long to live. "They took him by the legs and dragged him along the floor. They thought I was asleep. I saw his head bump against the threshold."

Death has two faces. One is non-being; the other is the terrifying material being that is the corpse.

When Tamina was very young, death would appear to her only in the first form, the form of nothingness; and the fear of death (a rather vague fear, in any case) meant the fear that someday she would cease to be. As she grew older, that fear diminished, almost disappeared (the thought that she would one day stop seeing trees or the sky did not scare her in the least), and she paid more and more attention to the second, material side of death. She was terrified of becoming a corpse.

Being a corpse struck her as an unbearable disgrace. One minute you are a human being protected by modesty—the sanctity of nudity and privacy—and the next you die, and your body is suddenly up for grabs. Anyone can tear your clothes off, rip you open, inspect your insides, and—holding his nose to keep the stink away—stick you into the deep freeze or the flames. One of the reasons she asked to have her husband cremated and his ashes thrown to the winds was that she did not want to torture herself with the thought of what might become of his dearly beloved body.

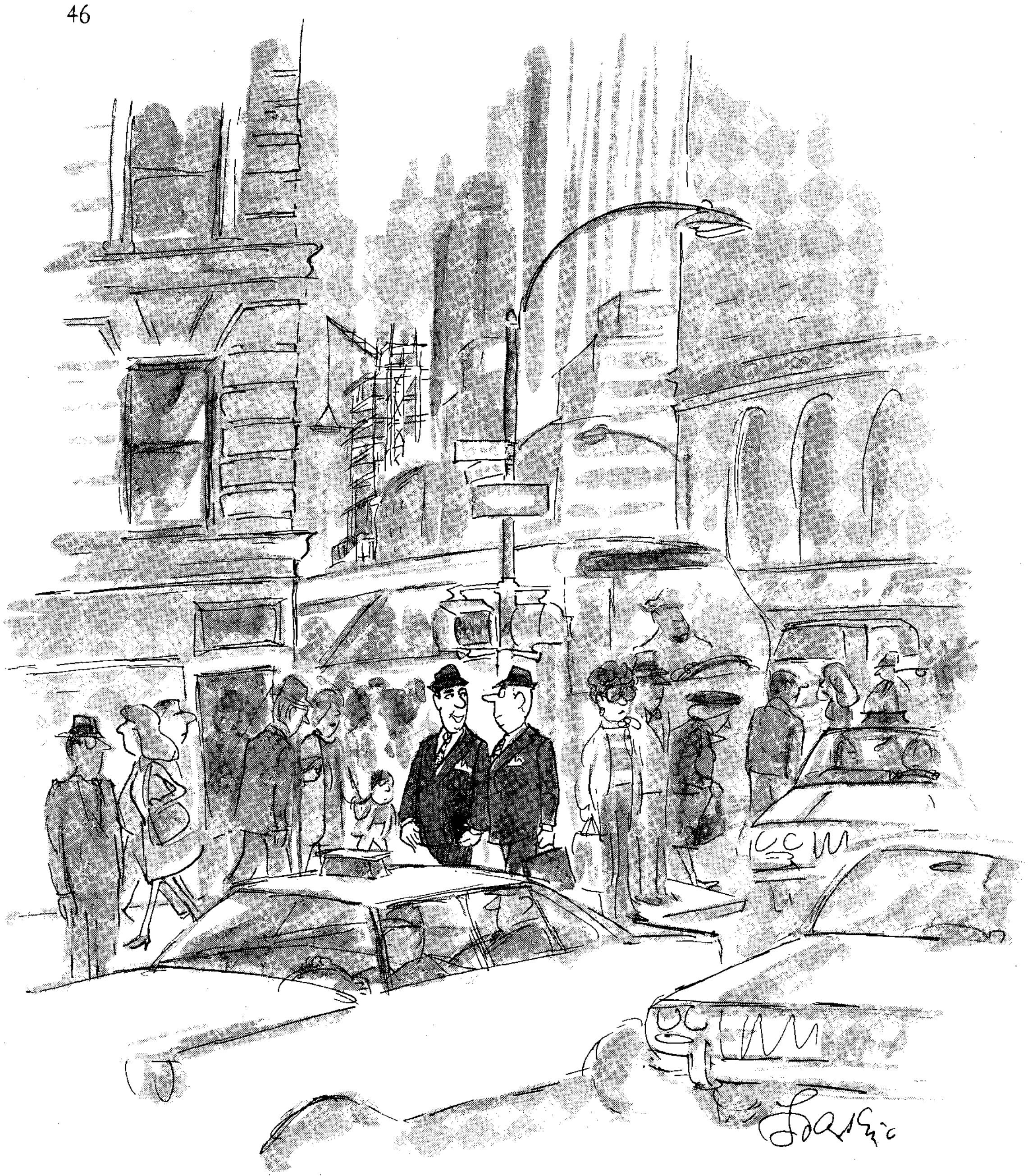
And when a few months later she contemplated suicide, she decided to drown herself somewhere far out at sea, so that the only witnesses to the disgrace of her dead body would be fish, mute fish.

In a story by Thomas Mann, a young man with a mortal illness boards a train and takes rooms in an unknown city. In one room there is a wardrobe, and every night a painfully beautiful naked woman steps out of it and tells him a long bittersweet tale, and the woman and her tale are death.

They are the sweet bluish death of non-being. After all, non-being is infinite emptiness, and empty space is blue, and there is nothing more beautiful and comforting than blue. It is no coincidence that Novalis, the poet of death, loved blue and sought it out wherever he went. Death's sweetness is blue.

Granted, the non-being of Mann's young hero was beautiful, but what happened to his body? Did they drag him by the legs over the threshold? Did they slit his belly down the middle? Did they toss him into a hole or into the flames?

Mann was in his twenties at the time, and Novalis died before the age of thirty. I am unfortunately older, and unlike them I can't help thinking of what happens to the body. The trouble is, death is not blue, and Tamina knows it as well as I do. Death is terrible drudgery. It took my father several days of high fever to die, and from the way he was sweating I could see he was working hard. Death took all his concentration; it seemed almost beyond his powers. He couldn't even tell I was sitting at his



"I feel great! Autumn's in the air, and all the summer people have gone."

• •

bedside; he had no time to notice. The work he was putting in on death had completely drained him. His concentration was as focussed as that of a rider driving his horse to a far-off destination, pressing his final burst of energy.

Yes, he was riding horseback.

Where was he going?

Somewhere far away to hide his body.

No, it is no coincidence that poems about death depict it as a journey. Mann's young hero boards a train, Tamina climbs into a red sports car. Man has an infinite desire to go off and hide his body. But the journey is in vain. When his ride is done, they find him in bed and bang his head on the threshold.

WHY is Tamina on a children's island? Why is that where I imagine her?

I don't know.

Maybe it's because on the day my father died the air was full of joyful songs sung by children's voices.

East of the Elbe, children are banded together in what are called Pioneer organizations. They wear red kerchiefs around their necks, go to meetings like grownups, and now and then sing the "Internationale." They also have a nice custom of tying one of their red kerchiefs around the neck of a very special grownup and giving him the title Honorary Pioneer. The grownups like it very much, and the older the grownup is, the more he enjoys receiving the red kerchief from the children for his coffin.

They've all received one—Lenin, Stalin, Masturbov and Sholokhov, Ulbricht and Brezhnev. And that day Husák was receiving his at a festive ceremony in the Prague Castle.

Father's temperature had gone down a bit. It was May, and I opened the window facing the garden. From the house opposite us a television broadcast of the ceremony made its way through the blossoming branches of the apple trees. We heard the children singing in their high-pitched voices.

The doctor happened to be making his rounds. He bent over Father, who by now was incapable of a single word, and then turned to me and said in a normal tone of voice, "He's in a coma. His brain is decomposing." I saw Father's large blue eyes open even wider.

When the doctor left, I was so embarrassed that I wanted to say something, right away, to push the doctor's words out of his mind. So I pointed out the window and said, "Hear that? What a joke! Husák is being named an Honorary Pioneer!"

And Father began to laugh. He laughed to let me know that his brain was alive and I could go on talking and joking with him.

Suddenly Husák's voice came to us through the apple trees. "Children! You are the future!"

And then, "Children! Never look back!"

"Let me close the window," I said. "We've heard enough of him, haven't

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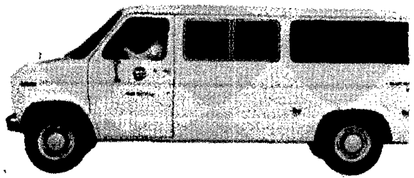

“Every van we operate saves 1,000 gallons of every 38 working days.”

“With 11 people to a van makin an average daily round trip of abou 50 miles, we figure that each van saves 1,000 gallons of gasoline eve 38 working days.

“With 164 vans now operating at fourteen Gulf facilities, we save 4,164 gallons of gasoline every working day! Of course, van pooling isn’t the only way Gulf conserves energy. We cut fuel consum tion of our tank truck fleet almost 13%, and of our eight refineries by 20%, compared to 1972.

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“We put together a how-to-do-i booklet to make it easier for other companies to start van pooling. I’ll be glad to send you a copy if you jus write to me, Ken Sawicki, at P.O. Box 2001, Houston, Texas 77001.”

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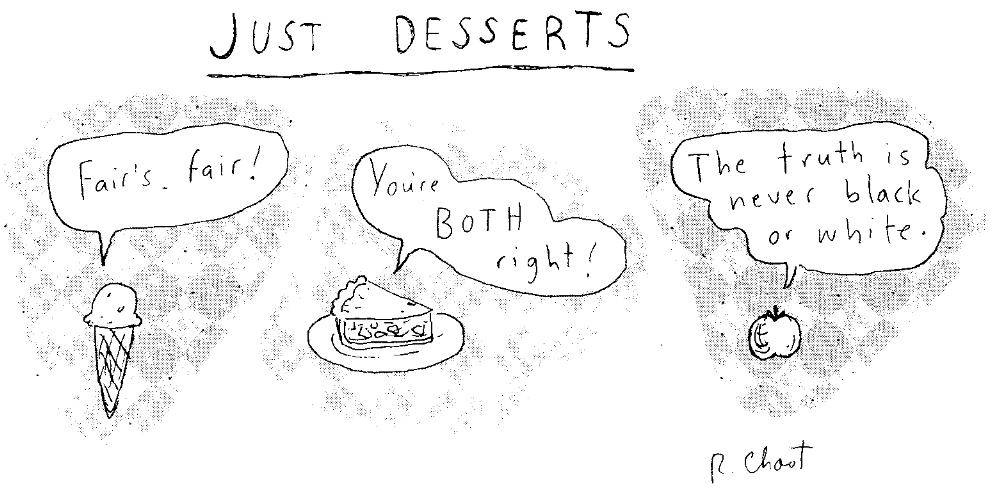
JUST DESSERTS
Fair's fair!
You're BOTH right!
The truth is never black or white.
R. Chast

we?" I gave Father a wink, and looking at me with his infinitely beautiful smile, he nodded his head.

Several hours later his fever shot up again. He mounted his horse and rode it hard the next few days. He never saw me again.

BUT what could she do now that she was there among the children? The ferry boy had disappeared and taken the boat with him, and she was surrounded by an endless expanse of water.

She would fight.

It's sad, so sad. In the small town in the west of Europe she never tried to take any action. Did she really mean to fight there, among the children (in the world of things without weight)?

And how did she plan to go about it?

On the day she arrived, the day she refused to play and ran off to the impregnable fortress of her bed, she had felt their nascent hostility in the air. It scared her. She wanted to forestall it and decided to try to win them over, which meant she would have to identify with them, accept their language. She would volunteer for all their games, offer them her own ideas and her superior physical strength, and take them by storm with her charm.

To identify with them, she had to give up her privacy. That first day, she had refused to go into the bathroom with them. She was ashamed to wash with all of them looking on. Now she washed with them every day.

The large, tiled bathroom stood at the center of the children's lives and secret thoughts. Against one wall were ten toilet bowls, on the other ten sinks. While one team turned up its nightgowns and sat on the toilets, another stood naked in front of the sinks. The ones sitting on the toilets watched the naked ones at the sinks, the naked ones at the sinks looked over their shoulders at the ones on the toilets, and the whole room was full of a secret sensuality, which prompted in Tamina a vague memory of something long forgotten.

While Tamina sat on the toilet in her nightgown, the naked tigers standing at the sinks were all eyes. When the toilets flushed, the squirrels would stand up and take off their long nightgowns, and the tigers would leave the sinks for the bedroom, passing the cats on their way to the newly vacated toilets, where they in turn would watch Tamina, with her black pubis and large breasts, as she and the rest of the squirrels stood at the sinks.

She felt no shame. She felt that her mature sexuality made her a queen among all those whose pubic regions were smooth.

APPARENTLY, then, the journey to the island was not a plot against her, as she had thought when she first saw the dormitory and her bed. On the contrary, she felt as though she had finally come to the place she had always longed to be; she had slipped back in time to a point where her husband did not exist in either memory or desire and where consequently she felt neither pressure nor remorse.

She, who had always had such a well-developed sense of modesty (modesty was the faithful shadow of love), now exhibited herself naked to scores of foreign eyes. At first she found it distressing and unpleasant, but she soon grew accustomed to it. Her nakedness was no longer immodest; it had lost all meaning, it had become (or so she thought) drab, mute, dead. A body whose every inch was part of the history of love had lost its meaning, and in that lack of meaning was peace and quiet.

But if her adult sensuality was on the wane, a world of other pleasures had slowly begun to emerge from her distant past. Buried memories were coming to the fore. This, for example (it is no wonder that she had long since forgotten it; Tamina the adult would have found it unbearably improper and grotesque): in her very first year of elementary school she'd had a crush on her beautiful young teacher and dreamed for months on end of being allowed to go to the bathroom with her.

And now here she was, sitting on the toilet, smiling and half-closing her eyes. She imagined herself as the teacher and the little freckled girl sitting beside her and curiously peeking over at her as Tamina the child. She so identified with the sensuous eyes of the little freckled girl that she suddenly felt the shudder of an old half-awakened feeling of arousal in the farthest depths of her memory.

THANKS to Tamina, the squirrels won nearly all the games, and they decided to reward her handsomely. All prizes and penalties were given out in the bathroom, and Tamina's prize was that she be waited on hand and foot there. In fact, she would not be allowed to touch herself. Everything would be done for her by her devoted servants, the squirrels.

Here is how they served her. First, while she was on the toilet, they wiped her carefully; next, they stood her up, flushed the toilet, took off her nightgown, and led her over to the sink; then they all tried to wash her breasts and pubis and see what she looked like between her legs and feel what she was like to touch. Now and then she tried to push them away, but it wasn't easy. She couldn't be mean to a bunch of children who were only following the rules of their own game and thought they were rewarding her with their services.

Finally they took her back to her bed, where again they found all kinds of nice little excuses to press up against her and stroke her all over. There were so many of them swarming around her that she could not tell whose hand or mouth belonged to whom. She felt their pressing and probing everywhere, but especially in those areas where she differed from them. She closed her eyes and felt her body rocking, slowly rocking, as in a cradle. She was experiencing a strange, gentle sort of climax.

She felt the pleasure of it tugging at the corners of her lips. She opened her eyes again and saw a child's face staring at her mouth and telling another child's face, "Look! Look!" Now there were two faces leaning over her, avidly following the progress of her twitching lips. They might as well have been examining the workings of an open watch or a fly whose wings had been torn off.

But her eyes seemed to see something completely different from what her body felt, and she could not quite make the connection between the children leaning over her and the quiet, cradlelike pleasure she was experiencing. So she closed her eyes again and rejoiced in her body, because for the first time in her life her body was taking pleasure in the absence of the soul, which, imagining nothing and remembering nothing, had quietly left the room.

THIS is what my father told me when I was five: tonality is a king's court in miniature. It is ruled by a king (the first step) and his two right-hand men (steps five and four). They have four other dignitaries at their command, each of whom has his own special relation to the king and his right-hand men. The court maintains five additional tones, which are known as chromatic. They have important parts to play in other keys, but here they are simply guests.

Since each of the twelve notes has its own job, title, and function, any piece we hear is more than mere sound: it unfolds a certain action before us. Sometimes the events are terribly involved (as in Mahler or—even more—Bartók or Stravinsky): princes from other courts intervene, and before long there is no telling which court a tone belongs to and no assurance that it isn't working undercover as a double or triple agent. But even then the most naïve of listeners can figure out more or less what is going on. The most complex music is still *a language*.

That is what my father told me. What follows is all my own. One day a great man determined that after a thousand years the language of music

Alan Paine

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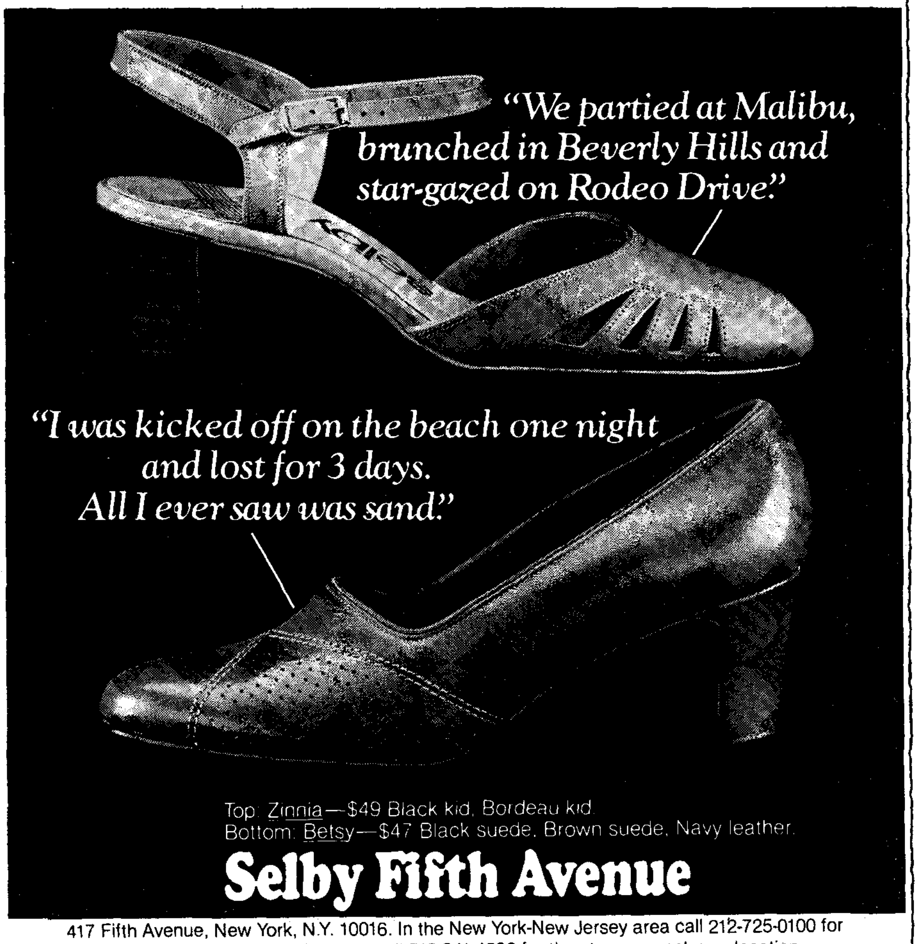

"We partied at Malibu, brunched in Beverly Hills and star-gazed on Rodeo Drive."

"I was kicked off on the beach one night and lost for 3 days. All I ever saw was sand."

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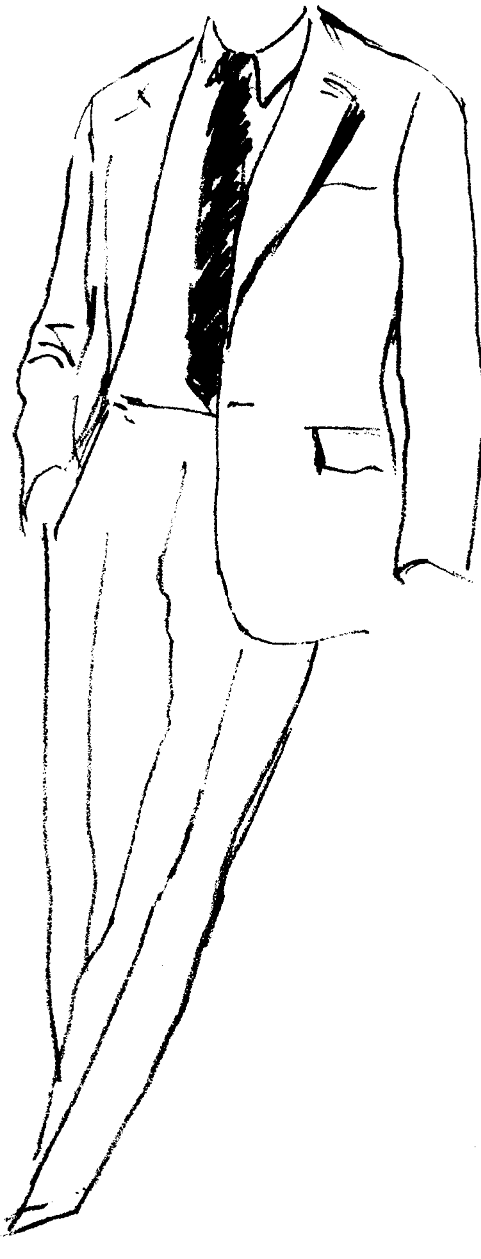

SUBTLETY is not silence. Had we wished to argue, we would have pointed that out the other day when we heard a young man complain that the business suit stifles self-expression.

What would he prefer, we wondered, the silks and satins of bygone rakes and dandies? Or did he, like Miniver Cheevy, miss "the medieval grace of iron clothing"?* In either case, it seemed to us, he quite forgot that when such things were worn all men of like class and occupation wore them uniformly.

But perhaps we misjudged him and what he really desired was that all men be free to choose their business attire from the whole diversity of male clothing. We thought about that, picturing an office where one man appeared in a kilt, another in jeans, and still others in tuxedos and safari clothing. The effect was certainly expressive. But did it not express too much, disclosing at a glance not merely each man's tastes but also his self-image, his fantasy life, and–quite possibly–his economic situation?

This train of thought gradually brought to consciousness what had long been an unconscious assumption: that a proper function of the business suit is to offer a man a decent privacy so that irrelevant reactions are not called into play to prejudice what should be purely business transactions.

Hence its strictness of form which prevents it from saying too much. But does it therefore say nothing? Think of another strict form, the sonnet. On the page at a glance, one sonnet looks very like another. But careful attention quickly reveals whether it was made by a person of mediocre talent or by a master.

Just so with the suit. Because all flabby elaboration has been stripped away, substance and structure are all the more telling. Each line counts. But, in the case of the suit, it tells us about the wearer as well as the maker. And the man who forces a line, whether from clumsiness or intent, says more about himself than he intended. Thus the pinched waist and exaggerated shoulders of the man who wishes to tell us that he is irresistible to women may tell us instead that he is vain and foolish. But the quiet suit of excellent cut and cloth suggests that the gentleman who wears it–although probably not a Don Juan–could be one if he chose, were it not for his sterling character.

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***Miniver Cheevy* by Edwin Arlington Robinson.

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had worn itself out and could do no more than rehash the same message. Abolishing the hierarchy of tones by revolutionary decree, he made them all equal and subjected them to a strict discipline: none was allowed to occur more often than any other in a piece, and therefore none could lay claim to its former feudal privileges. All courts were permanently abolished, and in their place arose a single empire, founded on equality and called the twelve-tone system.

Perhaps the sonorities were more interesting than they had been, but audiences accustomed to following the courtly intrigues of the keys for a millennium failed to make anything of them. No matter. The empire of the twelve-tone system soon disappeared. After Schoenberg came Varèse, and he abolished *notes* (the tones of the human voice and musical instruments) along with keys, replacing them with an extremely subtle play of sounds which, though fascinating, marks the beginning of the history of something other than music, something based on other principles and another language.

When in my Prague apartment Milan Hübl held forth on the possibility of the Czech nation disappearing into the Russian empire, we both knew that the idea, though legitimate, went beyond us and that we were speaking of the *inconceivable*. Even though man is mortal, he cannot conceive of the end of space or time, of history or a nation: he lives in an illusory infinity.

People fascinated by the idea of progress never suspect that every step forward is also a step on the way to the end and that behind all the joyous "onward and upward" slogans lurks the lascivious voice of death urging us to make haste.

(If the obsession with the word "onward" has become universal nowadays, isn't it largely because death now speaks to us at such close range?)

In the days when Arnold Schoenberg founded his twelve-tone empire, music was richer than ever before and intoxicated with its freedom. No one dreamed that the end was so near. No fatigue. No twilight. Schoenberg was audacious as only youth can be. He was legitimately proud of having chosen the only road that led "onward." The history of music came to an end in a burst of daring and desire.

If it is true that the history of music has come to an end, what is left of music? Silence?

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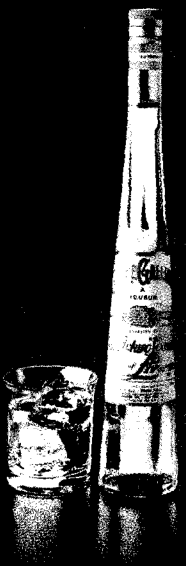

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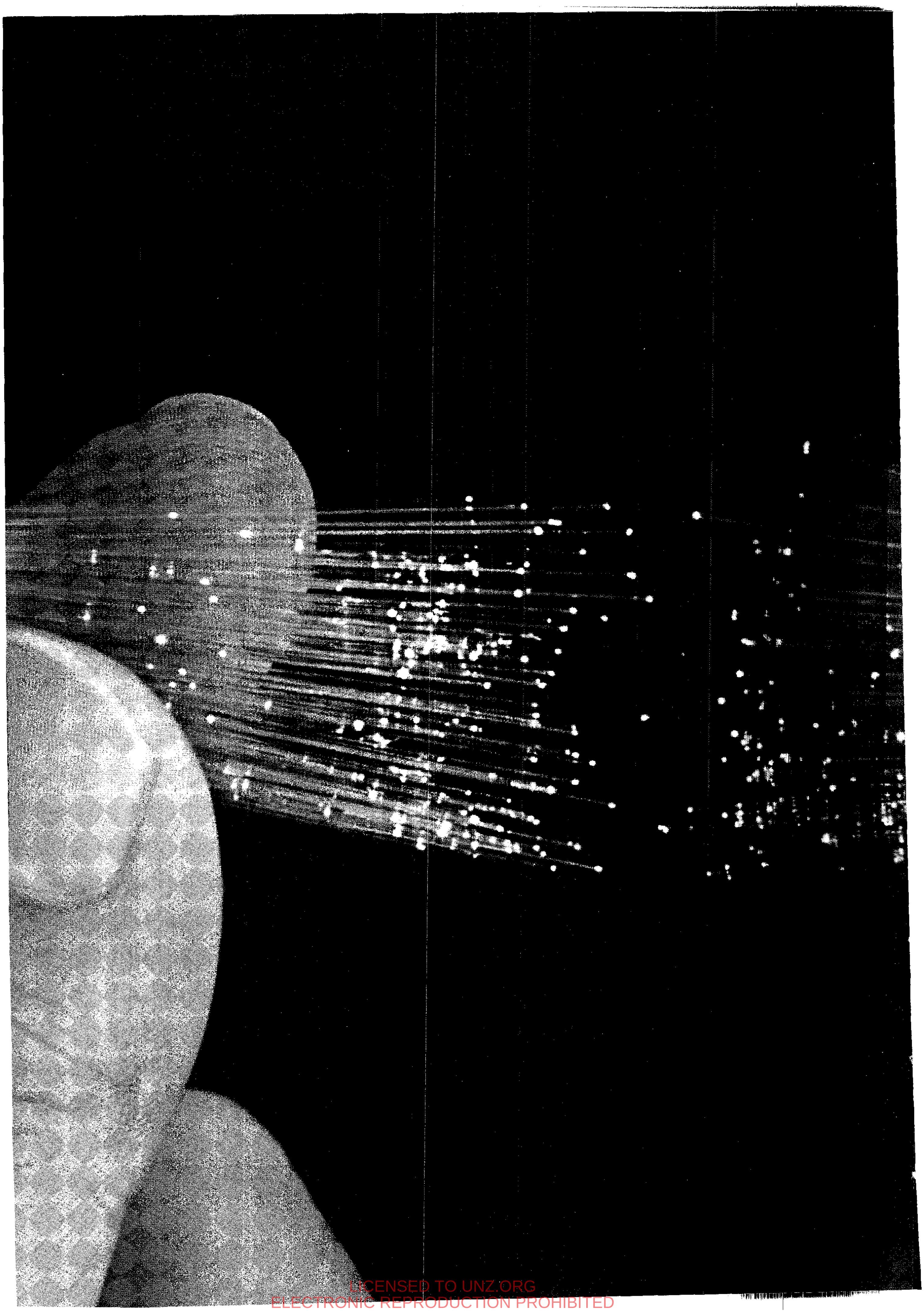

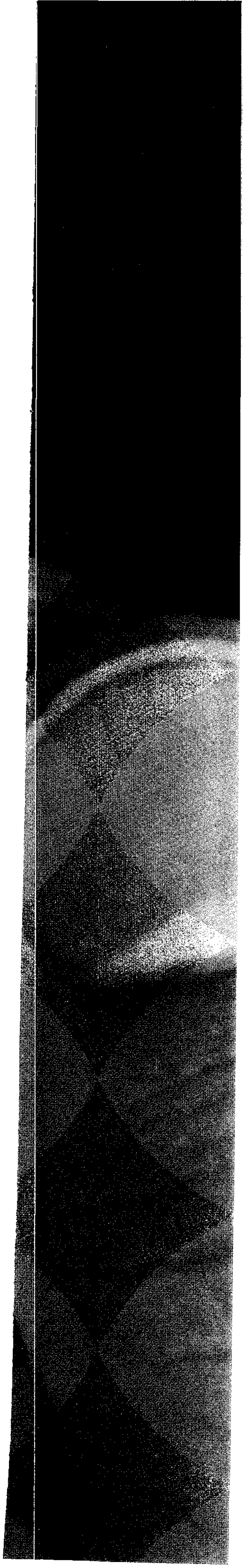

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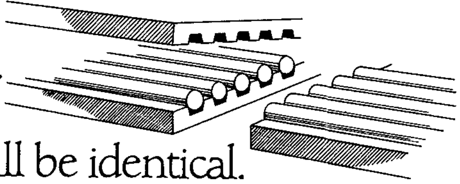

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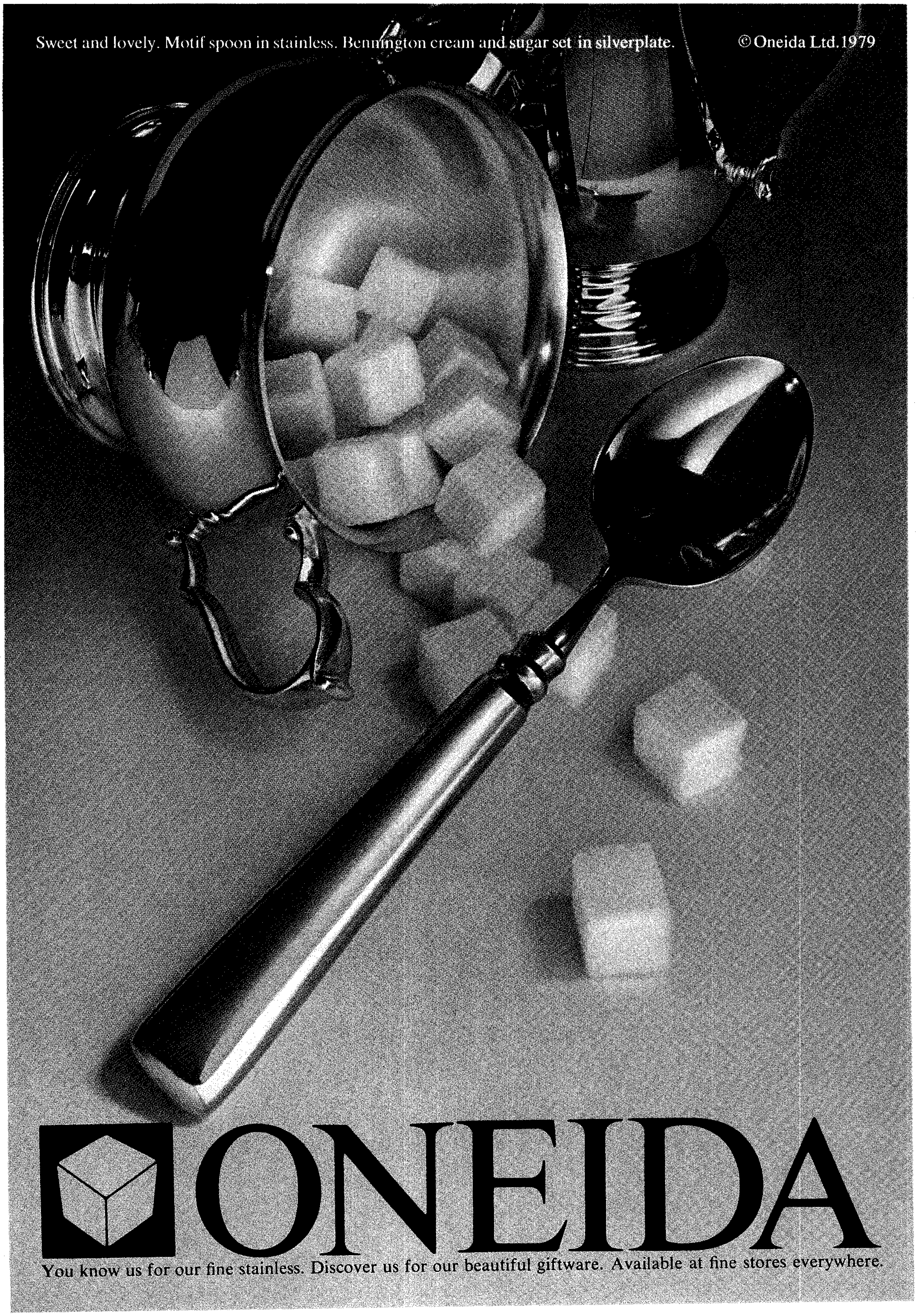

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more music, many times more than in its most glorious days. It pours out of outdoor speakers, out of miserable sound systems in apartments and restaurants, out of the transistor radios people carry around the streets.

Schoenberg is dead, Ellington is dead, but the guitar is eternal. Stereotyped harmonies, hackneyed melodies, and a beat that gets stronger as it gets duller—that is what's left of music, the eternity of music. Everyone can come together on the basis of those simple combinations of notes. They are life itself proclaiming its jubilant "Here I am!" No sense of communion is more resonant, more unanimous than the simple sense of communion with life. It can bring Arab and Jew together, Czech and Russian. Bodies pulsing to a common beat, drunk with the consciousness that they exist. No work of Beethoven's has ever elicited greater collective passion than the constant repetitive throb of the guitar.

One day, about a year before my father's death, the two of us were taking a walk around the block, and that music seemed to be following us everywhere. The more sadness there is, the louder the speaker blares. They are trying to make an occupied country forget the bitterness of history and devote all its energy to the joys of everyday life. Father stopped and looked up at the device the noise was coming from, and I could tell he had something very important to tell me. He concentrated as hard as he could on putting what was on his mind into words, and finally came out with "The idiocy of music."

What did he mean? Could he possibly have meant to insult music, the love of his life? No, what I think he wanted to tell me was that there is a certain *primordial state of music*, a state prior to its history, the state before the issue was ever raised, the state before the play of motif and theme was ever conceived or even contemplated. This elementary state of music (music minus thought) reflects the inherent idiocy of human life. It took a monumental effort of heart and mind for music to rise up over this inherent idiocy, and it was this glorious vault arching over centuries of European history that died out at the peak of its trajectory like a rocket in a fireworks display.

The history of music is mortal, but the idiocy of the guitar is eternal. Music in our time has returned to its

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primordial state, the state after the last issue has been raised and the last theme contemplated—a state that follows history.

When Karel Gott, the Czech pop singer, went abroad in 1972, Husák got scared. He sat right down and wrote him a personal letter. (It was August, 1972, and Gott was in Frankfurt.) The following quote from it is verbatim. I have invented nothing.

Dear Karel,

We are not angry with you. Please come back. We will do everything you ask. We will help you if you help us. . . .

Think it over. Without batting an eyelid, Husák let doctors, scholars, astronomers, athletes, directors, cameramen, workers, engineers, architects, historians, journalists, writers, and painters go into emigration, but he could not stand the thought of Karel Gott leaving the country. Because Karel Gott represents music minus memory, the music in which the bones of Beethoven and Ellington, the dust of Palestrina and Schoenberg lie buried.

The president of forgetting and the idiot of music deserve one another. They are working for the same cause. "We will help you if you help us." You can't have one without the other.

BUT even in the tower where the wisdom of music reigns supreme, we sometimes feel nostalgic for that monotonous, heartless shriek of a beat which comes to us from outside and in which all men are brothers. Keeping exclusive company with Beethoven is dangerous in the way all privileged positions are dangerous.

Tamina was always a little ashamed of admitting she was happy with her husband. She was afraid people would hate her for it.

As a result, she is not quite sure where she stands. On the one hand, she feels that love is a privilege and all privileges are undeserved and that's why she has to pay. Being with the children is a form of punishment.

On the other hand, she feels that the privilege of love, while heavenly, was hellish too. When she was in love, her life was constant tension, fear, agitation. Being with the children is a long-awaited rest, a reward.

Before, her sexuality was occupied by love (I say "occupied" because sex is not love; it is merely the territory

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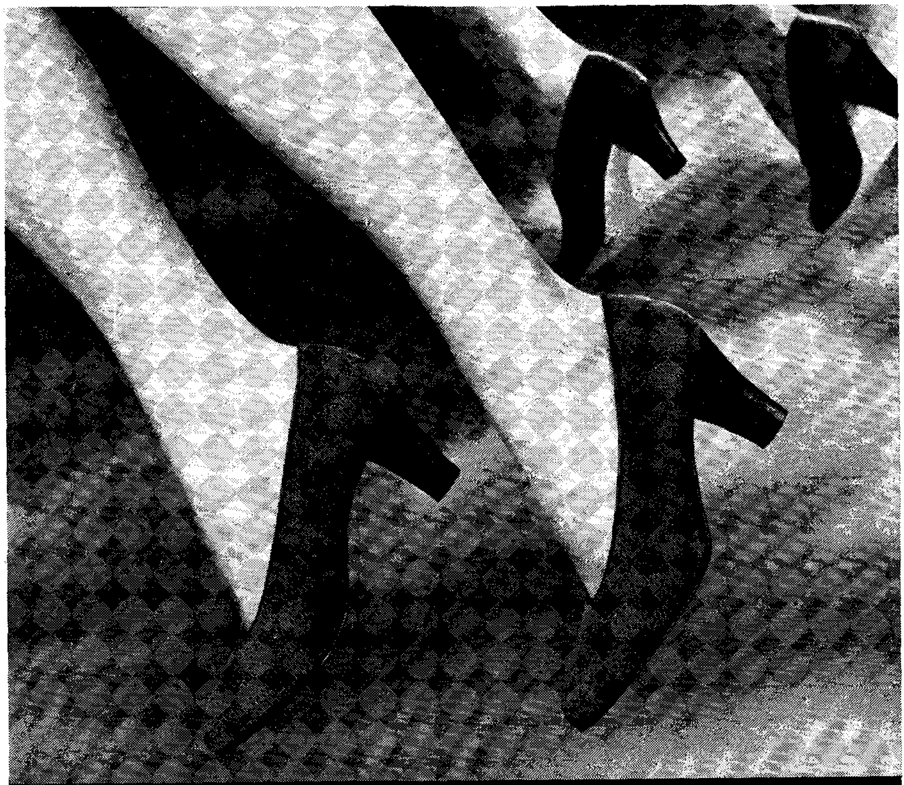

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love marks out for itself) and therefore had a dramatic, responsible, serious component to it, something Tamina watched over with anguish. With the children, in the realm of the insignificant, it has reverted to what it originally was: a toy for the production of sensual pleasure.

Or to put it another way, sexuality freed from its *diabolical* ties with love becomes a joy of *angelic* simplicity.

IF the first time the children raped Tamina the act had all sorts of startling undertones, with repetition it quickly lost whatever message it might have had and turned into a routine that became less and less interesting and more and more dirty.

Soon the children started quarrelling among themselves. The ones who were excited by the games of love began to hate the ones who were indifferent to them. And among Tamina's lovers there was definite hostility between the ones who felt they were her favorites and the ones who felt rejected. And all these petty resentments began to turn in on Tamina and weigh on her.

Once, when the children were leaning over her naked body (standing by the bed, kneeling on the bed, straddling her body, squatting at her head and between her legs), she felt a sudden sharp pain: one of the children had given her nipple a hard pinch. She let out a scream and went berserk, throwing all the children off the bed and flailing her arms around her.

She realized that the pain had been caused by neither chance nor lust; one of the children hated her and was out to hurt her. She put an end to her amorous encounters with the children.

ALL at once the realm where things are light as a breeze knows no peace.

The children are playing hopscotch, jumping from one square to the next, right leg first, then left, then both. Tamina joins in (I can picture her tall body among the small figures of the children, and as she jumps, her hair flies out around her face and her heart is all boredom), and the canaries start shouting that she's stepped on a line.

The squirrels, of course, protest that she hasn't, so both teams stoop down over the lines to look for the imprint of Tamina's foot. But lines drawn in sand lose their shape easily, and so does Tamina's footprint. This is a

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At one point Tamina gives a fateful wave of the hand and says, "Oh, all right, so I did step on the line."

The squirrels begin shouting at Tamina that it isn't true, she must be crazy, she's lying, she never touched it. But they have lost the argument—their claim, once exposed by Tamina, has no weight—and the canaries let out a whoop of victory.

The squirrels are furious. They scream "Traitor!" at her, and one boy gives her a push that nearly topples her. She tries to grab hold of them, and they take that as a signal to pounce on her. She puts up a good defense. She is a grownup, she is strong (and full of hate, oh yes, she pounds away at those children as if they were everything she ever hated in life), and before long there are quite a few bloody noses in the crowd, but then a stone flies out of nowhere and hits her on the forehead, and she staggers a little, clutching her head. It is bleeding, and the children move away from her. Suddenly everything is quiet, and Tamina makes her way back to the dormitory. She stretches out on her bed, determined never to take part in the games again.

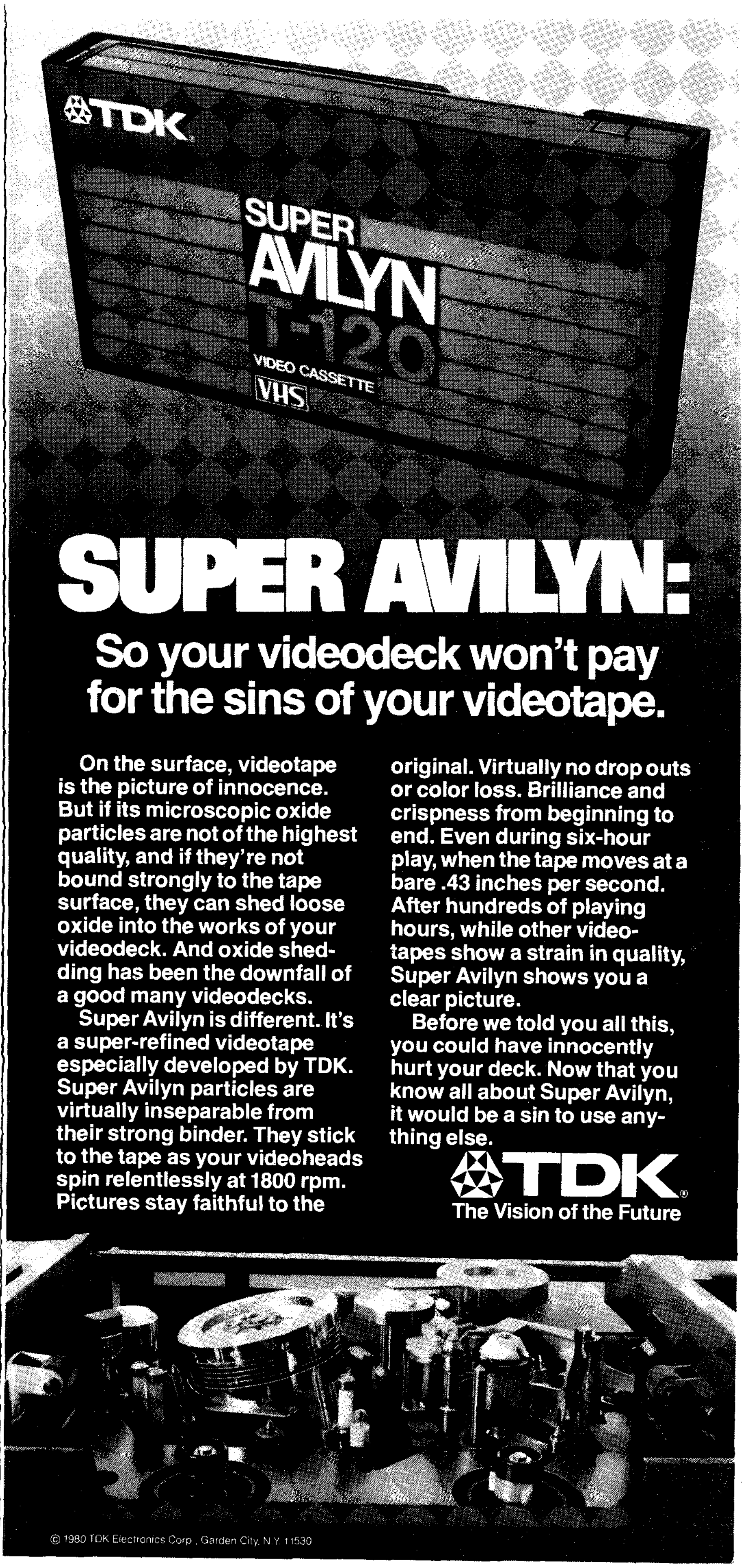
I CAN see Tamina standing in the middle of the dormitory full of children in bed. She is the center of attention. "Tits, tits," calls out a voice from one corner. Others join in, and soon she is engulfed in a rhythmic "Tits, titties, tits . . ."

What not so long ago had been her pride and weapon—her black pubic hair, her beautiful breasts—was now the target of their insults. In the eyes of the children the very fact of her adulthood made her grotesque: her breasts were as absurd as tumors, her pubic area monstrously hairy, beastlike.

They began tracking her down, chasing her all over the island, throwing driftwood and stones at her. She tried to hide, run away, but wherever she went she heard them calling out her name: "Tits, titties, tits . . ."

Nothing is more degrading than the strong running from the weak. But there were so many of them. She ran and was ashamed of running.

Once she set an ambush and caught and beat three of them. One fell down, two started to make a getaway. But



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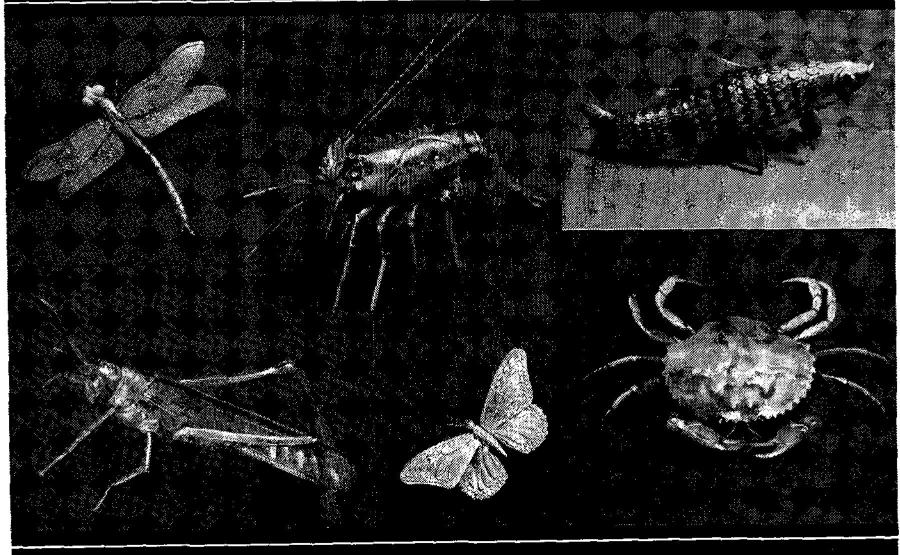

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she was too fast for them; she grabbed them by the hair.

And then a net slipped down over her, and another and another—that's right, all the volleyball nets, which had been stretched out just above the ground in front of the dormitory. They had been waiting for her. The three children she had just beaten were decoys. And now here she is, imprisoned in a tangle of nets, twisting and turning, thrashing out in all directions, dragged along by the jubilant children.

WHY are the children so bad?

But they're *not* all that bad. In fact, they're full of good cheer and constantly helping one another. None of them wants Tamina for himself. "Look, look!" they call back and forth. Tamina is imprisoned in a tangle of nets, the ropes tear into her skin, and the children point to her blood and tears, her face contorted with pain. They offer her generously to one another. She has cemented their feelings of brotherhood.

The reason for her misfortune is not that the children are bad but that she does not belong to their world. No one makes a fuss about calves slaughtered in slaughterhouses. Calves stand outside human law in the same way Tamina stands outside the children's law.

If anyone is full of bitterness and hate, it is Tamina, not the children. Their desire to cause pain is positive, exuberant: it has every right to be called pleasure. Their only motive for causing pain to someone not of their world is to glorify that world and its laws.

TIME takes its toll, and all joys and pleasures lose their lustre with repetition. Besides, the children really aren't all that bad. The boy who urinated on her when she lay tangled beneath him in the volleyball nets gave her a beautiful open smile a few days later.

Without a word Tamina began taking part in the games again. Once more she jumps from square to square, right leg first, then left, then both together. She will never try to enter their world again, but is careful not to go beyond it either. She tries to keep on the borderline.

But the calm, the normality of it all, the modus vivendi based on compromise have all the terrifying earmarks of a permanent arrangement. While Tamina was being tracked down, she

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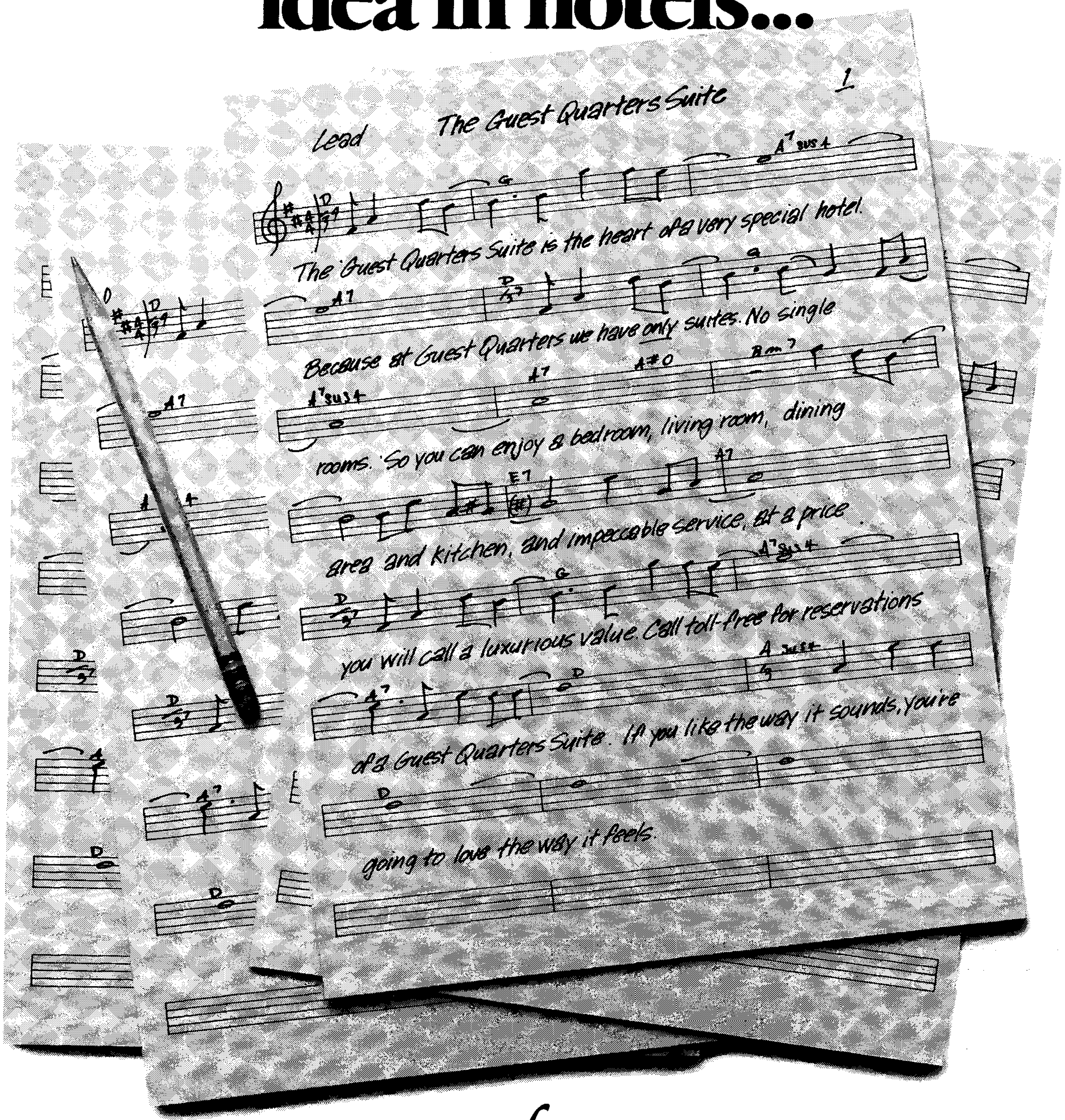
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forgot about the existence of time and its boundlessness, but now that the violence of the attacks has died down, the desert of time has emerged from the shadows—frightening, oppressive, very like eternity.

Be sure you have this image firmly engraved in your memory. She must jump from square to square, right leg first, then left, then both together, and make a show of caring whether or not she steps on a line. She must go on jumping day after day, bearing the burden of time on her shoulders like a cross that grows heavier from day to day.

Does she still look back? Does she think about her husband and Prague?

No. Not anymore.

THE ghosts of statues long torn down wandered around the podium where the president of forgetting was standing with a red scarf around his neck. The children clapped and called out his name.

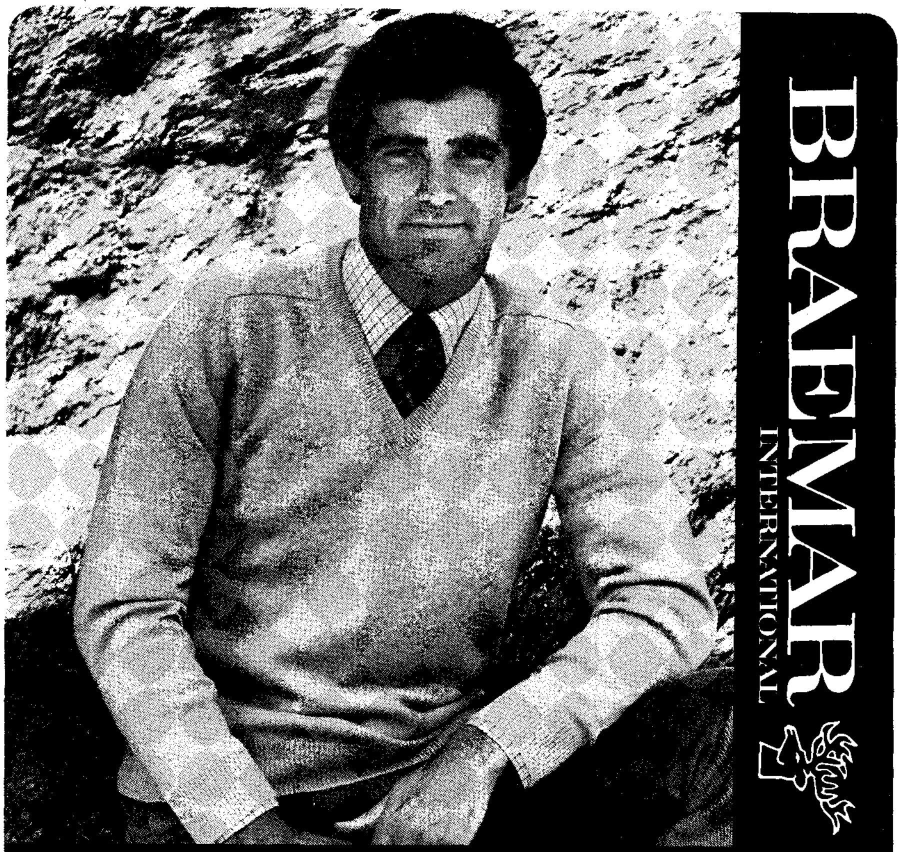
Eight years have gone by since then, but I can still hear his words sailing through the blossoming apple trees.

"Children, you are the future," he said, and today I realize he did not mean it the way it sounded. The reason children are the future is not that they will one day be grownups. No, the reason is that mankind is moving more and more in the direction of infancy, and childhood is the image of the future.

"Children, never look back," he cried, and what he meant was that we must never allow the future to collapse under the burden of memory. Children, after all, have no past whatsoever. That alone accounts for the mystery of charmed innocence in their smiles.

History is a succession of ephemeral changes. Eternal values exist outside history. They are immutable and have no need of memory. Husák is president of the eternal, not the ephemeral. He is on the side of children, and children are life, and life is "seeing, hearing, eating, drinking, urinating, defecating, diving into water and observing the firmament, laughing, and crying."

What apparently happened after Husák came to the end of his speech to the children (I had closed the window by then, and Father was about to remount his horse) was that Karel Gott came out onto the podium and sang. Husák was so moved that the tears streamed down his cheeks, and the sunny smiles shining up at him blended with his tears, and a great



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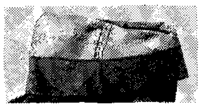

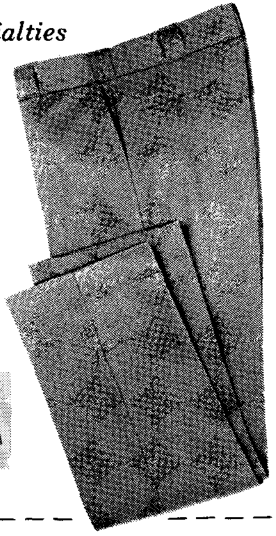

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miracle of a rainbow arched up at that moment over Prague.

The children looked up, saw the rainbow, and began laughing and clapping.

The idiot of music finished his song, and the president of forgetting spread his arms and cried, "Children, life is happiness!"

THE island resounds with the roar of song and the din of guitars. There is a tape recorder sitting in the open space in front of the dormitory, and a boy standing over it. Tamina recognizes him. He is the boy on whose ferry she long ago came to the island. She is very excited. If he is the boy, his ferry can't be far off. She knows she mustn't let this opportunity slip by. Her heart begins to pound, and the only thing she can think of is how to escape.

The boy is staring down at the tape recorder and moving his hips. The children come running to join him. They jerk one shoulder forward, then the other, throw their heads back, wave their arms, point their index fingers as if threatening someone, and shout along with the song coming out of the tape recorder.

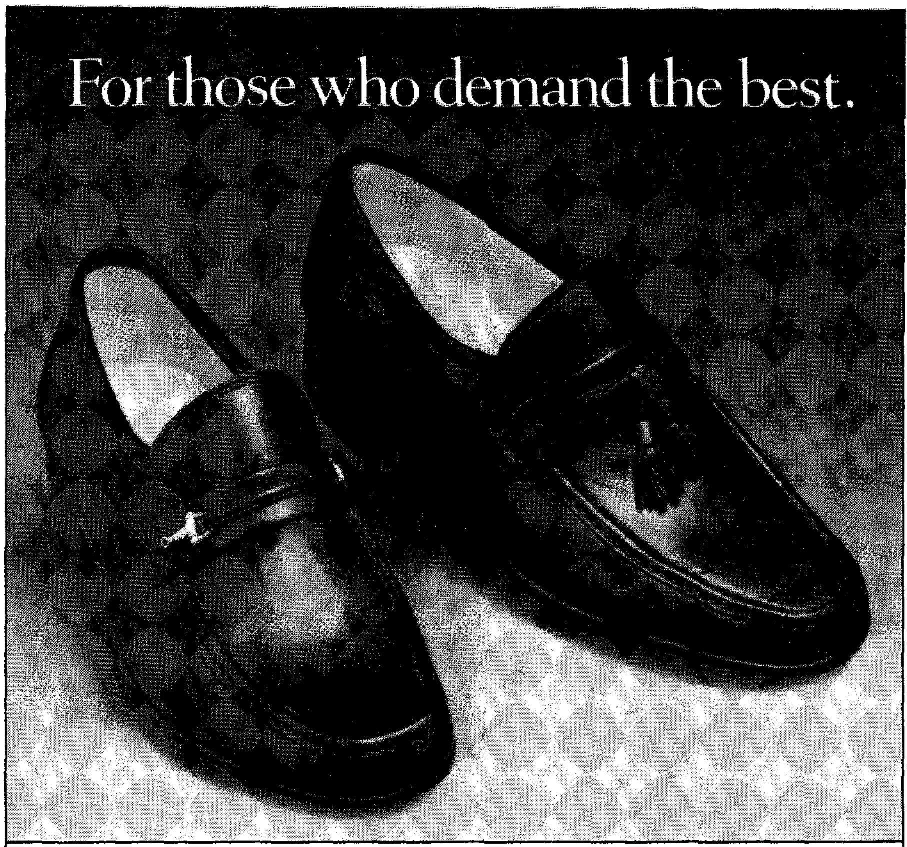
Tamina is hiding behind the thick trunk of a plane tree. She does not want them to see her, but she cannot tear her eyes from them. They are behaving with the provocative flirtatiousness of the adult world, rolling their hips as if imitating intercourse. The lewdness of the motions superimposed on their children's bodies destroys the dichotomy between obscenity and innocence, purity and corruption. Sensuality loses all its meaning, innocence loses all its meaning, words fall apart, and Tamina feels sick, as though her stomach has been hollowed out.

And the idiocy of the guitars keeps booming, the children keep dancing, flirtatiously undulating their little bellies. It is little things of no weight at all that are making Tamina sick. In fact, that hollow feeling in her stomach comes from the unbearable absence of weight. And just as one extreme may at any moment turn into its opposite, so this perfect buoyancy has become a terrifying *burden of buoyancy*, and Tamina knows she cannot bear it another instant. She turns and runs.

She runs along the path down to the water.

She has reached the water's edge. She looks around. No boat.

She runs all along the shore of the



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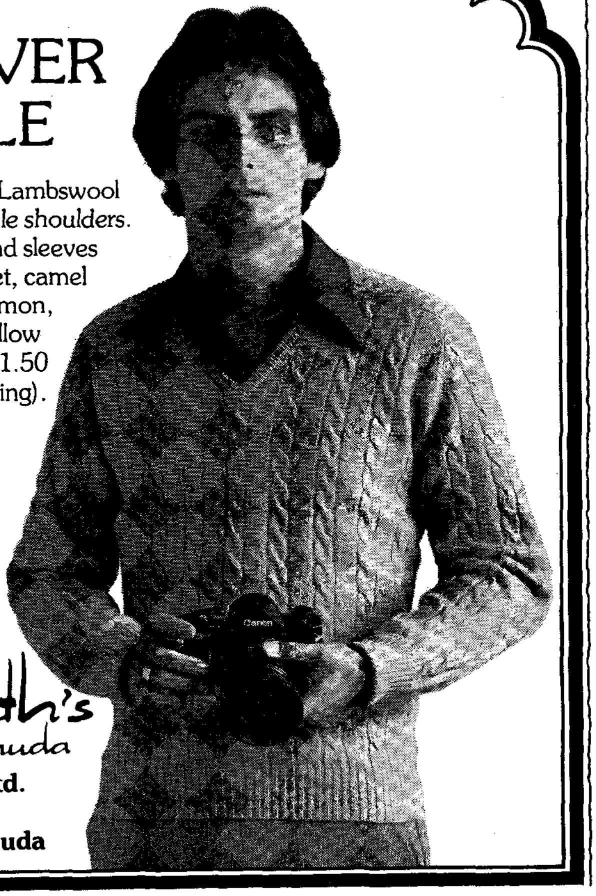

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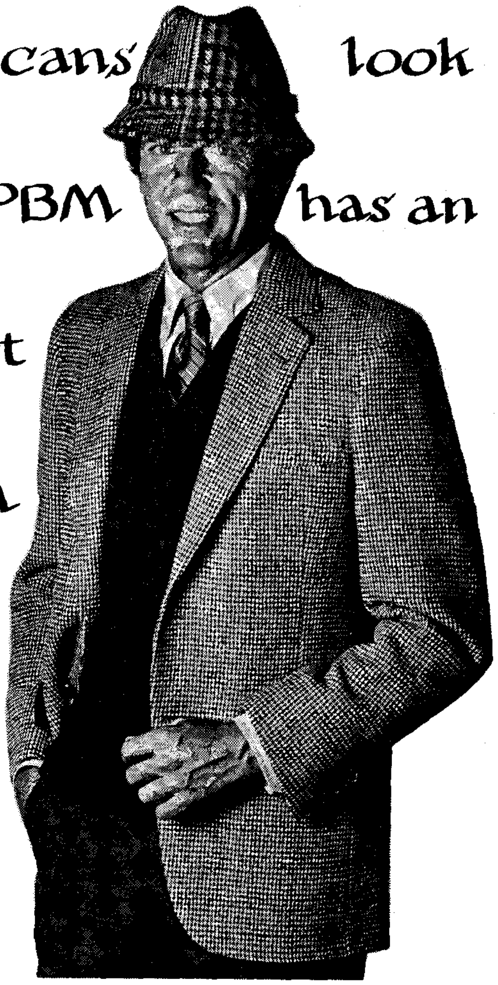

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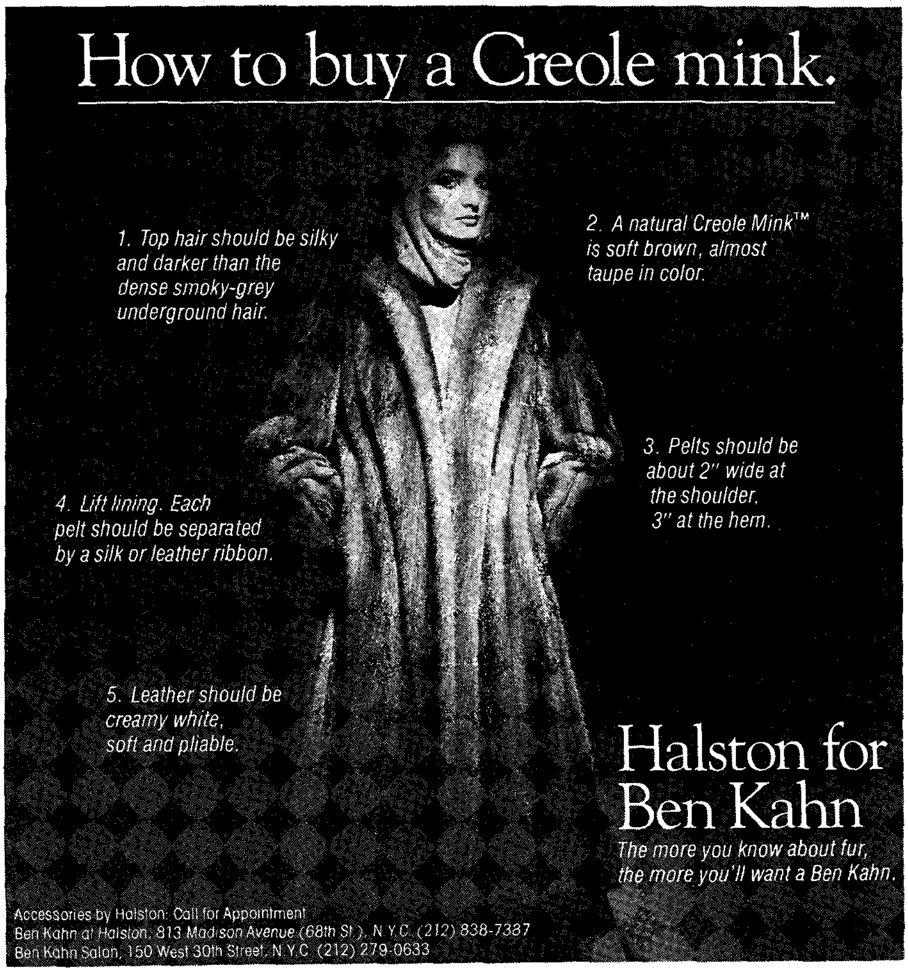

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island looking for it, the way she did that first day. She does not see it. Finally she comes back to the spot where the tree-lined path opens onto the beach. The children are running around, all excited.

She stops.

The children notice her and hurl themselves in her direction, shouting.

SHE jumped into the water.

It wasn't because she was frightened. She'd thought it out long before. The ferry to the island hadn't taken so long. Even though she couldn't see the other shore, she wouldn't need superhuman strength to swim across.

Yelling and shouting, the children ran down to the place where she had jumped in, and several stones splashed down near her. But she was a fast swimmer and was soon out of range of their weak arms.

On she swam, feeling well for the first time in ages. She could feel her body, feel its old strength. She had always been an excellent swimmer, and enjoyed every stroke. The water was cold, but she welcomed it. She felt it was cleansing her of all the children's dirt, of their saliva and their looks.

She swam for a long time, and the sun began sinking into the water.

And then it got dark, pitch-black, no moon, no stars. But Tamina tried to keep herself headed in the same direction.

WHERE was she heading, anyway? Prague?

She did not know if it still existed.

The little town in the west of Europe?

No. She simply wanted to get away.

Does that mean she wanted to die?

No, no, not at all. In fact, she had a great desire for life.

But she must have had some idea about the world she wanted to live in.

Well, she didn't. All she had left was her body and a great desire for life. Those two things and nothing more. She wanted to get them away from the island and save them. Her body and her desire for life.

THEN it began to get light. She strained her eyes to catch a glimpse of the other shore.

But all she could see was water. She turned and looked back. There, a few hundred feet away, was the shore of the green island.

Could she possibly have swum the

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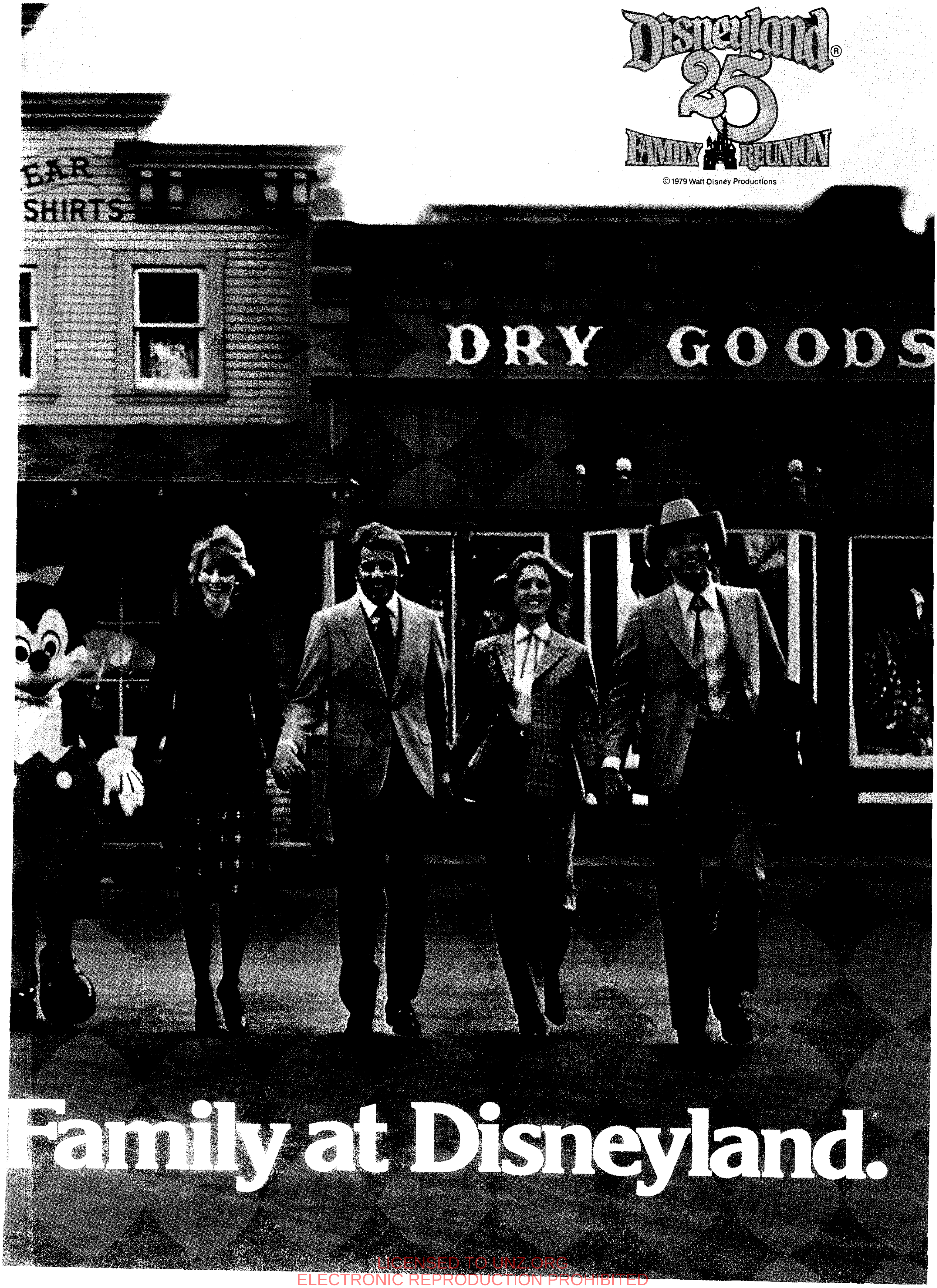
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whole night in place? She was overcome with despair, and the moment she lost hope, her arms and legs seemed to lose their strength and the water felt unbearably cold. She closed her eyes and tried to keep swimming. She no longer hoped to reach the other side; all she could think of was how she would die, and she wanted to die somewhere in the middle of the waters, removed from all contact, alone with the fish. She must have dozed off for a bit while her eyes were closed, because suddenly there was water in her lungs and she began coughing and choking, and in the middle of it all she heard children's voices.

Splashing and coughing, she looked around. Not far away there was a boat with several children in it. They were shouting. As soon as they noticed that she had seen them, they stopped shouting and rowed up to her, staring. She saw how excited they were.

She was afraid they would try to save her and she would have to play with them again. Suddenly she felt a wave of exhaustion come over her. Her arms and legs seemed numb.

The boat was almost upon her, and five children's faces peered eagerly down at her.

She shook her head desperately, as if to say, "Let me die. Don't save me."

But she had no reason to be afraid. The children did not budge. No one held out an oar or a hand to her, no one tried to save her. They just kept staring at her, wide-eyed and eager. They were observing her. One of the boys used his oar as a rudder to keep the boat close enough.

Again she inhaled water into her lungs and coughed and thrashed her arms about, feeling she could no longer keep herself afloat. Her legs were getting heavier and heavier. They dragged her down like lead weights.

Her head ducked underwater. By struggling violently, she managed to raise it back up several times; and each time, she saw the boat and the children's eyes observing her.

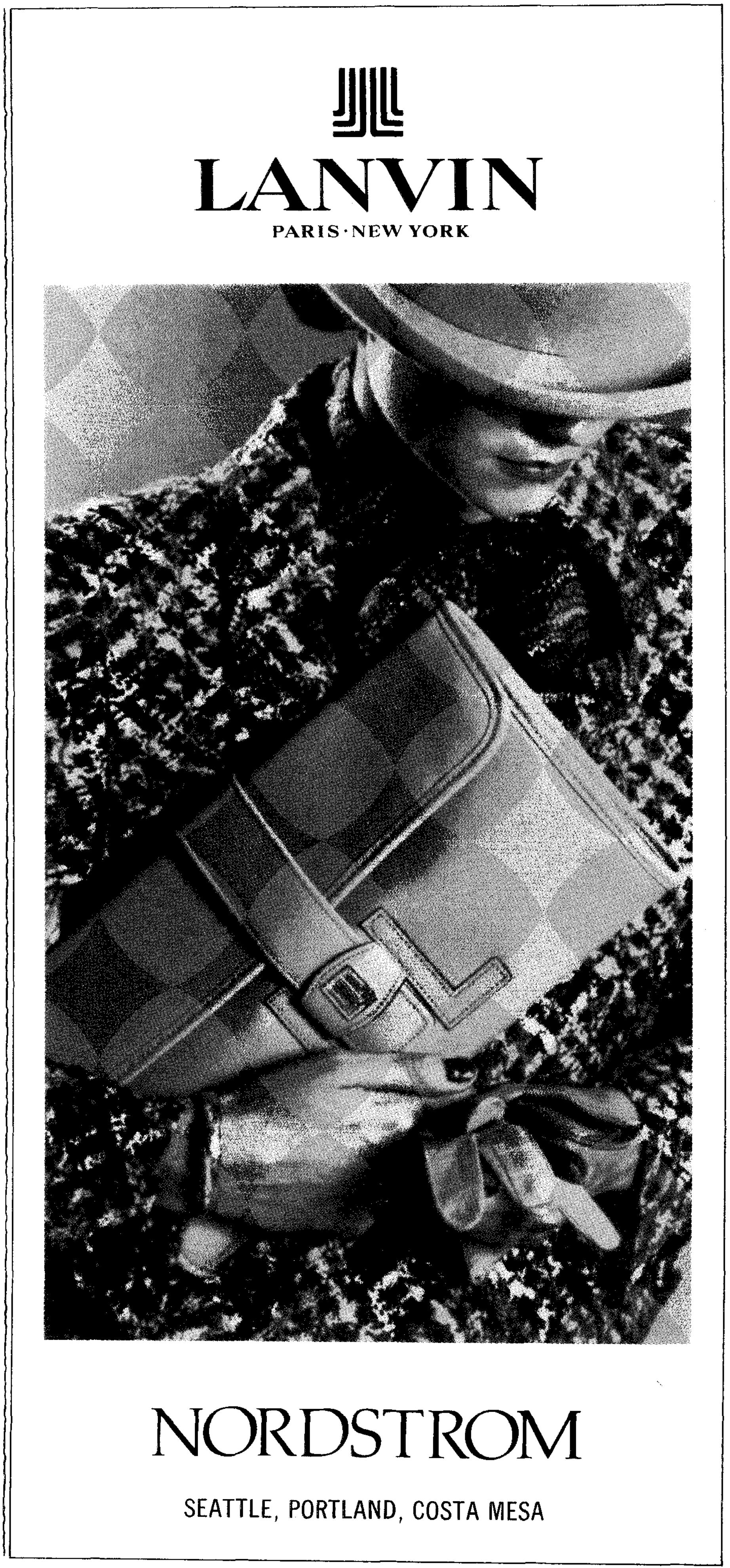
Then she disappeared beneath the surface. —MILAN KUNDERA

(Translated, from the Czech, by Michael Henry Heim.)

•

Alexander's screen career began with her portrayal of James Earl Jones' wife in "The Great White Hop."—*Milwaukee Journal.*

The story of the Easter Bunny.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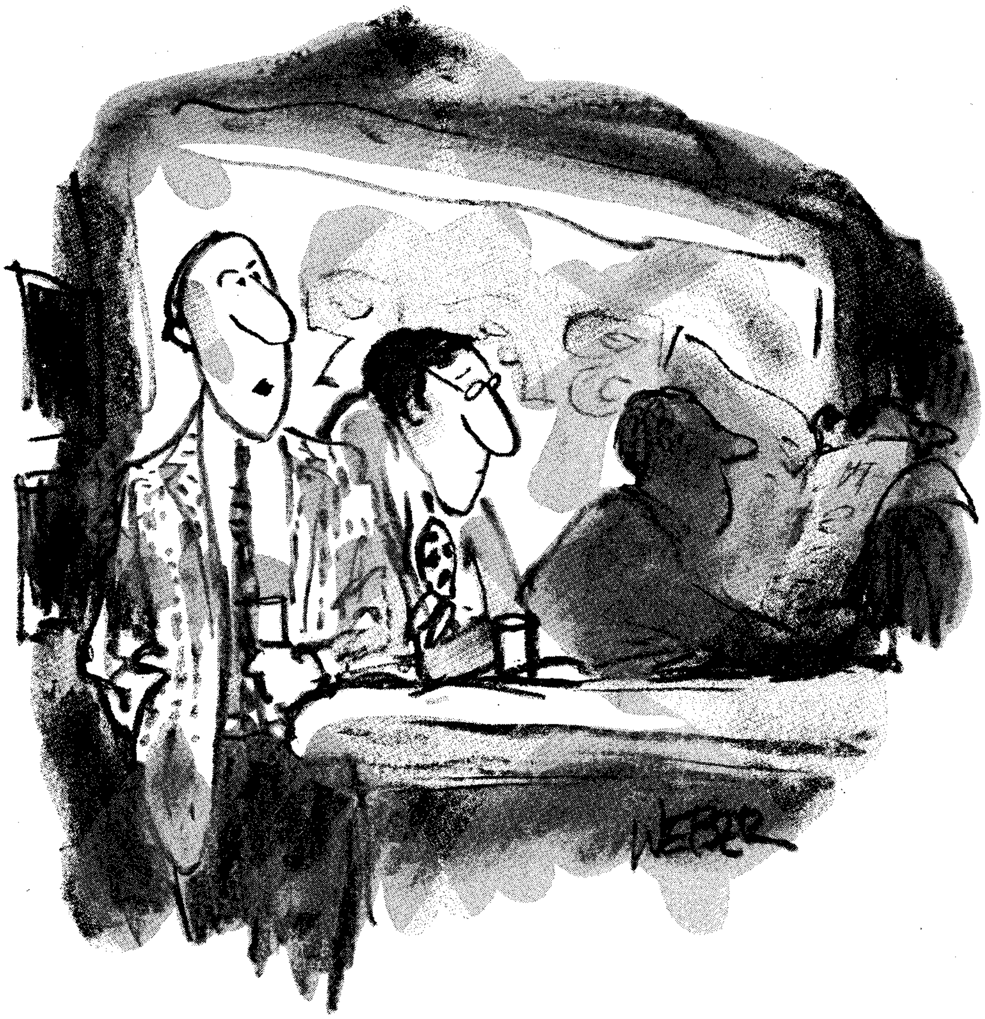
Scientists Who Play God Are Going Too Darned Far

THE new musical at the Helen Hayes is called "Charlie and Algernon." Charlie is a retarded adult white male human being, and Algernon is a white mouse. They are being used in a medical experiment by a couple of overambitious scientists, who believe that by dint of certain chemical tamperings with the brain they can radically improve the intelligence of both man and mouse. Charlie has an I.Q. of sixty-eight and is just barely capable of holding down a job as a sweeper in a bakery; Algernon is an unexceptional laboratory animal, whose skill at running a maze is much improved in the course of the experiment and who then begins to falter and regress. Charlie responds so well to the synthetic proteins that have been spooned into his brain that he soon attains the level of genius—indeed, one of the doctors describes him as the smartest man in the world—but then he, too, falters and regresses. Alas, by this time he has fallen in love with Alice, the pretty young teacher who helped him to learn to read in his retarded condition and who, with some misgivings, turned him over to the men in white. Charlie and Alice have been contentedly living together in spite of the fact that Charlie has far surpassed her in intellectual capacity and has been telling her some excruciatingly tiresome things about Bartók and other new acquaintances of his; now, his genius ebbing, he seeks feverishly to find some means of making the experiment succeed for retardants "in generations yet unborn." (Curiously, Charlie at his peak has developed a prose style not unlike that of the late General Douglas MacArthur.)

It appears that "Charlie and Algernon" began as a novella by Daniel Keyes, and then was made into a successful movie before its metamorphosis into a musical. David Rogers has written the book and lyrics of the present work, to music by Charles Strouse, and I have to report that they have gone to the well once too often; at every turn, they have vulgarized and sentimentalized what I would have supposed was already a sufficiently vulgar and sentimental tale. A clue to the nature of their enterprise may be found in the fact that the show-stopper of the evening is a dance executed by Charlie and Algernon. They may not be Fred and Adele Astaire, but surely their pas de deux is a "first" on Broadway and as such isn't to be sneezed at (though the lady seated behind me on opening night uttered a highly audible "Ugh!" when Algernon started crawling up Charlie's chest, and a sneeze might well have seemed a more civil comment).

The difficult role of Charlie is played by P. J. Benjamin, whom I admired for his equanimity in co-starring with a mouse and for the conviction with which he uttered some of the most leaden prose to be encountered this side of a box of breakfast food. Alice is played by Sandy Faison, who is indeed as pretty as called for and who sings more winningly than they deserve a number of lyrics that in simplicity of scansion and rhyme scheme are almost a match for "Tea for Two." The modest, workable scenery is by Kate Edmunds, the costumes are by Jess Goldstein, the lighting is by Hugh Lester, the choreography is by Virginia Freeman, and the direction is by Louis W. Scheeder. "Charlie and Algernon" is subtitled "A Very Special Musical." I wonder whose lack of confidence that abject-sounding "special" betrays? It is an adjective that through constant misuse has achieved nullity; to describe something as special nowadays is almost to guarantee that there is nothing special about it.

—BRENDAN GILL



"The question is: Does excellence still exist in the world? And the answer is: I hope so."

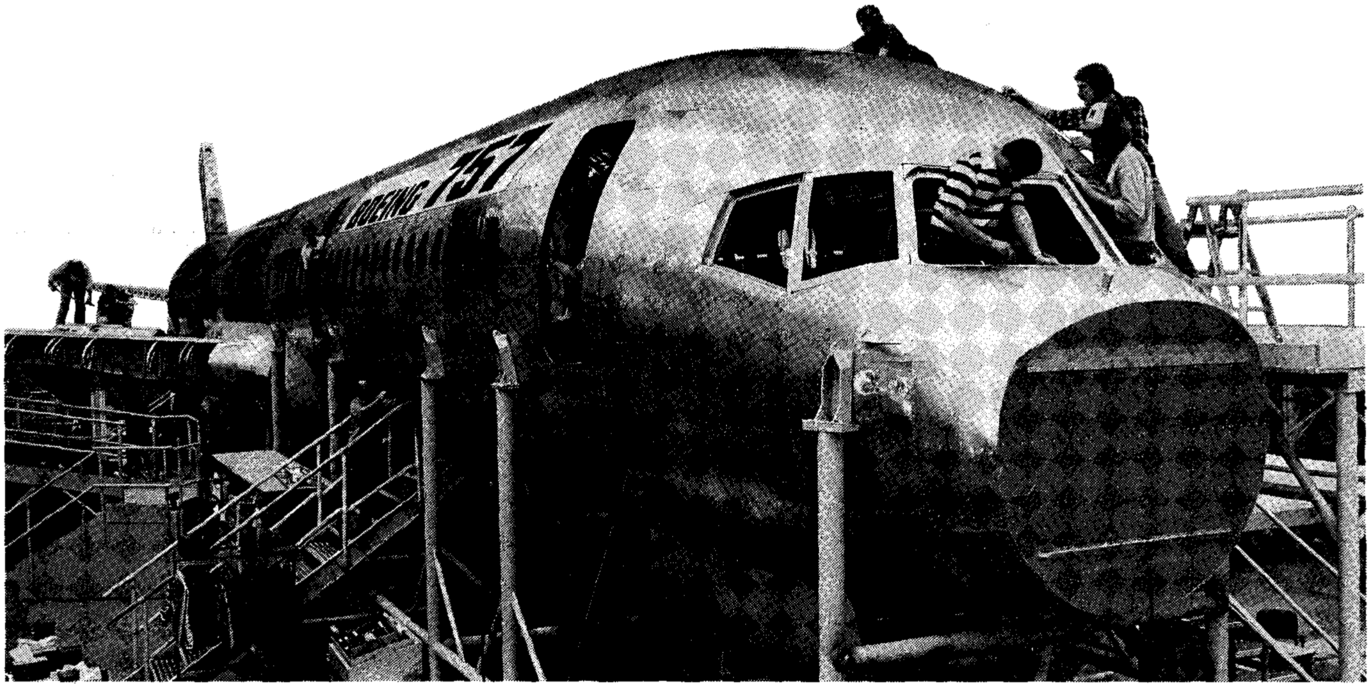
•

Staff aides said Richard Wirthlin, Reagan's chief of polling and strategy, has written a 100-page blueprint of the campaign, much of which will focus on trying to capture states in the Northeast and industrial Midwest.

"I hope that's a forebearer of things to come," Bush told the supporters at Detroit's Renaissance Plaza Hotel of the dog's name.—*Santa Barbara News-Press.*

Hard to say.

HOW TO BUILD A BOEING.



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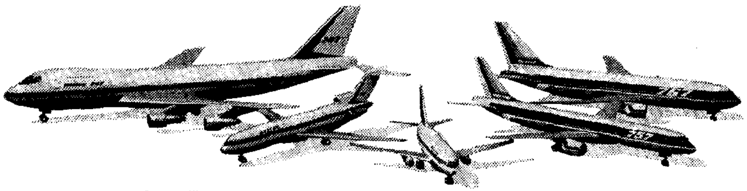

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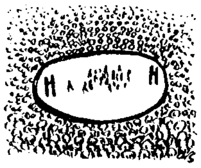
FOOTBALL

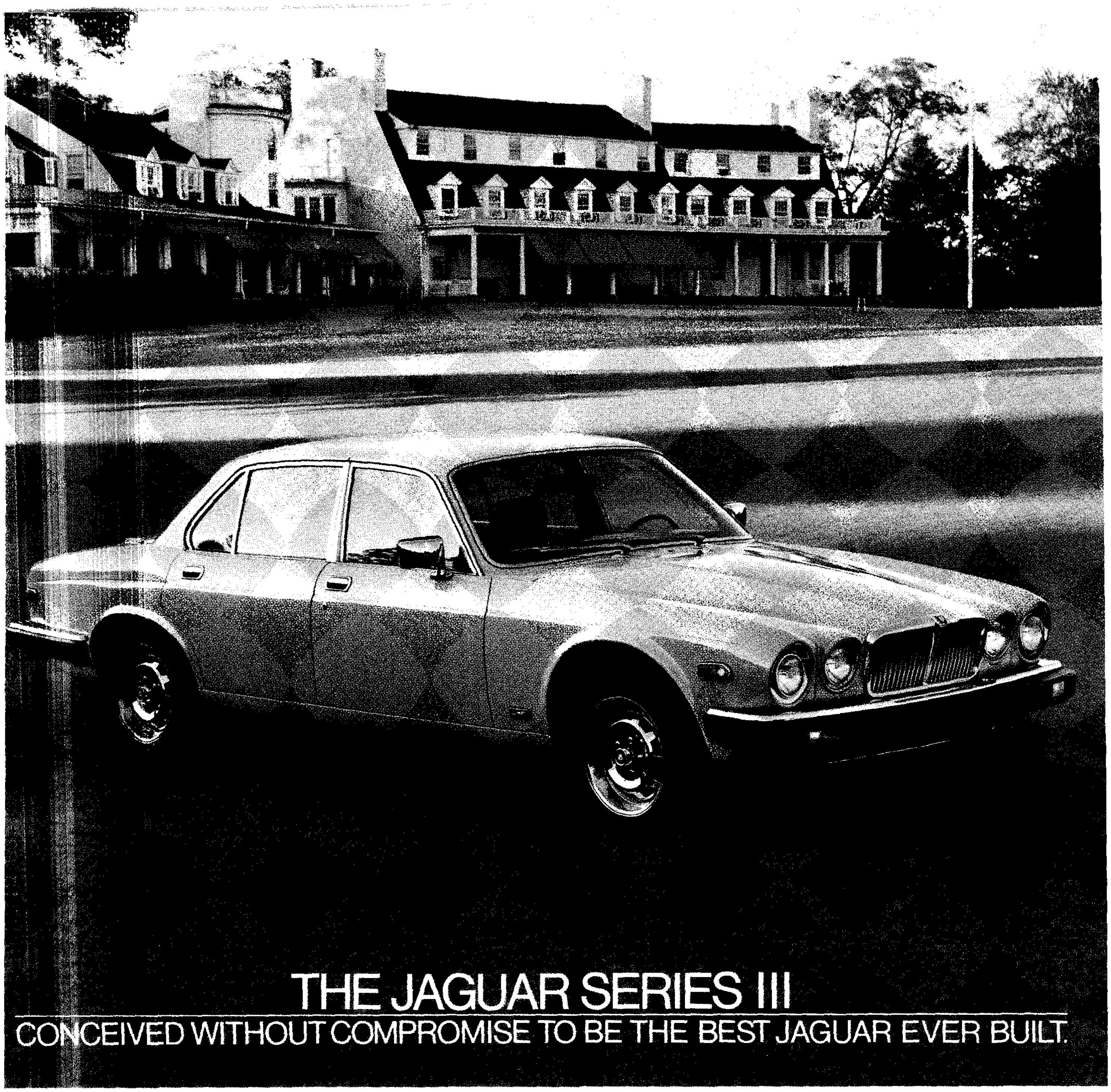
Fun and Games



FOOTBALL, the erstwhile sport and pastime, has become part of the G.N.P., a mound of statistics, an economic wonder, a business to be dealt with in solemnity and respect—the lives, public and private, of its directors and performers to be pondered as are the lives of saints. The voice-overs of the commentators tell us that this is so. Informing us in vast detail of many things that are already obvious to the nakedest of eyes, they drone on in a manner solemn enough to suggest that they are reading in the TelePrompTer the Manual for Burial at Sea. Football was more entertaining in the years B.C. A dollop of the old spirit of football B.C. manifested itself last weekend, in the Big Time match between Pittsburgh and Boston College: after Pittsburgh scored its first touchdown, most of its players assembled in a sort of huddle at one side of the field while someone else casually ran for a two-point try for point after touchdown. Neither Boston College nor—well, there you are—the heavyweight commentators knew what was happening until after it had happened. Aside from that, football A.D. appeared to be just plain football A.D. that Saturday. B.C.—should anyone need to inquire—is, of course, Before Cosell.

Boston College is not quite Big Time enough for Pittsburgh, but the visitor's purse at Pittsburgh is Big Time enough to be a lure, just as the visitor's purse is Big Time enough to lure not wholly equipped squads to drop in on Penn State. (Brown, which lately has grown to be a sturdy oak in the Ivy League, will soon be visiting Penn State—an extraterritorial expedition toward a guaranteed box office and a just about guaranteed diminishment.) Boston College was competent enough to keep Pittsburgh, a trifle muscle-bound on its first outing of the season, in a holding pattern for ever so long, and then came the inescapable folding up: Pittsburgh 14, Boston College 6. And Syracuse went out to Columbus, and a splendid guarantee, to keep Ohio State in another holding pattern for half of the afternoon before it, too, folded up: Ohio State 31, Syracuse 21. Syracuse will be forever well remembered in this corner because it contributed Larry Csonka to the arena of out-and-out professional football—Csonka, a running and blocking back who carried on for years, even after the incomparable Miami Dolphins were no longer incomparable, with a fine mixture of insouciance and doggedness. Syracuse went on the road for a year while its crumbly Archbold Stadium was being succeeded by Carrier Dome, which really *is* an indoor playing field, but its old upstate neighbors Cornell and Colgate are not Syracuse playmates any longer. Bigger game (e.g., Ohio State) will be required.

A few months past, the man in charge at West Point stepped down, remarking as he went out the door that the prospects for Army football were now invisible. On Saturday, a new Army team, no longer counting on a quarterback who could throw but not run, took the field against Holy Cross, which the week before had put away a not inconsiderable Rhode Island, at 21–14, and put away Holy Cross, at 28–7: no contest. Bennett, the current quarterback at the Point, has been up there for a couple of years, but for whatever reason—light weight, perhaps—he has been a second-stringer. Saturday, throwing the ball for one hundred and ninety-seven yards and running it for seventy-two, Bennett was almost the whole show—almost, except for Boisture, who is probably going to be the Holy Cross quarterback from now on. The foot soldiery at the Point have for some years been celebratedly slow *en marche*; a thrower/runner like little Bennett (a hundred and eighty-three pounds) may ease the pain of Army's perpetually overbooked schedule. Bennett, a graduate of Choate, whence few players indeed make their way to West Point, wears a tiny chart of Army plays on one wrist, though he consulted himself, and not the list, on Saturday. As for Boisture, he will go up against (it is a reasonable guess) Harvard next weekend, and that should be a throwing match to watch, for Restic, the necromancer-in-residence at Harvard, has a battery (three, anyway) of throwers-and-runners. A fortnight from now, he will be trying them versus Bennett, in the first Harvard-Army match in what seems a century. —J. W. L.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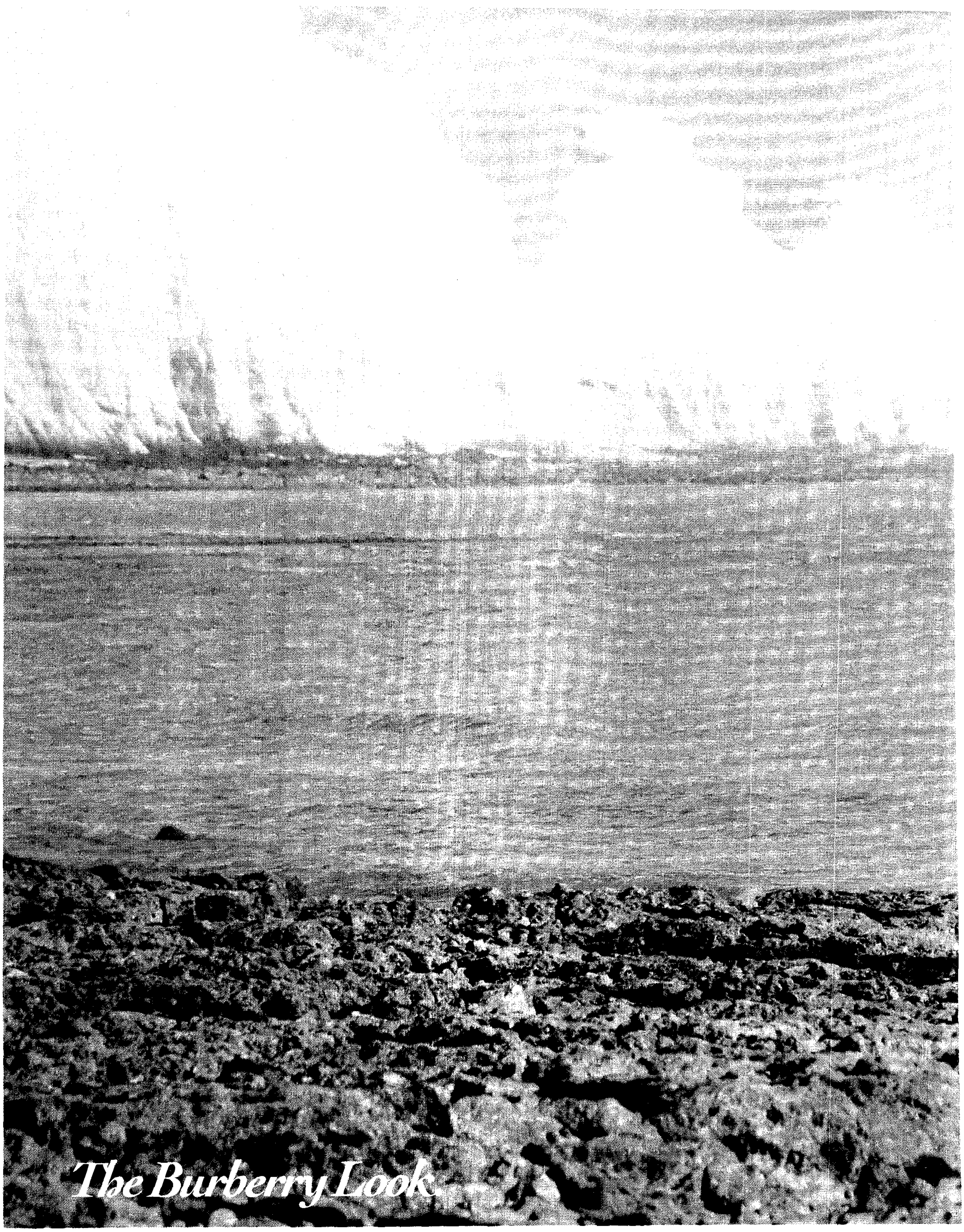

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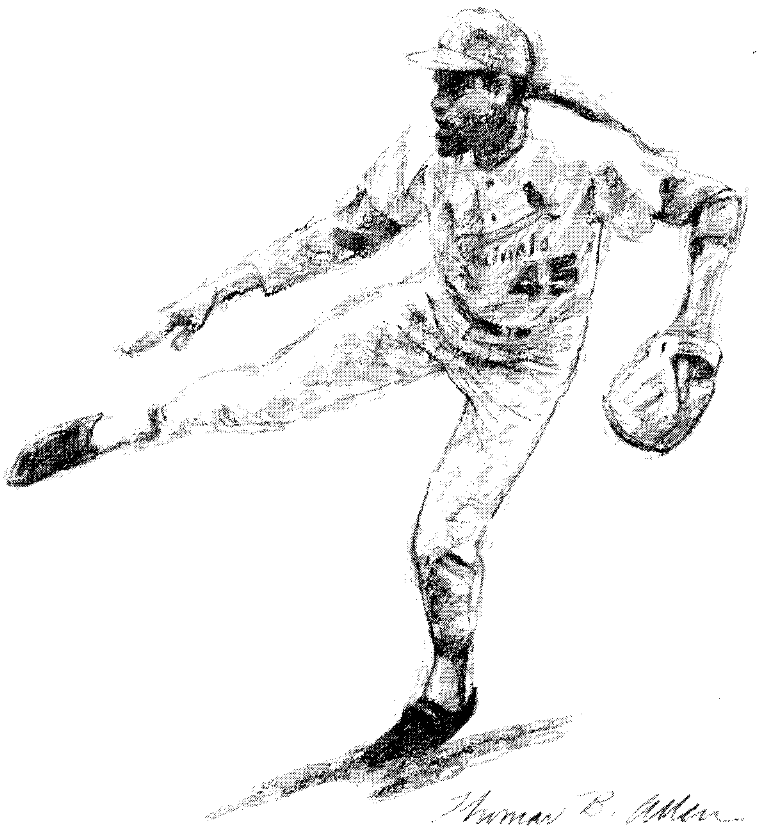

ON the afternoon of October 2, 1968—a warm, sunshiny day in St. Louis—Mickey Stanley, the Detroit Tiger shortstop, singled to center field to lead off the top of the ninth inning of the opening game of the 1968 World Series. It was only the fifth hit of the game for the Tigers, who by this time were trailing the National League Champion St. Louis Cardinals by a score of 4–0, so there were only minimal sounds of anxiety among the 54,692 spectators—home-town rooters, for the most part—in the stands at Busch Stadium. The next batter, the dangerous Al Kaline, worked the count to two and two and then fanned, swinging away at a fastball, to an accompanying roar from the crowd. A moment later, there was a second enormous cheer, louder and more sustained than the first. The Cardinal catcher, Tim McCarver, who had straightened up to throw the ball back to his pitcher, now hesitated. The pitcher, Bob Gibson, a notoriously swift worker on the mound, motioned to his battery mate to return the ball. Instead, McCarver pointed with his gloved hand at something behind Gibson's head. Gibson, staring uncomprehendingly at his catcher, yelled, "Throw the goddam ball back, will you! C'mon, c'mon, let's *go!*" Still holding the ball, McCarver pointed again, and Gibson, turning around, read the illuminated message on the center-field scoreboard, which perhaps only he in the ballpark had not seen until that moment: "Gibson's fifteenth strikeout in one game ties the all-time World Series record held by Sandy Koufax." Gibson, at the center of a great tureen of noise, dug at the dirt of the mound with his spikes and then uneasily doffed his cap. ("I *hate* that sort of thing," he said later.) With the ball retrieved at last, he went to work on the next Tiger, Norm Cash, a left-handed batter, who ran the count to two and two, fouled off several pitches, and then struck out, swinging at a slider. Gibson, a long-legged, powerfully built right-hander, whose habitual aura of glowering intensity on the mound seemed to deepen toward rancor whenever his club was ahead in the late stages of a game, now swiftly attacked the next Detroit hitter, Willie Horton. Again the count went to two and two and stuck there while Horton fouled off two or three pitches. Gibson stretched and threw again, and Horton, a righty batter, flinched away from the pitch, which seemed headed for his rib cage, but the ball, another slider, broke abruptly away under his fists and caught the inside corner of the plate. Tom Gorman, the home-plate umpire, threw up his right hand, and the game was over. McCarver, talking about this moment not long ago (he is now a radio and television broadcaster with the Phillies), said, "I can still see that last pitch, and I'll bet Willie Horton thinks to this day that the ball hit him—that's how much it broke. Talk about a batter *shuddering!*"

Bob Gibson's one-game World Series record of seventeen strikeouts stands intact, and so do my memories of that famous afternoon. In recent weeks, I have firmed up my recollections by consulting the box score and the inning-by-inning recapitulations of the game, by watching filmed highlights of the play, and by talking to a number of participants, including Gibson himself. (He had had no idea, he told me, that he was close to a record that afternoon. "You're concentrating so hard out there that you don't think of those things," he said.) Gibson seemed to take absolute charge of that game in the second inning, when he struck out the side on eleven pitches. By the end of four innings, he had run off eight strikeouts. Not until I reëxamined the box score, however, did I realize that there had been only two groundball outs by the Tigers in the course of nine innings. This, too, must be a record (baseball statistics, for once, don't tell us), but the phenomenally low figure, when taken along with the seventeen strikeouts, suggests what kind of pitching the Tiger batters were up against that afternoon. Most National League batters in the nineteen-sixties believed that Gibson's fastball compared only with the blazers thrown by the Dodgers' Sandy Koufax (who retired in 1966 with an arthritic elbow) and by the Reds' Jim Maloney. Gibson's pitch flashed through the strike zone with a unique, upward-moving, right-to-left sail that snatched it away from a right-handed batter or caused it to jump up and in at a left-handed swinger—a natural break of six to eight inches—and hitters who didn't miss the ball altogether usually fouled it off or nudged it harmlessly into the air. The pitch, which was delivered with a driving, downward flick of Gibson's long forefinger and middle finger (what pitchers call "cutting the ball"), very much resembled an inhumanly fast slider, and was often taken for such by batters who were unfamiliar with his stuff. Joe Pepitone, of the Yankees,

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concluded the All-Star Game of 1965 by fanning on three successive Gibson fastballs and then shook his head and called out to the pitcher, "Throw me that slider one more time!" Gibson, to be sure, did have a slider—a superior breaking pitch that arrived, disconcertingly, at about three-quarters of the speed of the fastball and, most of the time, with exquisite control. Tim McCarver, who caught Gibson longer than anyone else, says that Gibson became a great pitcher during the summer of 1966 (his sixth full season in the majors), when he achieved absolute mastery of the outside corner of the plate while pitching to right-handed batters and—it was the same pitch, of course—the inside corner to left-handed batters. He could hit this sliver of air with his fastball or his slider with equal consistency, and he worked the opposite edge of the plate as well. "He *lived* on the corners," McCarver said. A third Gibson delivery was a fastball that broke downward instead of up and away; for this pitch, he held the ball with his fingers parallel to the seams (instead of across the seams, as was the case with the sailer), and he twisted his wrist counterclockwise as he threw—"turning it over," in mound parlance. He also had a curveball, adequate but unextraordinary, that he threw mostly to left-handers and mostly for balls, to set up an ensuing fastball. But it was the combination of the devastating slider and the famous fastball (plus some other, less tangible assets that we shall get to in time) that made Gibson almost untouchable at his best, just as Sandy Koufax's down-diving curveball worked in such terrible (to hitters) concert with his illustrious upriding fastball.

"Hitting is rhythm," McCarver said to me, "and if you allow major-league hitters to see only one pitch—to swing repeatedly through a certain area of the plate—eventually they'll get to you and begin to hit it, even if it's a great fastball. But anybody who can control and switch off between two first-class pitches will make the hitters start reaching, either in or out, and then the game belongs to the pitcher. Besides all that, Bob had such great stuff and was so intimidating out there that he'd make the batter open up his front shoulder just a fraction too fast, no matter what the count was. The other key to good hitting, of course, is keeping that shoulder—the left shoulder for a right-handed batter, I mean, and vice versa—in place, and

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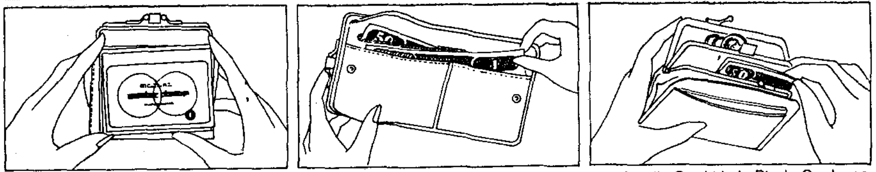

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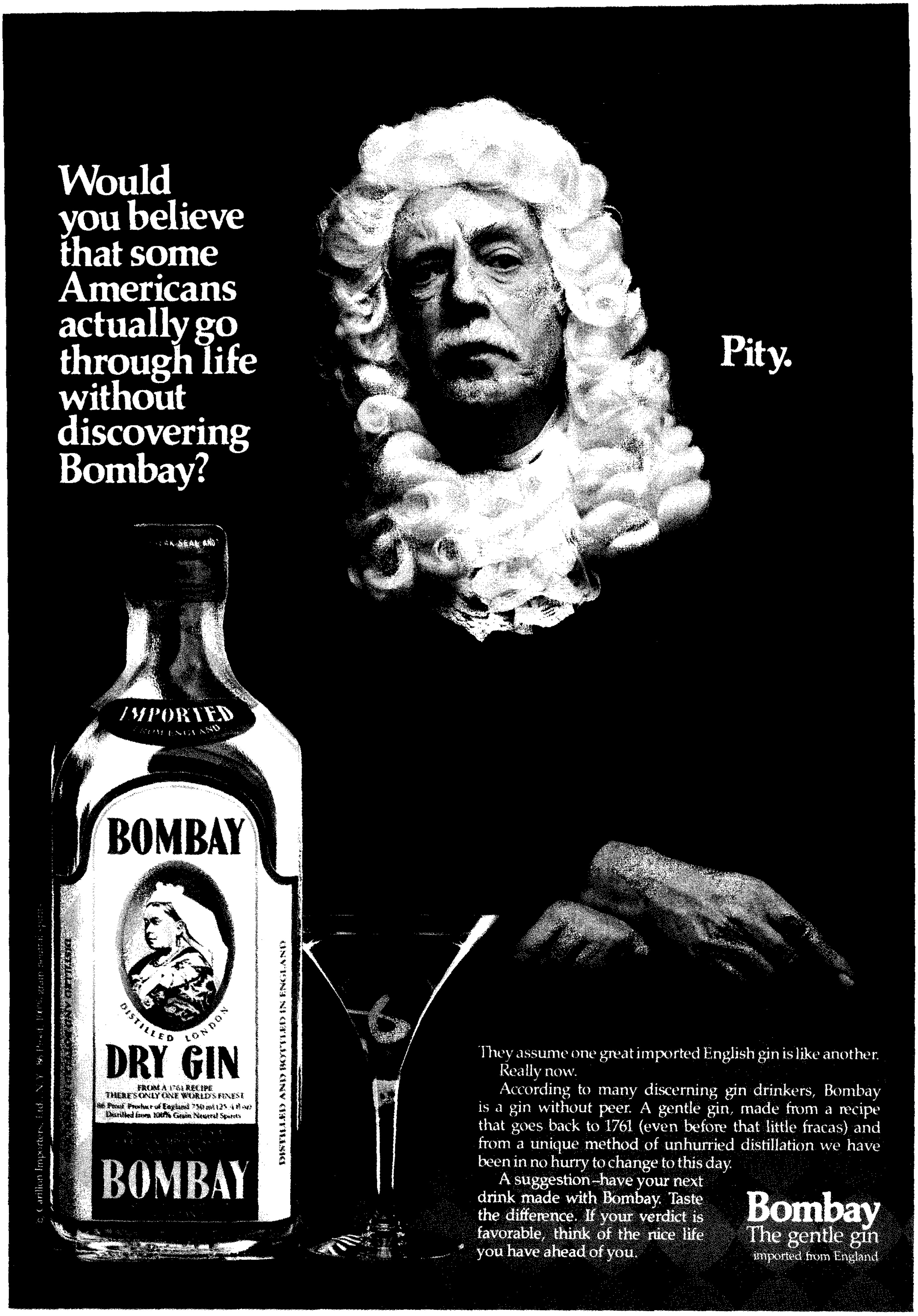
the most common flaw is pulling it back. Gibson had guys pulling back that shoulder who normally wouldn't be caught dead doing it. Their ass was in the dugout, as we say."

Mike Shannon, who played third base behind Gibson in the 1968 Series opening game (he didn't handle the ball once), remembers feeling pity for the Detroit batters that afternoon. "Most of them had never seen Gibby before," he said, "and they had no *idea* what they were up against." Shannon, who is now a television game announcer with the Cards, told me that he encounters some of the 1968 Tigers from time to time in the course of his baseball travels, and that they almost compulsively want to talk about the game. "It's as if they can't believe it to this day," he said. "But neither can I. I've never seen major-league hitters overmatched that way. It was like watching a big-league pitcher against Little League batters. It was frightening."

Gibson, of course, was already a celebrated winning pitcher by 1968. Like many other fans, I had first become aware of his fastball and his unique pitching mannerisms and his burning intensity on the mound when he won two out of the three games he pitched against the Yankees in the 1964 World Series, including a tense, exhausting victory in the pennant-clinching seventh game. Then, in 1967, I had watched him capture three of the Cardinals' four October victories over the Red Sox, again including the seventh game—a feat that won him the Most Valuable Player award for that Series. I had also seen him work eight or ten regular-season games over the previous five years or more. Although he was of only moderate size for a pitcher—six feet one and about a hundred and eighty-five pounds—Gibson always appeared to take up a lot of space on the mound, and the sense of intimidation that McCarver mentioned had something to do with his sombre, almost funereal demeanor as he stared in at his catcher, with his cap pulled low over his black face and strong jaw, and with the ball held behind his right hip (he always wore a sweatshirt under his uniform, with the long, Cardinals-red sleeves extending all the way down to his wrists), and with his glove cocked on his left hip, parallel to the ground. Everything about him looked mean and loose—arms, elbows, shoulders, even his legs—as, with a quick little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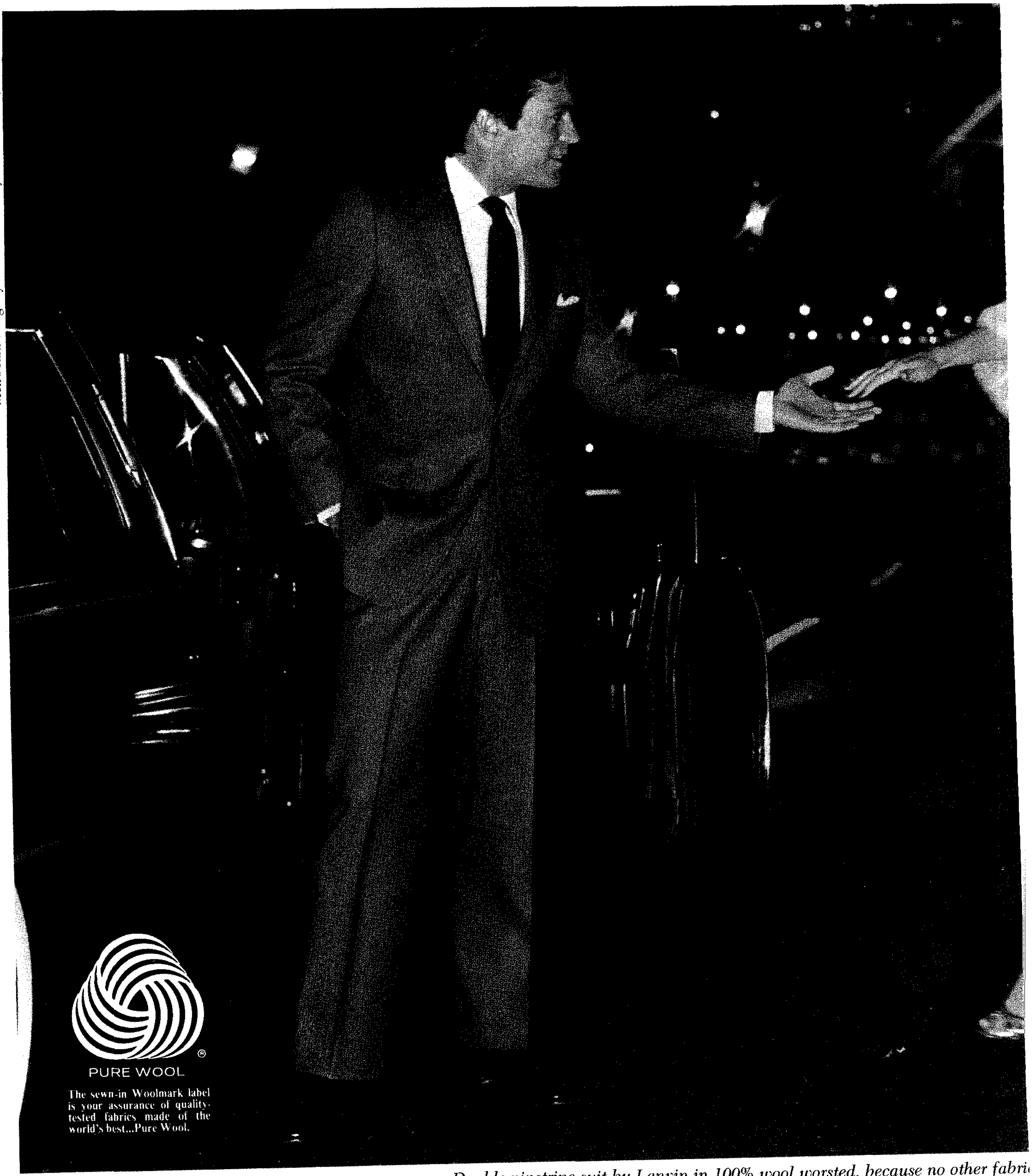

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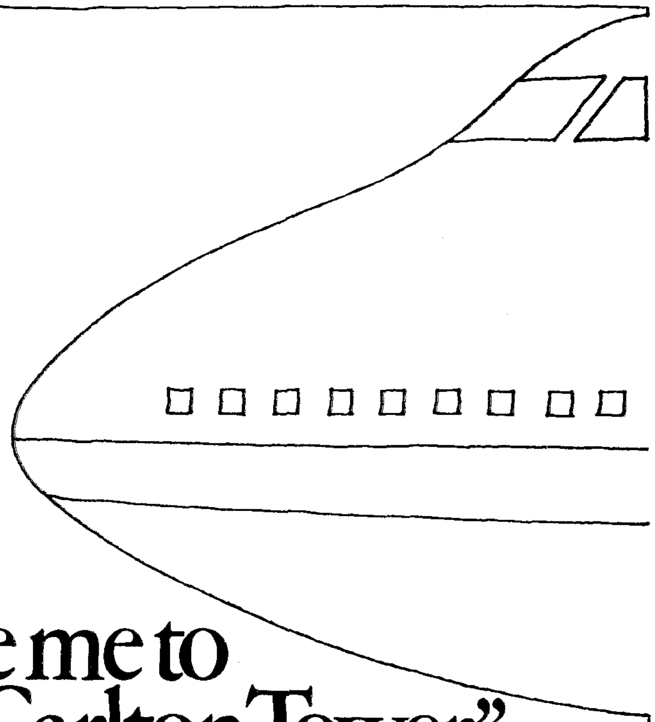
shrug, he launched into his delivery. When there was no one on base, he had an old-fashioned full crank-up, with the right foot turning in mid-motion to slip into its slot in front of the mound and his long arms coming together over his head before his backward lean, which was deep enough to require him to peer over his left shoulder at his catcher while his upraised left leg crooked and kicked. The ensuing sustained forward drive was made up of a medium-sized stride of that leg and a blurrily fast, slinglike motion of the right arm, which came over at about three-quarters height and then snapped down and (with the fastball and the slider) across his left knee. It was not a long drop-down delivery like Tom Seaver's (for contrast), or a tight, brisk, body-opening motion like Whitey Ford's.

The pitch, as I have said, shot across the plate with a notable amount of right-to-left (from Gibson's vantage point) action, and his catchers sometimes gave the curious impression that they were cutting off a ball that was headed on a much longer journey—a one-hundred-foot fastball. But with Gibson pitching you were always a little distracted from the plate and the batter, because his delivery continued so extravagantly after the ball was released that you almost felt that the pitch was incidental to the whole affair. The follow-through sometimes suggested a far-out basketball move—a fast downcourt feint. His right leg, which was up and twisted to the right in the air as the ball was let go (all normal enough for a right-handed pitcher), now continued forward in a sudden sidewise rush, crossing his planted left leg, actually stepping over it, and he finished with a full running step toward the right-field foul line, which wrenched his body in the same direction, so that he now had to follow the flight of the ball by peering over his *right* shoulder. Both his arms whirled in the air to help him keep his balance during this acrobatic maneuver, but the key to his overpowering speed and stuff was not the strength of his pitching arm—it was the powerful, driving thrust of his legs, culminating in that final extra step, which brought his right foot clomping down on the sloping left-hand side of the mound, with the full weight of his body slamming and twisting behind it. (Gibson's arm never gave him undue trouble, but he had serious difficulties with his knees in the latter stages of



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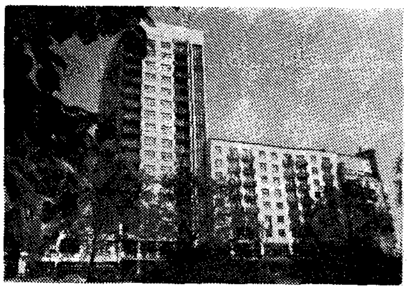

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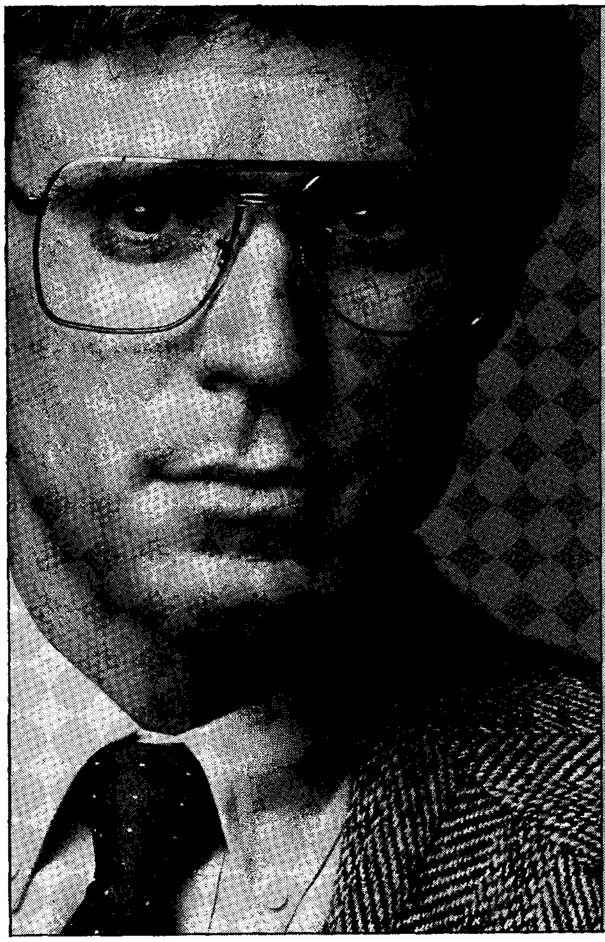
his career, and eventually had to have a torn cartilage removed from the right knee, which had pushed off to start all the tens of thousands of his pitches over the years and had then had to withstand the punishing force of the last stage of his unique delivery.) All in all, the pitch and its extended amplifications made it look as if Gibson were leaping at the batter, with hostile intent. He always looked much closer to the plate at the end than any other pitcher; he made pitching seem unfair.

The players in the Detroit clubhouse after Gibson's seventeen-strikeout game had none of the aggrieved, blustery manner of batters on a losing team who wish to suggest that only bad luck or their own bad play kept them from putting away a pitcher who has just beaten them. Denny McLain, the starting Tiger pitcher, who had won thirty-one games that summer but had lasted only five innings in the Series opener, said, "I was awed. I was *awed*," and Dick McAuliffe, the Detroit second baseman, said that he could think of no one he had ever faced with whom Gibson could be compared. "He doesn't remind me of anybody," he said. "He's all by himself."

I was awed, too, of course, but nothing I had seen on the field at Busch Stadium that afternoon startled me as much as Gibson's postgame comportment in the clubhouse. In October of 1964 and again in 1967, I had noticed that Bob Gibson often appeared to be less elated than his teammates in the noisy, jam-packed, overexuberant World Series locker rooms—a man at a little distance from the crowd. But somehow I must have expected that his astounding performance here in the 1968 opener would change him—that his record-breaking turn on the mound would make him more lighthearted and accommodating; he would be smiling and modest and self-depreciating, but also joyful about his feat, and this would diminish that almost immeasurable distance he had just established, out on the field, between himself and the rest of us. He would seem boyish, in short, and we, the grown-up watchers of the game, would then be able to call him by his first name (even if we didn't know him), and forgive him for what he had done, and thus to love him, as is the ancient custom in these high sporting dramas. But Gibson was unchanged. Talking to the sportswriters gathered in a thick, uncomfortable crowd around his locker, he looked at each



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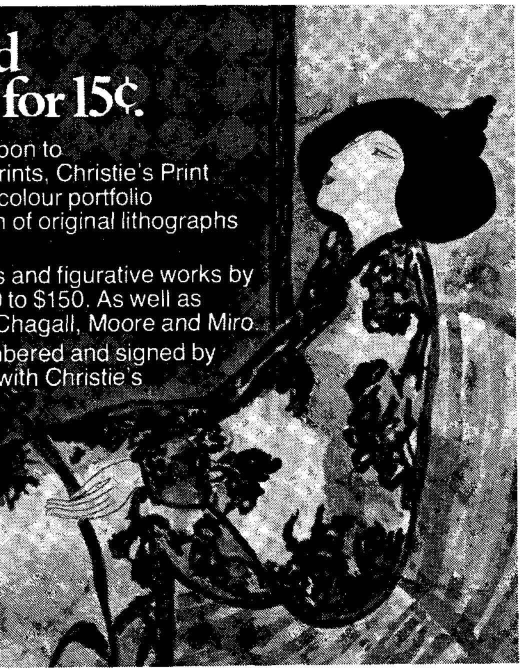

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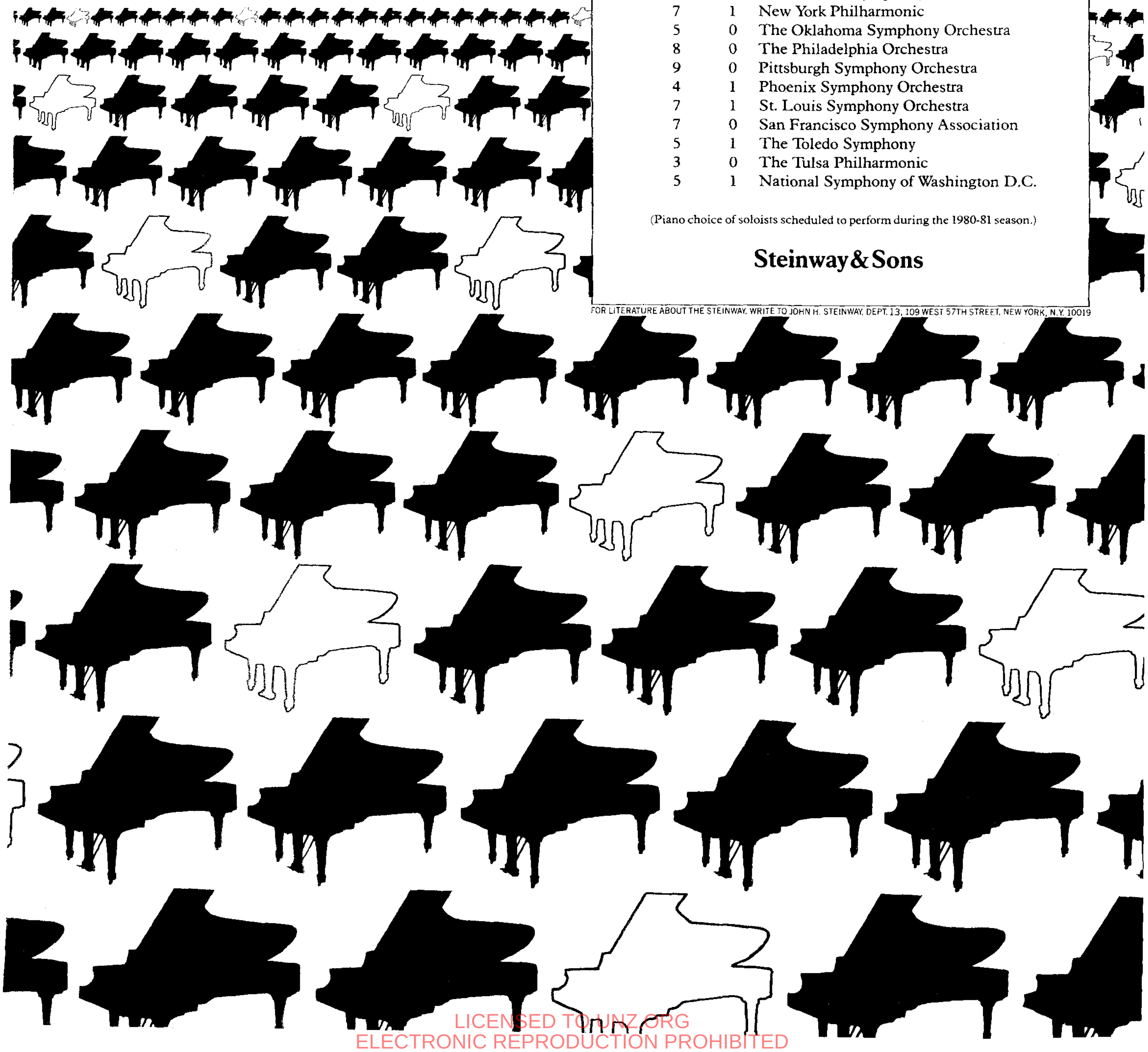

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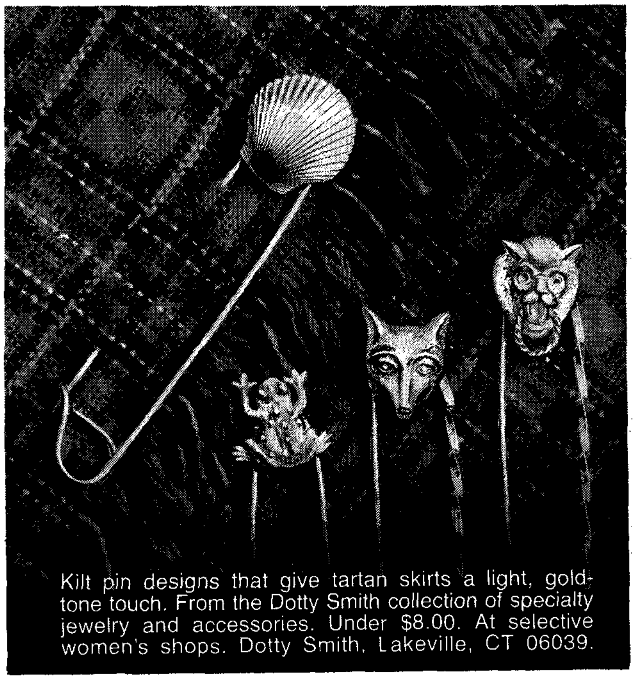
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reporter who asked him a question (Gibson is an exceptionally handsome man, with small ears, very dark skin, and a strikingly direct gaze) and then answered it gravely and briefly. When one writer asked him if he had always been as competitive as he had seemed on this day, he said yes, and he added that he had played several hundred games of ticktacktoe against one of his young daughters and that she had yet to win a game from him. He said this with a little smile, but it seemed to me that he meant it: he couldn't let himself lose to anyone. Then someone asked him if he had been surprised by what he had just done on the field, and Gibson said, "I'm never surprised by anything I do."

The shock of this went out across the ten-deep bank of writer faces like a seismic wave, and the returning, murmurous counterwaves of reaction were made up of uneasy laughter and whispers of "*What* did he say?" and some ripples of disbelieving silence and (it seemed to me) a considerable, almost visible wave of dislike, or perhaps hatred. This occasion, it should be remembered, was before the time when players' enormous salaries and their accompanying television-bred notoriety had given birth to a kind of athlete who could choose to become famous for his sullenness and foul temper, just as another might be identified by his gentle smile and unvarying sweetness of disposition. In 1968, ballplayers, particularly black ballplayers in near-Southern cities like St. Louis, did not talk outrageously to the press. Bob Gibson, however, was not projecting an image but telling us a fact about himself. He was beyond us, it seemed, but the truth of the matter is that no one at Busch Stadium should have been much surprised by his achievement that afternoon, for it was only a continuation of the kind of pitching he had sustained all through that summer of 1968—a season in which he won twenty-two games for the Cardinals while losing nine, and also compiled an earned-run average of 1.12 runs per game: the best pitching performance, by that measurement, in the history of modern baseball.

WHEN Bob Gibson retired, at the age of thirty-nine, at the end of the 1975 season, after seventeen summers with the Cardinals, he had won two hundred and fifty-one games, and his record of 3,117 strikeouts was second only to Walter Johnson's 3,508. Last year, however, Gaylord

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"I drove a great big stationwagon.

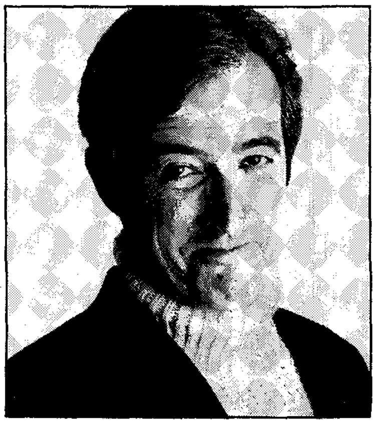
"Well, I'm no longer 25 and I'm no longer anyone's wife—my kids are grown and have kids of their own and I have a career.

"And that stationwagon is just a rusted memory.

"You know what I did? I went out and bought myself an Alfa Romeo Spider.

"It's red and it's got a convertible top and sometimes when I pass those ladies in their huge stationwagons full of kids, and dogs, and groceries I wave—and say to myself, there but for the grace of my Alfa go I."

"When I was a young man I dreamed that one day I would own an Alfa Romeo.



Bill B.

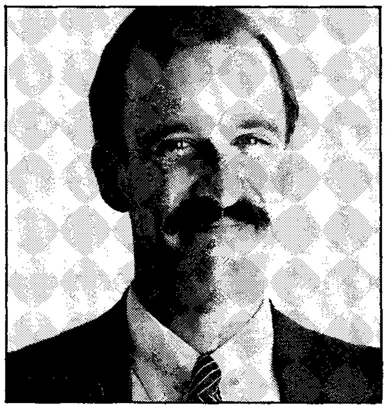
"But then I got married and Jennifer arrived a year later; two years after that, Robert.

"My dream of owning an Alfa gave way to the reality of a mortgage, dentist's bills, and college tuition.

"But now Jennifer is married and has a Jennifer of her own, Robert Junior is through law school.

"And this 50 year old kid went out and bought himself an Alfa Romeo Spider.

"Do I love my Alfa as much as I thought I would? Well, It's a dream come true."



Ray R.

"I limped through college and graduate school with one crummy used car after another.

"But now that I've got a grown up job with grown up responsibility, I thought I'd treat myself to a brand new car.

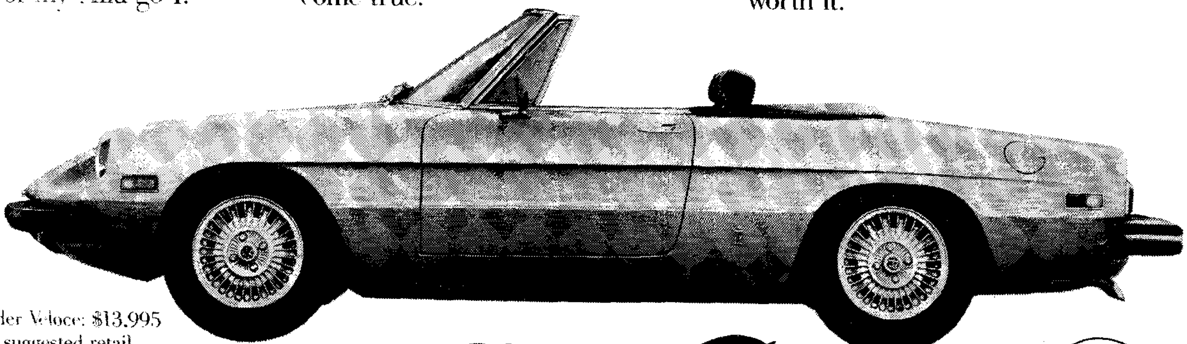
"Well, at first, I thought the world had passed me by—all those cars were so boring!

"Then I discovered the Alfa Spider. First of all, it's a convertible! And most of all it's an Alfa Romeo.

"What a machine!

"Today when I leave the office after all those meetings, my hair cut short, necktie in place, I'll jump into my very own Alfa Romeo Spider.

"You know, all that college was worth it."



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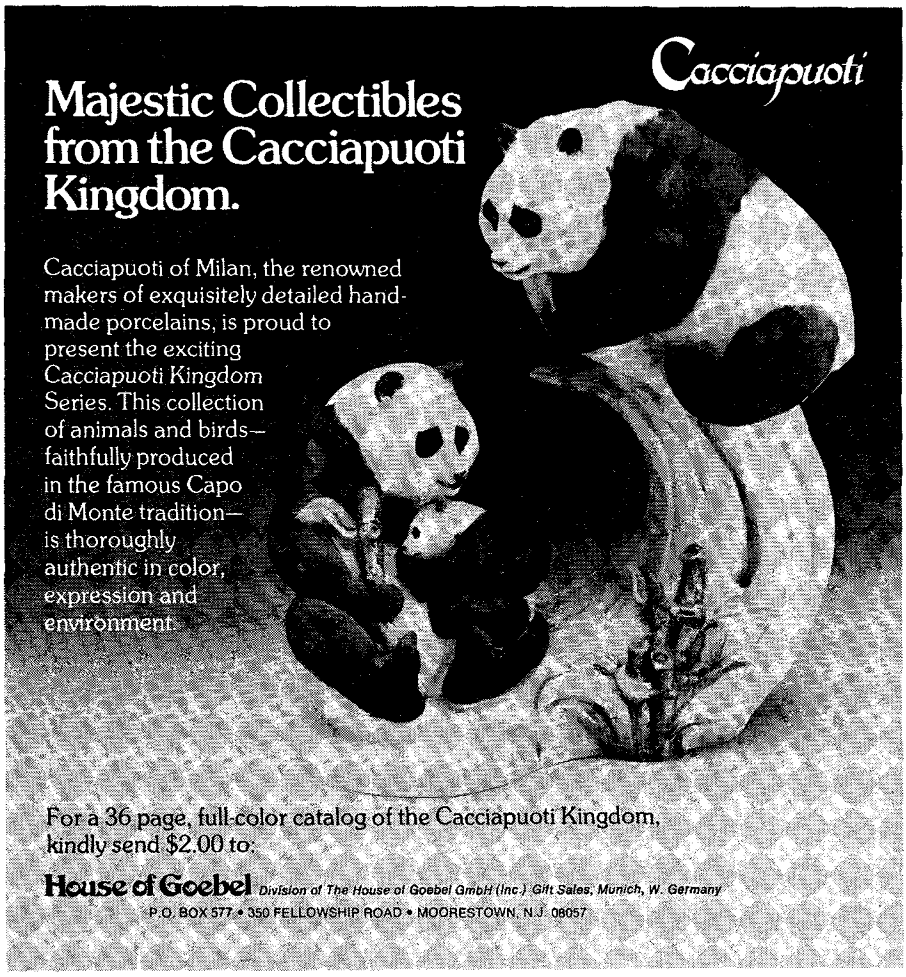

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Perry, who is still going strong at the age of forty-two, passed Gibson on the lifetime-strikeout list (Perry is now with the Yankees and has 3,267 whiffs to his credit at this writing), while three other active pitchers—Nolan Ryan, Tom Seaver, and Steve Carlton—may surpass Gibson's mark next summer. This kind of erosion of the game's most famous fixed numbers—the landmarks of the pastime—by swirling tides of newcomers is always happening, of course; it is the process that makes baseball statistics seem alive and urgent to the true fan. But Gibson's displacement unsettled me, and when I read in the sports pages last spring that he was among the players who would become eligible for election to baseball's Hall of Fame at the end of this season, after the obligatory five-year post-retirement waiting period (the qualifications for official immortality are established by the Baseball Writers Association of America, whose three hundred-odd members conduct a Hall of Fame balloting in the off-season each year), I sensed that Gibson might be about to slip away into the quiet corridors of baseball history. It is always a discomfiting moment for a long-term follower of the game when a favorite player, whose every feat and gesture on the field still retain their clarity and color, is declared safe for embronzement, but the possibility of Bob Gibson's imminent apotheosis at Cooperstown came as a shock to me. He seemed too impatient, too large, and too restless a figure to be stilled and put away in this particular fashion; somehow, he would shrug off the speeches and honorifics when they came, just as he had busied himself unhappily on the mound when the crowd stopped the rush of the game to cheer him at Busch Stadium that afternoon in 1968. For me, at least, Bob Gibson was still burning to pitch to the next batter. But in another, oddly opposite sense it seemed wrong to think of Gibson as a participant in the soft, sweet rituals with which newly elected baseball immortals are inducted into the Hall of Fame at the ceremonial in Cooperstown each August—the reading of the players' records and their official citations; their speeches of acceptance and gratitude; the obligatory picture-taking, with the still young heroes, in civilian clothes, holding up their plaques and standing among the smaller, white-haired, earlier great figures who have come back for the occasion: old gents at a reunion, blink-

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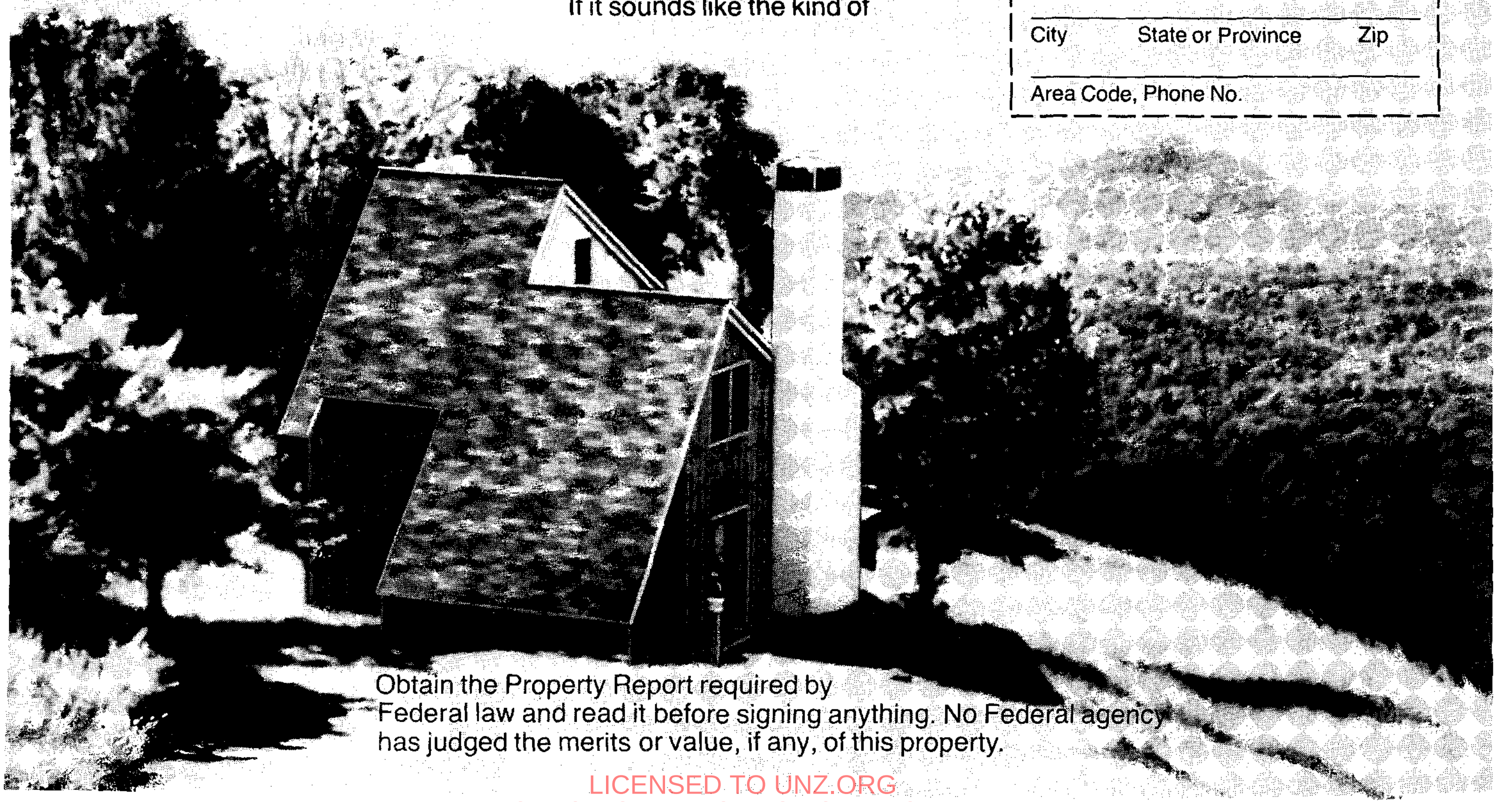

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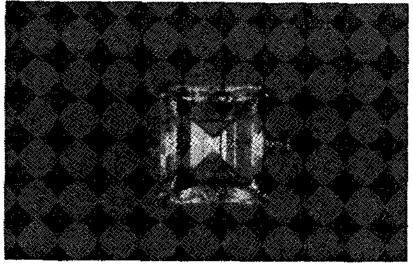

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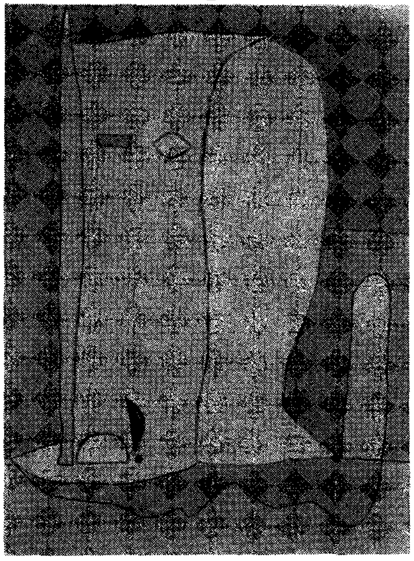

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ing in the hot upstate sunlight—because baseball up to now has never quite known what to make of Bob Gibson, and has slightly but persistently failed to pay him his full due as a player and as a man. With this conviction in mind, I determined early this summer to look up Gibson and try to get to know him a little better. I wanted to see how he was faring now that he could no longer stare down at the batters of the world from the height of the pitcher's mound. I knew that he was still living in Omaha, his home town, and when I reached him there by telephone he told me to come on out if I wanted to. Not a warm invitation, but not a wary one, either. In the next week or two, I mentioned my forthcoming trip to some friends of mine—good baseball fans, all of them—and noticed that many of them seemed to have forgotten Bob Gibson's eminence and élan, if, indeed, they had ever been aware of them. In the history of the game, it seemed, as in his playing days, he already stood at a little distance from the crowd, a little beyond us all. But then I talked about Gibson with some players—old teammates or opponents of his—and they responded more warmly.

Pete Rose, who talks in the same runaway-taxi style in which he runs bases, said, "I'm always afraid I'll forget some pitcher when I start rating them, because I've faced so many of them. I started out against people like Warren Spahn, you know. But the best pitcher I ever batted against was Juan Marichal, because he threw so many goddam different kinds of good pitches *against you. The hardest* thrower of them all was Sandy Koufax, and the greatest competitor was Bob Gibson. He worked so fast out there, and he always had the hood up. He always wanted to close his own deal. He wasn't no badman, but he never talked to you, because he was battling you so hard. I sure as hell don't miss batting against him, but I miss him in the game."

Billy Williams, now a coach for the Cubs, who hit four hundred and twenty-six home runs during his sixteen years with that team and two years with the Oakland A's, told me, "Bob Gibson always got *on* with it. He didn't stand around out there and look around the park, you know. You always got the same message from him: 'Look, I'm goin' to throw this pitch and either you hit it or I get your ass out.' You like a guy like that. The infielders were never on their heels out there behind him. Everyone's on their toes, and it's a better game for everybody. I used to love the afternoon games at Wrigley Field when Gibby pitched against our Fergie Jenkins, because you could always plan something early for that evening. They *hurried.* Gibby was as serious as anybody you ever saw, and you had to be ready at all times. There was hitters that tried to step out on him, to break his pace, but if you did that too often he'd knock you down. He let you know who was out there on the mound. Made himself felt. He never let up, even on the hottest days there in St. Louis, which is the hottest place in the world. Just walked out there in the heat and threw the ball past people."

Tim McCarver said, "He was an intimidating, arrogant-looking athlete. The arrogance he projected toward batters was fearsome. There was no guile to his pitching, just him glaring down at that batter. He wanted the game played on his own terms. He worked very fast, and that pace was part of his personality on the mound, part of the way he dominated the game. One of the things he couldn't stand was a catcher coming out there to talk to him. In my first full year with the Cardinals, when I was only twenty-one years old, our manager was Johnny Keane, who was a fanatic about having a catcher establish communications with his pitcher. So I'd get a signal from Keane that meant 'Go on out there and settle him down,' but then I'd look out and see Hoot glaring in at me." McCarver laughed, and shook his head. "Well, sometimes I'd walk out halfway, to try to appease both parties!"

McCarver is an intimate friend of Bob Gibson's, and he told me that Gibson was much the same off the field as on the mound. "Bob is relatively shy," he said. "He's a nice man, but he's quiet. He doesn't enjoy small talk. He doesn't like to waste his time with anything that's weak or offhand. He wants to deal from strength all the time. That's why he projects this uppity-black-man figure that so many people in baseball seem to hate. He's very proud, you know, and he had a ghetto upbringing, so you could understand why he was so sensitive to bigotry—up to a point. But we have a great relationship—me, a kid from Memphis, Tennessee, and him, an elegant black man from Omaha. Any relationship you get into with Bob is

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going to be intense. He's a strong man, with strong feelings."

Joe Torre, the manager of the New York Mets, who played with Gibson from 1969 to 1974, is also a close friend. When I called on him late in June, in the clubhouse at Shea Stadium, and told him I was about to go west to visit Gibson, he beckoned me over to a framed photograph on one wall of his office. The picture shows the three friends posing beside a batting cage in their Cardinals uniforms. Torre, a heavy-faced man with dark eyebrows and a falsely menacing appearance, and McCarver, who has a cheerful, snub-nosed Irish look to him, are both grinning at the photographer, with their arms around the shoulders of Bob Gibson, who is between them; it's impossible to tell if Gibson is smiling, though, because his back is turned to the camera. "That says it all," Torre said. "He alienated a lot of people—most of all the press, who didn't always know what to make of him. He has this great confidence in himself: 'Hey, I'm me. Take me or leave me.' There was never any selling of Bob Gibson. He's an admirable man. On the mound, he had very tangible intangibles. He had that hunger, that killer instinct. He threw at a lot of batters but not nearly as many as you've heard. But he'd never deny it if you asked him. I think this is great. There's no other sport except boxing that has such a hard one-on-one confrontation as you get when a pitcher and a hitter go up against each other. Any edge you can get on the hitter, any doubt you can put in his mind, you use. And Bob Gibson would never give up that edge. He was your enemy out there. I try to teach this to our pitchers. The more coldness, the more mystery about you, the more chance you have of getting them out.

"I played against him before I played with him, and either way he never talked to you. Never. I was on some All-Star teams with him, and even then he didn't talk to you. There was the one in Minnesota, when I was catching him and we were ahead 6–5, I think, in the ninth. I'm catching, and Tony Oliva, a great hitter, is leading off, and Gibby goes strike one, strike two. Now I want a fastball up and in, I think to myself, and maybe I should go out there and tell him this—tell him, whatever he does, not to throw it down and in to Oliva. So I go out and tell him, and Gibby just gives me that look of his. Doesn't say a word. I go back and squat down and give him the signal—fastball up and in—and he throws it *down* and in, and Oliva hits it for a double to left center. To this day, I think Gibby did it on purpose. He didn't want to be told *anything*. So then there's an infield out, and then he strikes out the last two batters, of course, and we win. In the shower, I say, 'Nice pitching,' and he still doesn't say anything to me. Ask him about it."

Torre lit a long cigar, and said, "Quite a man. He can seem distant and uncaring to some people, but he's not the cold person he's been described as. There are no areas between us where he's withdrawn. Things go deep with him. I miss talking to him during the season, and it's my fault, because I'm always so damn busy. He doesn't call me, because he never wants to make himself a pain in the ass to a friend. But he is my friend. The other day, I got a photograph of himself he'd sent me, and he'd signed it 'Love, Bob.' How many other ballplayers are going to do that? How many other friends?"

Most ballplayers who are discussing a past rival or a teammate go directly to the man's craft—what pitches he could hit, his arm, his range afield, or (with pitchers) his stuff and what he threw when the count was against him. But I had begun to notice that the baseball people talking about Bob Gibson all seemed anxious to get at something deeper; Gibson the man was even more vivid and interesting to them than Gibson the great pitcher. Bill White, the well-known TV and radio announcer with the Yankees, played first base behind Gibson with the Cards for seven years, and was then traded to the Phillies and had to play *against* him. "He was tough and uncompromising," White told me. "Koufax and Don Drysdale were just the same, with variations for their personalities—they had that same hard state of mind. But I think a great black athlete is sometimes tougher in a game, because every black has had it tough on the way up. Any black player who has a sense of himself, who wants to make something of himself, has something of Bob Gibson's attitude. Gibson had a chip on his shoulder out there—which was good. He was mean enough. He had no remorse. I remember when he hit Jim Ray Hart on the shoulder—he was bending away from a pitch—and broke his collarbone. Bob didn't say anything to him. I'd been his roomie for a while on the

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Cards, but the first time I batted against him, when I went over to the Phillies, he hit me in the arm. It didn't surprise me at all."

And, once again, Mike Shannon: "I think every superior athlete has some special motivation. With Bob Gibson, it wasn't that he wanted to win so much as that he didn't want to lose. He *hated* to lose. He just wouldn't accept it."

IT was ninety-seven degrees at the Omaha airport when I landed there early one evening in July, and when I called Bob Gibson from my motel he invited me to come on out and cool off with a dip in his pool. He picked me up in his car—a black 1972 Mercedes SEL, lovingly kept up, with CB equipment (his call signal is Redbird) and terse "BG" license plates. Gibson looked well kept up himself, in tailored jeans, a white polo shirt, thin gold spectacles, a gold bracelet on his left wrist, a World Series ring, and a necklace with a pendant "45" in gold—his old uniform number. He is forty-four years old, but only his glasses spoiled the impression that he was perfectly capable of working nine tough innings the next afternoon. I asked him what he did for exercise these days, and he said, "Nothing." I expressed surprise, and he said, "I played sports hard for thirty years, which is enough. Now I'm tired of all that." No apology, no accompanying smile or joke: no small talk. He spoke pleasantly enough, though, in a light, almost boyish voice, and when he did laugh—a little later, after we were more used to each other—the sound of it made me realize that only in the world of sports would he be considered anything but a young man. There were some quiet spells in the car during our longish drive out to his house, in Bellevue, a comfortable suburban district on the south side of town, but by the time we got there I had lost any sense of foreboding that I might have had about imposing myself on such a famously private man.

Bob Gibson has done well for himself in Omaha. He was born and grew up there in the black North Side ghetto; his mother was a laundress, and his father died before he was born. He was the youngest of seven children—his three sisters and three brothers are all still living—and at the time of his birth the family lived in a four-room shack. When he was an infant there, he was bitten on the ear by a rat. By

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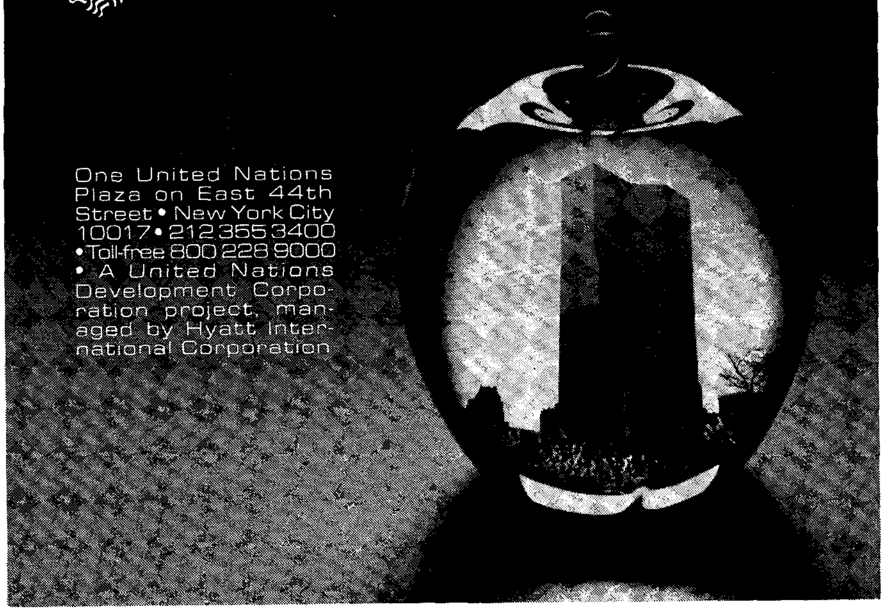

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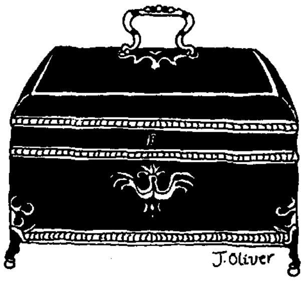
the end of his playing days, Gibson was earning more than a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, which made him one of the two or three best-paid players of his time, and he invested his money with care. Today, he is the chairman of the board—an interracial board—of the Community Bank of Nebraska, which he helped get started seven years ago, and which does most of its business in the black community of Omaha. He is also the co-owner and the active, day-to-day manager of a new and successful medium-sized bar-restaurant called Gibby's, a couple of blocks away from Creighton University, which Gibson entered as a freshman on a basketball scholarship in 1954. Much of Gibson's life these days seems new. Gibby's opened in late 1978, and last November he was married to Wendy Nelson, whom I met at their home, to the accompaniment of frenzied barking from their four-month-old miniature schnauzer, Mia. ("Kill, Mia!" Gibson said delightedly. "Kill, girl!") Wendy Gibson, a composed, striking-looking blond woman in her late twenties, is in the financial division of the local telephone company, where she works, by preference, on the very early shift, driving to work each day shortly after dawn in the family's *other* Mercedes. (Gibson's previous marriage, to Charline Johnson, ended in divorce some years ago; their children, Renee and Annette, are grown up and have moved away from Omaha. A captivating oil portrait of the two girls and their father—all of them much younger then—hangs in Gibson's study in his new house; the artist is an old friend and teammate, Curt Flood.) Wendy and Bob Gibson moved into their house last May. It is a spacious, comfortably furnished and carpeted three-story contemporary wooden structure, with a sundeck that looks over a steep hillside and a thick green growth of oaks and cottonwoods. A flight of steps leads down from the deck to a big swimming pool, which had had its inaugural only a week before my arrival. Bob Gibson is handy. He helped design the new house, and he put in the deck stairs and built a raised wooden patio beside the pool, and also did most of the landscape work on the grounds, laying in some old railroad ties to form a rose garden and planting shrubs and young trees everywhere. The pool was built to Gibson's design; its sides and bottom are painted black—a da Vinci-like idea of his, meant to help the water hold the heat of the sun in the spring and fall. Somehow, though, he had not remembered the warmish midsummer Nebraska sunshine, and when he and I slipped into the inky waves, the water temperature stood at ninety-two degrees—only a fraction cooler than the steamy, locust-loud night air.



"Another mistake," Gibson said mildly. Swimming was a bit like sloshing through black-bean soup, but after a couple of turns up and down the pool he and I settled ourselves comfortably enough on the top steps at the shallow end, with our legs dangling in the water, and while Mia sniffed and circled me warily we talked a little baseball.

I asked Gibson if he recalled the low-and-inside pitch he had thrown to Tony Oliva in that All-Star game, against Joe Torre's signals.

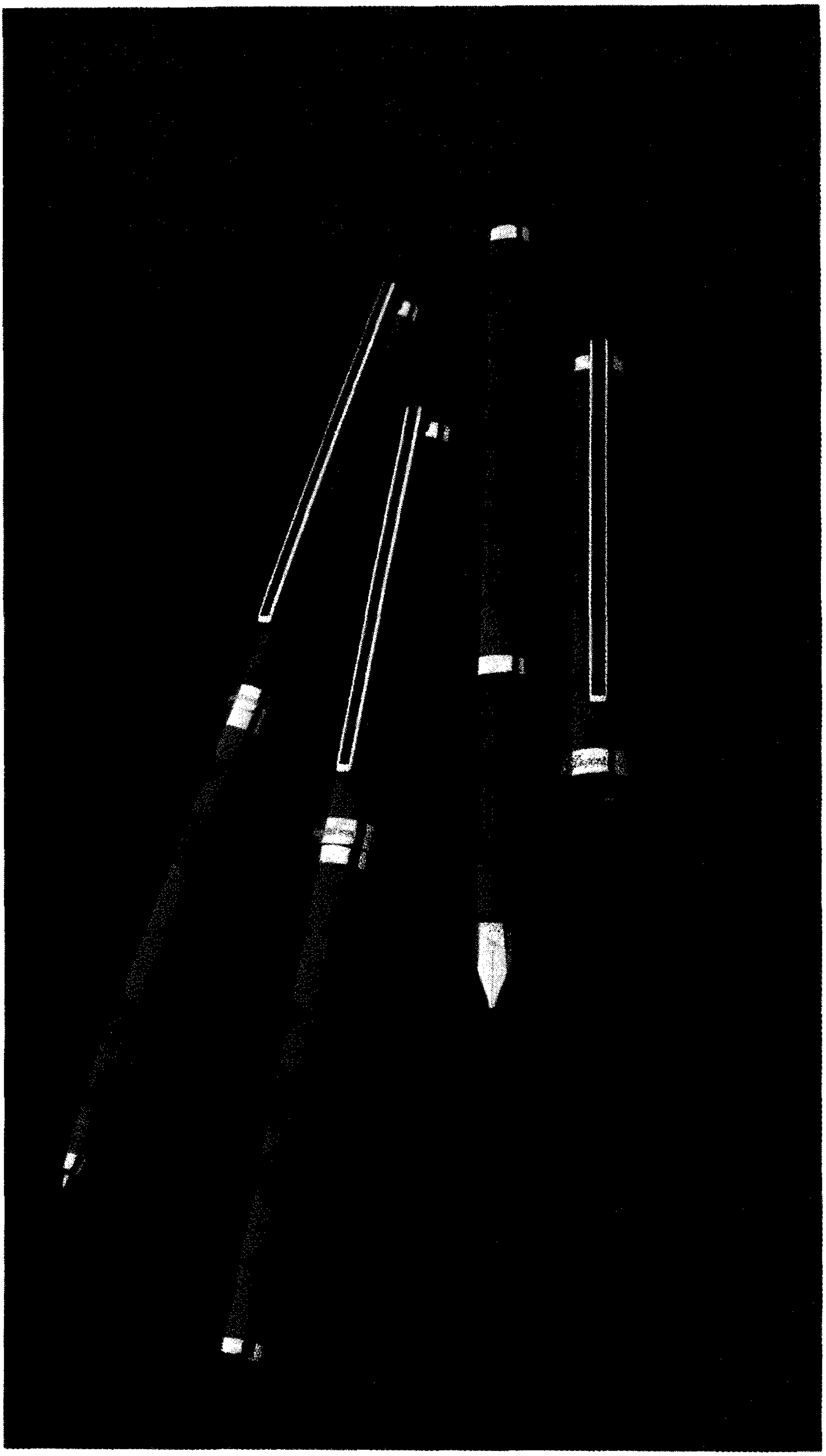
"Well, I never really liked being on the All-Star team," he said. "I liked the honor of it, being voted one of the best, but I couldn't get used to the idea of playing with people from other teams in the league—guys who I'd have to go out and try to beat just a couple of days later. I didn't even like having Joe catch me—he was with the Braves then—because I figured he'd learn how to hit me. In that same game, he came out and told me not to throw the high fastball to Harmon Killebrew, because the word was that he ate up that pitch." Gibson's voice was almost incredulous as he said this. "Well, hell. I struck him out with three high fastballs. But in any of the All-Star games where I got to pitch early"—Gibson was voted onto the National League All-Star squad eight times—"I'd always dress right away and get out of there in a hurry, before the other players got done and came into the clubhouse. I didn't want to hang around and make friends. I don't think there's any place in the game for a pitcher smiling and joking with the hitters. I was all business on the mound—it *is* a business, isn't it?—and I think some of the writers used to call me cold or arrogant because of that. I didn't want to be friends with anybody on the other side, except perhaps with Willie Stargell—how could you not talk to that guy? None of this was meant to scare guys, or anything. It was just the way I felt. When Orlando Cepeda was with us, I used to watch him and Marichal laughing and fooling around before a game. They'd been on the Giants together, you know. But then Cepeda would go out and *kill* Marichal at the plate—one of the best pitchers I ever saw—and when it was over they'd go to dinner together and laugh some more. It just made me shake my head. I didn't understand it."

I had been wondering how to bring up the business of his knocking down his old roommate Bill White, but now Gibson offered the story of his own accord. "Even before Bill was traded, I used to tell him that if he ever dived across the plate to swing at an outside pitch, the way he liked to, I'd have to hit him," he said. "And then, the very first time, he went for a pitch that was *this* far outside and swung at it, and so I hit him on the elbow with the next pitch. [Some years earlier, Gibson hit Duke Snider after similar provocation, and broke his elbow.] Bill saw it coming, and he yelled 'Yaah!' even before it got him. And I yelled over to him, 'You son of a bitch, you went for that outside ball! That pitch, that part of the plate, belongs to *me!* If I make a mistake inside, all right, but the outside is mine and don't you forget it.' He said, 'You're crazy,' but he understood me."

I mentioned a famous moment when Gibson had hit Tommie Agee, of the Mets, on the batting helmet with the very first pitch of the first inning of the first Cardinals spring-training game in 1968. Agee had come over from the Chicago White Sox and the American League in the previous winter, and when Gibson's first swallow of the spring conked him, several Gibson students among the Mets and Cardinals baseball writers in the press box at Al Lang Field called out, "Welcome to the National League, Tommie!" (Agee went to the hospital for observation, but was found not to have suffered serious injury.)

Gibson was silent for a moment, and then he said, "It's very easy to hit a batter in the body with a pitch. There's nothing to it. It's a lot harder to hit him in the head. Any time you hit him in the head, it's really his own fault. Anyway, that was just spring training."

Joe Torre had told me that the Agee-plunking was an accident, but I noted now that Gibson had not quite



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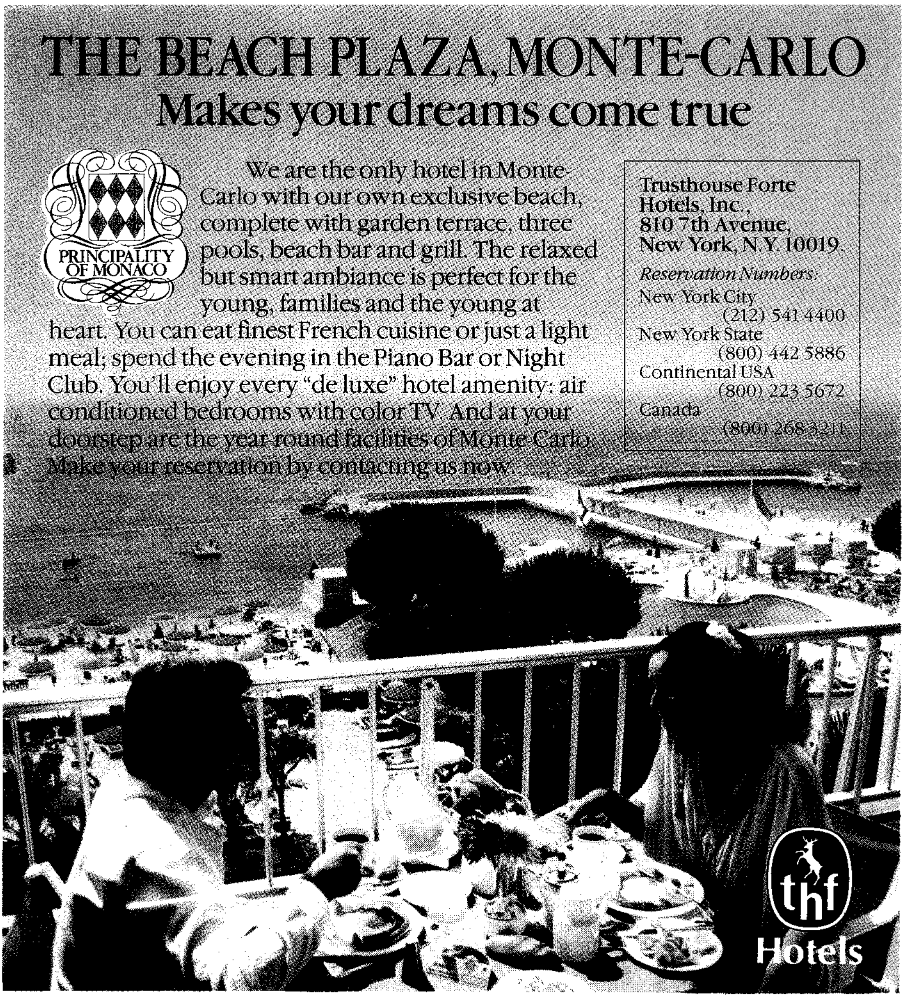
denied intention in the affair. He had put doubt in my mind, just as Torre had told me he would. He still wanted that edge.

"I did throw at John Milner in spring training once," Gibson went on, paddling his legs in the water. "Because of that swing of his—that dive at the ball." Milner, an outfielder then with the Mets and now with the Pirates, invariably takes a full-scale, left-handed downtown swing at the ball, as if he meant to pull every pitch into the right-field stands. "I don't like batters taking that big cut, with their hats falling off and their buttons popping and every goddam thing like that. It doesn't show any respect for the pitcher. That batter's not doing any thinking up there, so I'm going to *make* him think. The next time, he won't look so fancy out there. He'll be a better-looking hitter. So I got Milner that once, and then, months later, at Shea Stadium, Tom Seaver began to pitch me up and inside, knocking me down, and it took me a minute to realize that it must have been to pay me back for something *in spring training*. I couldn't believe that."

There was a little silence at poolside while I digested this. Gibson sounded almost like a veteran samurai warrior recalling an ancient code of pain and honor. I suggested that there must be days when he still badly missed being out there on the mound, back in the thick of things.

"No, I have no desire to get out and throw the fastball again," he said quietly. "Even if I wanted to, I couldn't."

I had noticed that Gibson limped slightly as he walked around the pool, and the accounts of some of his baseball injuries and how he had reacted to them at the time came back to me. In July of 1967, while pitching against the Pirates in St. Louis, he was struck just above his right ankle by a line drive off the bat of Roberto Clemente. He went down in a heap, but after the Cardinals trainer had treated the injury with a pain-deadening spray, Gibson insisted on staying in the game. He walked Willie Stargell, retired Bill Mazeroski on a pop-up, and then, firing a three-two pitch to Donn Clendenon, came down hard on the right leg with his characteristic spinning follow-through and snapped the already cracked bone. Dal Maxvill, then a Cardinals shortstop and now a Cardinals coach, said to me recently, "That was the most extraordinary thing I ever saw in baseball—Gibby



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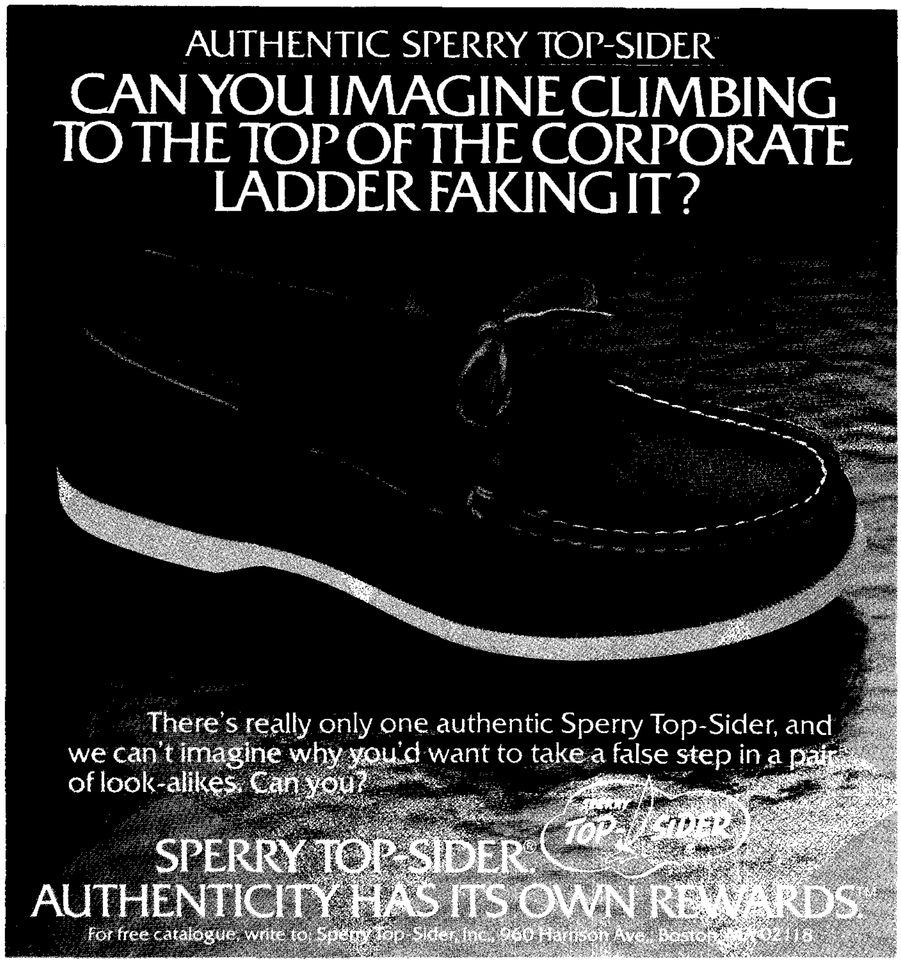
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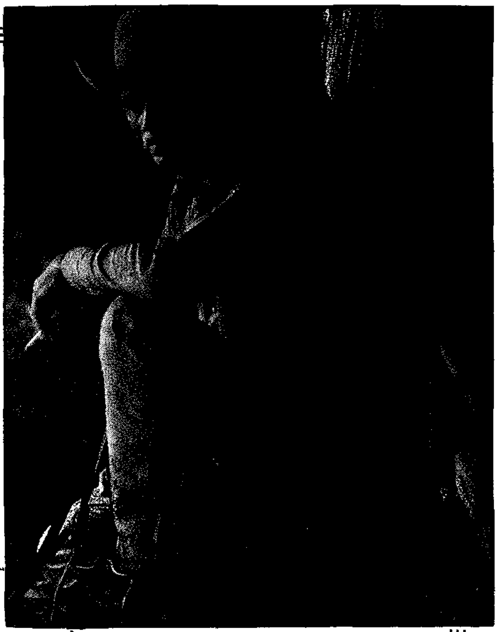
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pitching to those batters with a broken leg. Everyone who was there that day remembered it afterward, for always, and every young pitcher who came onto our club while Gibson was still with us was told about it. We didn't have too many pitchers turning up with upset stomachs or hangnails on our team after that."

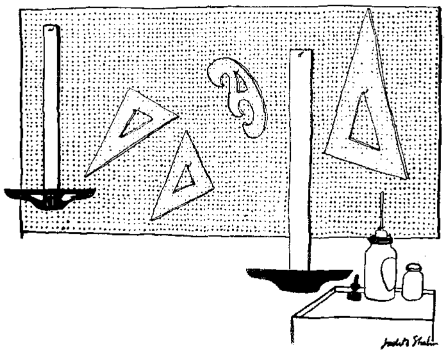
Gibson came back to win three games against the Red Sox in the World Series that fall, but his next serious injury, in midseason of 1973, took a heavier toll. Leading off first base in a game against the Mets at Shea Stadium, he made a sudden dive back toward the base after an infield line drive was caught, but collapsed when his right knee buckled. The trainer and the team doctor came out to succor him, but Gibson cried "Don't touch it! Don't touch it!" and again refused to be taken out of the game. When the inning ended, he walked to the mound and began his warmup tosses and fell heavily to the ground. The surgeon—Dr. Stan London—who performed the cartilage operation the next day said afterward that Gibson had the knees of an eighty-year-old man. Gibson recovered in time to pitch and win a game that September, and he continued for two more full seasons on the mound, although, as he told me now, he sometimes had to sit in the clubhouse for two hours after a game before he felt able to head for the showers. "I'd had the left knee drained about seventeen times, too," he said. "I'd sit like this"—he hung his head and arms like a broken puppet—"and I'd think, *Why do I put up with this? Why, why?*" He laughed now, mocking himself. "I just couldn't give it up," he said. "Couldn't let go."

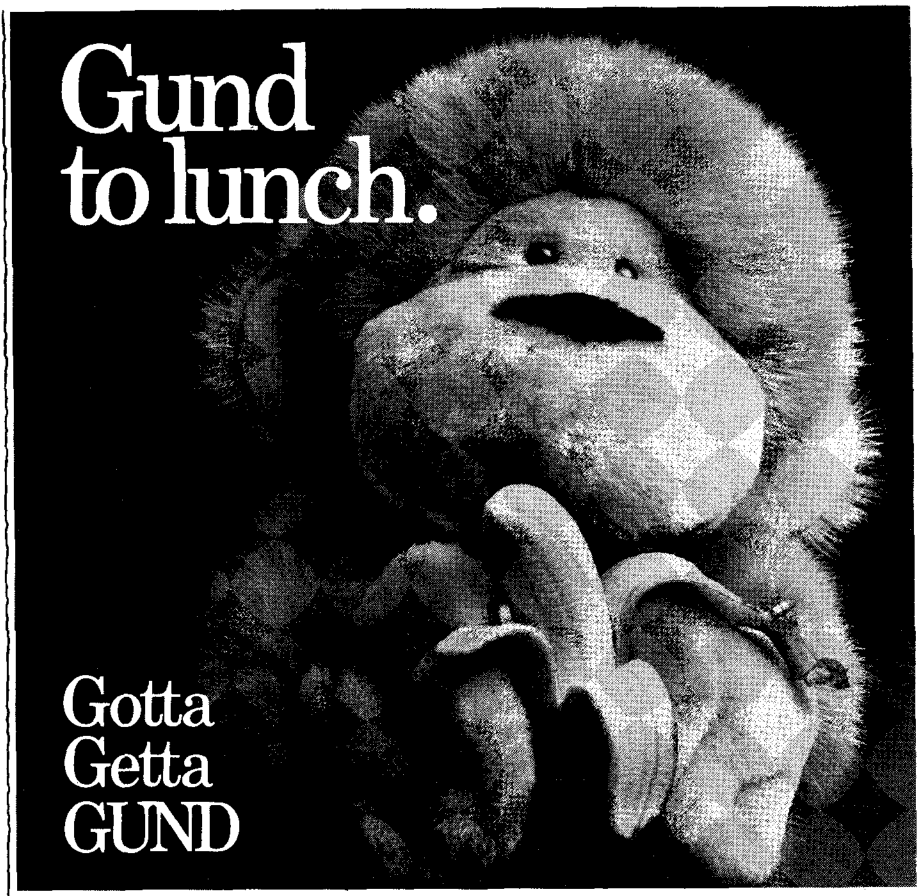
I asked if he'd become a different kind of pitcher then, using change-ups and slip pitches, the way many older hurlers do in their final seasons.

"No, I always threw hard," he said. "They didn't use me much in my final season, after I'd announced I was going to retire—I never did understand that. But once, when I hadn't pitched in three weeks, they brought me into a game against Houston in extra innings—I was the last pitcher we had—and I struck out the side on nine pitches that were nothing but fastballs. So I still had something left, even at the end. I always had pretty good control, you know, so it wasn't like I didn't know what I was doing out there. But later that season I gave up a grand-slam home run to Pete LaCock, of the Cubs, and that told me it was about time for me to get off the mound for good." Gibson spoke lightly enough, but at the time this home run was an almost insupportable blow to his pride. A pitcher who was with the Cubs that year told me that as LaCock (who is not exactly famous as a slugger) circled the bases, Gibson stalked after him around the base paths, reviling him for what he had done.

"Pitching is about ninety per cent thinking," Gibson went on. "I threw hard when I was younger, but I didn't know how to get people out. I don't care how hard you throw, somebody's going to hit it if you don't think out there. It's not all that detailed—you don't think three or four pitches ahead. But one pitch might set up the next two you throw—it depends what the guy does with it. You know. If he misses a fastball by a foot, then he'll see another one. If he fouls it off or *just* misses it, he'll probably get a breaking ball next. It isn't exactly scientific, or anything."

Gibson suddenly laughed in the darkness beside me. "But not everybody understands what a pitcher *does*," he said. "About his control, I mean. I remember when Mike Shannon was moved in from the outfield and began playing third base for us—back in the middle sixties, it was. He was really nervous over there. He kept asking me where I wanted him to play—up or back, near the line or away. He wanted instructions. I always told him I didn't give a damn where he played unless there was a right-handed batter coming up with a man on first and less than two out, but then he should be ready, because he'd be getting a ground ball, right to him or around his area. And I'd throw a sinker down and in, and the batter would hit it on the ground to Mike, to start the double play, and when we came in off the field Mike would look at me with his mouth open, and he'd say, 'But how did you *know*?' He didn't have the faintest idea that when I threw that pitch to the batter he *had* to hit it to





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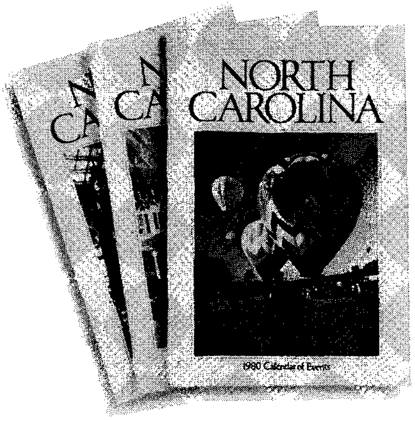

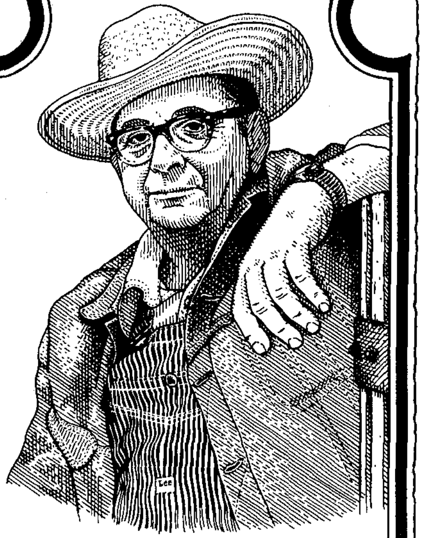

August Sebastiani
1913–1980

With the grape harvest upon us, it seems a fitting time to reflect upon my father, for this was his favorite time of the year.

To him, the harvest meant more than gathering the fruit of his labor. It wasn't the end of the growing season, but the beginning of a new vintage, filled with the promise of the future. I've no doubt it was this positive philosophy that made him *the man he was.*

During the last several months of his life, when he was quite ill, I spent time with him each day at his home on the hill above the winery. What amazed me – and inspired me – was that, even as his time was coming to a close, he saw only the future. The winery founded by his father and passed down to him would now pass to a new generation of Sebastianis. The family tradition was continuing and that gave him great peace of mind.

August Sebastiani was a great winemaker, but I remember him mostly as a good, honest man who loved his life and lived it well.

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him there! He didn't know what pitching was all about."

To go back a little, Gibson also won his second start in the 1968 Cardinals-Tigers World Series—a 10–1 decision in the fourth game, during which he fanned ten batters and whacked a home run. It was Gibson's seventh straight World Series victory—an all-time record. The Tigers, however, captured the Series, rallying in stimulating fashion after trailing by three games to one, and beating Gibson in the memorable finale, when Detroit outfielder Jim Northrup, batting with two out and two on in the seventh inning of the scoreless game, smashed a long drive that was misjudged by Curt Flood in center field, who then slipped on the turf and allowed the ball to go over his head for a triple. The Tigers won the game by 4–1, and the Most Valuable Player award for the Series went to Mickey Lolich, a portly left-handed sinkerball specialist, who won the second, fifth, and seventh games. Gibson, however, had established a Series record of thirty-five strikeouts (still standing), and a few weeks later he was named the Most Valuable Player of the National League for 1968 and became the unanimous winner of the Cy Young Award as the league's best pitcher. The following year, 1969, Gibson compiled a 20–13 record, with an earned-run average of 2.18, and in 1970 his 23–7 won-lost mark and 3.12 E.R.A. won him the Cy Young again. Injuries began to gnaw him after that, but he declined only stubbornly, throwing a no-hitter against the Pirates in 1971 and running off eleven straight victories in the course of a 19–11 season in 1972. His lifetime earned-run average of 2.91 runs per game is the ninth-best in baseball history. (Walter Johnson's 2.37 leads all comers, while Tom Seaver, at 2.62, and Jim Palmer, at 2.73, stand third and fourth on the all-time list at this writing.)

Many observers (including this one) believe that Gibson's 1.12 earned-run average in 1968 is one of the Everests of the game, ranking with Joe DiMaggio's fifty-six-consecutive-game hitting streak in 1941 and Hack Wilson's hundred and ninety runs batted in in 1930. Gibson's record, however, was not much noted or celebrated in its time, partly because it was achieved in a summer during which the pitchers in both leagues established a mesmerizing dominance over the

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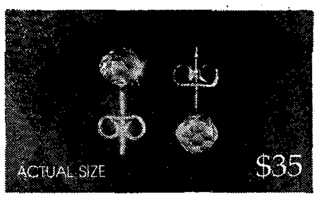

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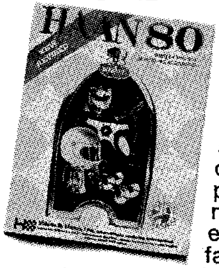

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batters. The leagues' combined batting average fell to an all-time low of .237, and twenty-one per cent of all games played were shutouts. Many pitchers came up with startling performances that summer. Gaylord Perry, of the Giants, and Ray Washburn, of the Cardinals, threw no-hit games on successive days at Candlestick Park; Jerry Koosman, a rookie, won nineteen games for the Mets; Denny McLain, as I have noted, won thirty-one games for the Tigers; and Don Drysdale, of the Dodgers, ran off fifty-eight and two-thirds consecutive shutout innings—a record that still stands. At the end of the year, the baseball fathers studied these figures and determined to rebalance the game by shaving five inches off the height of the mound (reducing it to ten inches), and by closing up the upper and lower limits of the strike zone. Gibson's golden season may always appear a mite tarnished by these circumstances, but even a brief rundown of his 1968 summer outings suggests that in that single season he came as close to some ideal of pitching as most of us are ever likely to witness or wish for. Younger fans may argue for Ron Guidry's marvellous 25–3 season for the Yankees in 1978, when he threw nine shutouts and wound up with a 1.74 earned-run average. Others will cite Steve Carlton's one-man-band performance in 1972, when he finished with an earned-run average of 1.97 and a record of 27–10—all this for a frightful last-place Phillies team that won only fifty-nine games in all—while geezers may bring up Carl Hubbell's 23–12 and 1.66 earned-run mark for the Giants in 1933. But no matter: these great case studies of the game are forever moot.

On May 28, 1968, Bob Gibson lost to the Giants, 3–1, and saw his record for the year decline to three victories and five defeats. Surprisingly, however, his earned-run average of 1.52 for the young season was fifth in the National League at this point—an oddity explicable by the fact that his teammates had supplied him with a total of four runs in the five games he lost: starvation fare. On June 2nd, Gibson pitched the Cardinals into first place (this was before the leagues had been subdivided into East and West sectors) with a 6–3 victory over the Mets; the final Mets run—a homer by Ed Charles—came in the seventh inning. It was also the final run that Gibson surrendered in the month of June, for he threw shutout games in his next

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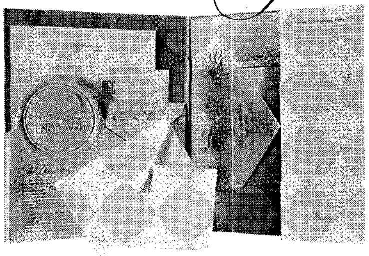

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five outings. Only the last of these brought him much attention from the national press, and that came because reporters had noticed that his next appearance, on July 1st, would be against the Dodgers in Los Angeles, and that his mound opponent there would be Don Drysdale, whose record shutout skein of fifty-eight and two-thirds innings had been set over a span of six games in late May and early June. A matchup between the two seemed exciting indeed, for Drysdale, who was six feet five and threw almost sidearm, had a hostile scowl, a devastating fastball, and a reputation for knocking down batters he didn't care for: another intimidator. Gibson by now had forty-eight scoreless innings to his credit, but the tension of the famous confrontation vanished in the very first inning, when two Dodgers singled and Gibson, while pitching to Ron Fairly, let go a wild pitch that allowed Len Gabrielson to score from third base. Gibson had lost the duel with Drysdale and a shot at his record, but he won the game, by 5–1. He then pitched a shutout against the Giants, beat Houston by 8–1, and afterward shut out the Mets and the Phillies in succession. On July 30th, once again facing the Mets, Gibson surrendered a run with two out in the fourth inning, when Ed Charles scored on a double by Eddie Kranepool—the same Ed Charles who had homered against him on June 2nd. In that span—from June 2nd to July 30th—Gibson had given up two earned runs (and two runs in toto) in ninety-six and two-thirds innings.

Gibson won that Mets game, and he did not lose a game, in fact, until August 24th, when he fanned fifteen Pirates but lost, 6–4, after giving up a three-run homer to Willie Stargell. Between May 28th and August 24th, Gibson had won fifteen straight games, ten of them shutouts. He threw two more shutouts in his next two outings, and somebody figured out that in the course of three straight games in August, Gibson's infielders had to make only eight assists. (His shortstop, Dal Maxvill, told a reporter, "It's like having a night off out there when he's pitching.") Possibly tired by now—or perhaps a bit understimulated, since his club had run away with the league by this point, having established a fourteen-and-a-half-game lead over the second-place Reds by August 1st—Gibson lost three games in September, one of them to the no-hitter by Gaylord Perry. His final victory,

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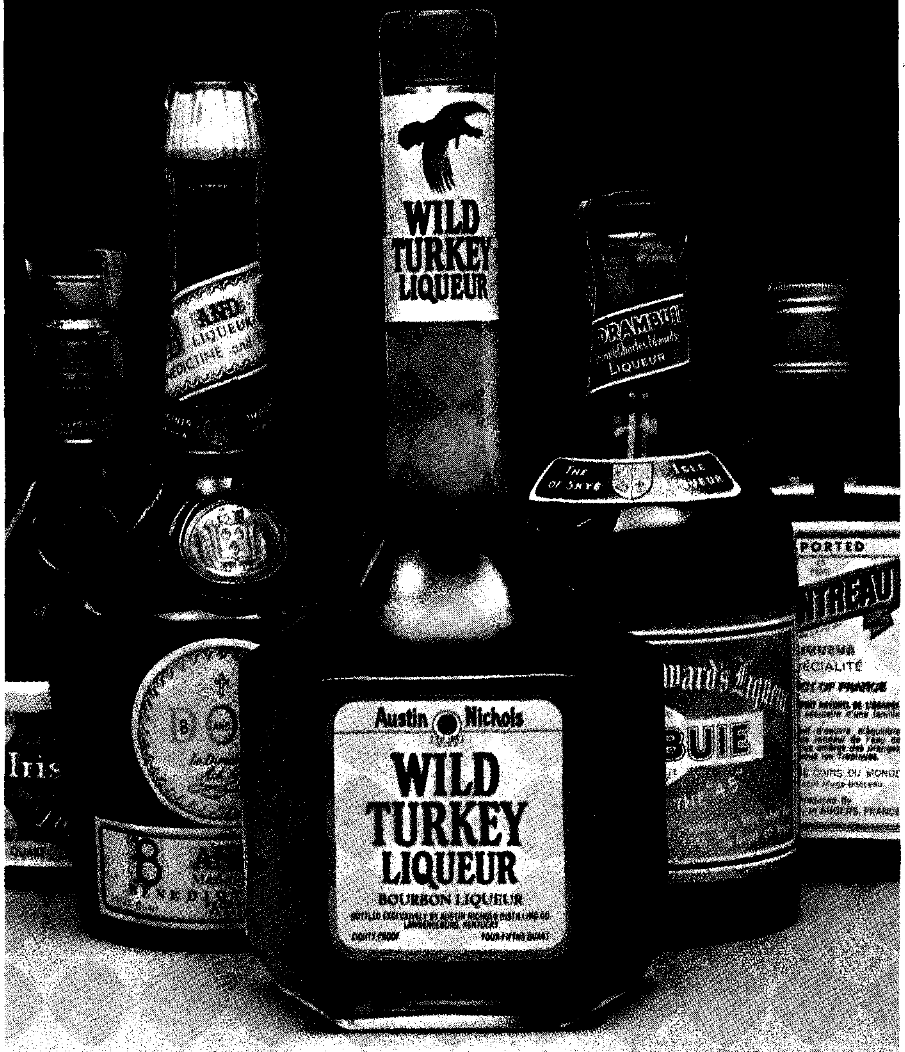

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on September 27th, was a 1–0 decision over the Astros—his thirteenth shutout. His season was over; the World Series and the Tigers were just ahead.

A further thin cement of statistics will finish the monument. Gibson completed twenty-eight of the thirty-four games he started in 1968, and was never removed in the middle of an inning—never knocked out of the box. His 1.12 earned-run average is second only to the all-time low of 1.01, established by the Red Sox' Hub Leonard in 1914, and it eclipsed the old National League mark of 1.22, set by Grover Cleveland Alexander in 1915. Gibson's thirteen shutouts are second only to the sixteen that Alexander achieved the following summer. But those very low early figures, it should be understood, must be slightly discounted, for they were established in the sludgy, Pleistocene era of the game, when aces like Leonard and Alexander and Walter Johnson and the White Sox' Red Faber regularly ran off season-long earned-run averages of two runs or less per game, thanks to the dead ball then in use. The lively ball, which came into the game in 1921, when the owners began to notice how much the fans seemed to enjoy watching a young outfielder (and former pitcher) named George Herman Ruth hit towering drives into the bleachers, put an end to the pitchers' hold over the game, and none of the four worthies I have cited ever pitched consistently in the less-than-three-runs-per-game level after 1922. Bob Gibson, we may conclude, was the man most responsible for the *next* major change in the dimensions of the sport—the lowering of the mound and the shrinkage of the strike zone that came along in 1969. Gibson, like all pitchers, complained bitterly when these new rules were announced, but Bob Broeg, the sports editor of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and the dean of Cardinals sportswriters, told him he had only himself to blame. "I said, 'God damn it, Gib, you're changing the game!' " Broeg told me not long ago. " 'It isn't fun anymore. You're making it like hockey.' "

On another day, Omaha slowly came to a broil under a glazy white sun while Gibson and I ran some early-morning errands in his car—a visit to his bank, a stop at the drive-in window of another bank, where he picked up the payroll checks for Gibby's—and wound up at the restaurant, where the daytime help

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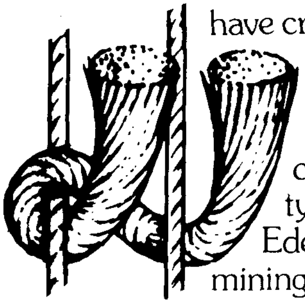

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greeted the boss cheerfully. Gibson seemed in an easy frame of mind, and he looked younger than ever. I recalled that many of his teammates had told me what good company he was in the dugout and on road trips—on days when he wasn't pitching. He was a comical, shrill-voiced bench jockey, and a grouchy but lighthearted clubhouse agitator, who was sometimes known to bang a bat repeatedly and horribly on the metal locker of a teammate who was seen to be suffering the aftereffects of too many ice-cream sodas the previous evening. While he drove, Gibson, with a little urging, recalled how he had pitched to some of the prime hitters of his day—inside fastballs to Willie Mays (who feasted on breaking pitches), belt-high inside deliveries to Eddie Mathews, low and away to Roberto Clemente, and so on. He said that Frank Robinson used to deceive pitchers with his plate-crowding (Robinson was a right-handed slugger of fearsome power, whose customary stance at the plate was that of an impatient subway traveller leaning over the edge of the platform and peering down the tracks for the D train), because they took it to mean that he was eager for an inside pitch. "Besides," he said, "they'd be afraid of hitting him and putting him on base. So they'd work him outside, and he'd hit the shit out of the ball. I always tried him inside, and I got him out there—sometimes. He was like Willie Mays—if you got the ball outside to Willie at all, he'd just *kill* you. The same with Clemente. I could throw him a fastball knee-high on the outside corner seventeen times in a row, but if I ever got it two inches up, he'd hit it out of sight. That's the mark of a good hitter—the tiniest mistake and he'll punish you. Other batters—well, somebody like Joe Adcock was just a guess hitter. You'd pitch him up and in, and he'd swing and miss every time. He just didn't give a damn. I don't know what's the matter with so many hitters—it's like their brains small up." He shook his head and laughed softly. "Me, too. I got beat by Tommy Davis twice the same way. In one game, I'd struck him out three times on sliders away. But I saw that he'd been inching up and inching up toward that part of the plate, so I decided to fool him and come inside, and he hit a homer and beat me, one–oh. And then, in another game, I did exactly the same thing. I tried to outthink him, and he hit the inside pitch for a homer, and it was one–oh all

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over again. So I could get dumb, too."

I said that he didn't seem to have made too many mistakes in the summer of '68. Gibson thought for a moment or two and said, "You can't say it was a fluke, although some people *have* said that. Just say it was totally unusual. Everything I threw that year seemed to go where I wanted it. Everything was down, all year. I was never that good again, because they went and changed the rules on me. The next year was a terrific struggle. I had a good season, but I never worked so hard in my life, because so many of my breaking pitches were up. I'll never know, but I doubt very seriously I'd have had another one-point-one-two E.R.A., even if they'd left the mound where it was. I'd like to think I'd really perfected my pitching to that point, but I'll never know."

The talk shifted to pitchers, and Gibson (echoing Pete Rose) said he thought that Juan Marichal had been the best hurler of their time, because of his absolute control. "I had a better fastball and a better slider, but he was a better pitcher than me or Koufax," he said. Among contemporary pitchers, he had warm things to say about the Phillies' Steve Carlton, once a young teammate of his on the Cards. "He's always had a great arm," he said. "And if you have a good arm and you're in the game long enough, you're going to learn how to pitch. He sure knows how now. What makes a player great to me is longevity."

I named some other mound stars of the sixties and seventies, and Gibson shrugged and shook his head. "I guess I was never much in awe of anybody," he said. "I think you have to have that attitude if you're going to go far in this game. People have always said that I was too confident, but I think you'll find that most guys who can play are pretty cocky." The locution "He can play"—as in "George Brett can play a little"—is a throwaway line, the professionals' designation for star-quality athletes. "They're not sitting around worrying about who they're going to pitch against or bat against the next day. You hear a lot of talk about the pressure of the game, but I think most of that comes from the media. Most guys don't let things worry them. Pressure comes when you're not doing well. I've always thought that you only really enjoy baseball when you're good at it. For someone who isn't at the top of the game—who's just hanging on some-

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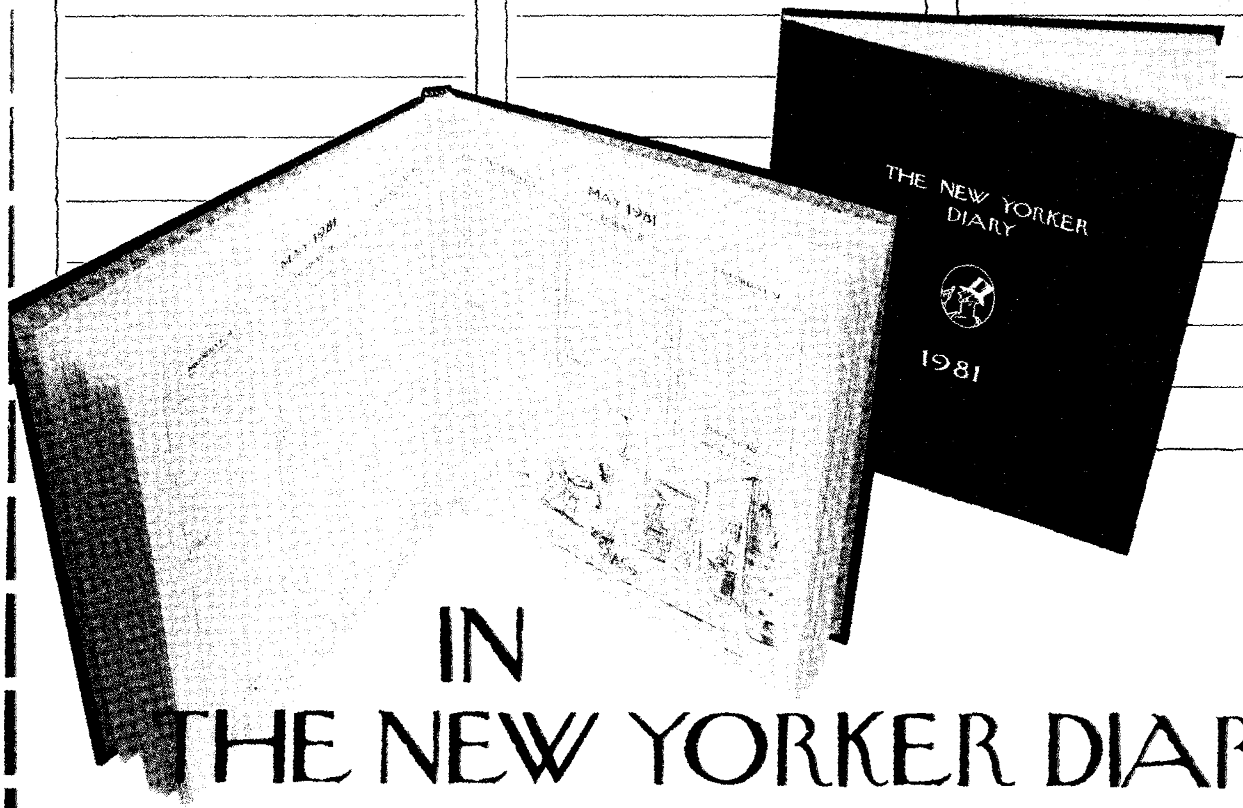

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where on down the totem pole—it's a real tough job, every day. But when I was playing I never wished I was doing anything else. I think being a professional athlete is the finest thing a man can do."

I asked about the source of his great confidence in himself, and he said, "I've always been that way. After all, I was playing basketball with grown men when I was thirteen years old. I always thought I was good enough to play with anyone. I don't know where that came from."

When Gibson was playing baseball, he was considered one of the two or three very best athletes in the game. His early basketball experience had come when he was a water boy with an itinerant black basketball team, the Y Travellers (named for Omaha's North Branch Y.M.C.A.), which was coached by his grown-up oldest brother, Josh; whenever the Travellers ran up a comfortable lead over some local Nebraska or Iowa all-star club, Josh would send his kid brother into the game, just to rub things in a little. Bob Gibson won city and statewide basketball honors at Technical High School, in Omaha, and a few in baseball, too (he was a catcher in the beginning), and he broke every basketball record at Creighton, where he was the first black student to be given a basketball scholarship—and, for that matter, to play on the team. After leaving Creighton, he played for the Harlem Globetrotters during the 1957-58 season, after he had signed on as a pitcher with the Cardinals organization. "It was all right being with the Trotters," Gibson told me, "but I hated that clowning around. I wanted to play all the time—I mean, I wanted to play to win."

In spite of Gibson's spinning, staggering pitching motion, which certainly did not leave him in the squared-away, weight-on-both-feet attitude that coaches recommend as the proper post-delivery fielding stance for the position, he was agile enough out there to win the Gold Glove award as the best defensive pitcher in his league every season from 1965 through 1973. Fans and writers and players still talk about some of his fielding plays in the same awestruck tones they use for the seventeen-strikeout Series game. In one play (I can still see it) in the 1964 World Series, he scampered over and plucked up a hard-hit ball struck by Joe Pepitone that had nailed him on the hip and caromed halfway to third

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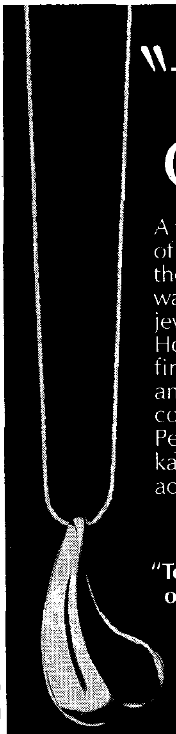

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base; Gibson leaped and turned one hundred and eighty degrees in midair and made an overhead throw to first—a basketball one-handed fall-away jumper—that nipped Pepitone at the bag. There was also a nationally televised game in which he ran down a ball that a Giants batter had bounced over his head out on the mound; Gibson caught up with it while running full tilt away from the plate and toward second base, and he flipped it, underhand and away from his body (try it), to first for the out. Tim McCarver, who weighs a solid hundred and ninety pounds, told me that one day when he and Gibson were horsing around on the field, Bob had suddenly seized him and lifted him above his head at arm's length, holding him aloft like some Olympic weight lifter at the end of a clean and jerk. "The man is somewhat startling," McCarver said.

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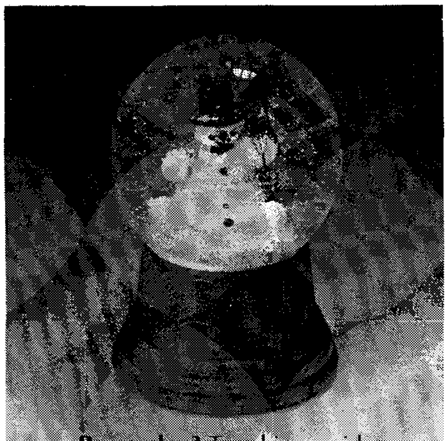

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and perhaps the only such cosmopolitan mixture in Omaha. The waiters are mostly young black men, and the bartenders mostly young black women. Gibson is a calm and approachable boss; the staff seems to care about him, and vice versa. When a small, very young waitress began putting coins into a cigarette machine near us, Bob said reprovingly, "Those aren't for *you*, are they?" (They weren't.) Later on, he let slip that the previous week he had taken the four-year-old daughter of one of his female bartenders out to his new pool for the afternoon when her mother couldn't find a babysitter. At the last moment, he also asked the daughter of one of his regular customers to come along, too. "I used to have little girls myself," he said to me. A lot of the arriving diners and drinkers at Gibby's say hello to him in an easy, friendly way, but there isn't much hearty bar chatter with the host. Not many people would feel impelled to buddy up to Bob Gibson. I suggested that he must be exposed to a good deal of barside baseball expertise at his place of work, and he said, "Who wants to talk to fans? They always know so much, to hear them tell it, and they always think baseball is so easy. You hear them say, 'Oh, I was a pretty good ballplayer myself back when I was in school, but then I got this injury . . .' Some cabdriver gave me that one day, and I said, 'Oh, really? That's funny, because when *I* was young I really wanted to be a cabdriver, only I had this little problem with my eyes, so I never made it.' He thought I was serious. It went right over his head."

Gibson's impatience with trifling or intrusive strangers accounted for considerable coolness between him and the media during his playing days—a mistrust that may even keep him out of the Hall of Fame for a year or two, since some members of the Baseball Writers Association have been known to allow personal pique to influence their judgment. (Each writer selects up to ten names of eligible former players he thinks worthy of the Hall of Fame, and a player must be named on seventy-five per cent of the ballots in order to be immortalized.) A couple of years ago, when Willie Mays first came up for election, twenty-three members of the B.W.A. resolutely omitted him from their ballots. A good many St. Louis reporters still recall the time in 1967 when Gibson had the cast removed from his broken leg and

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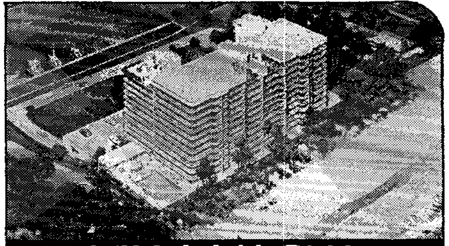

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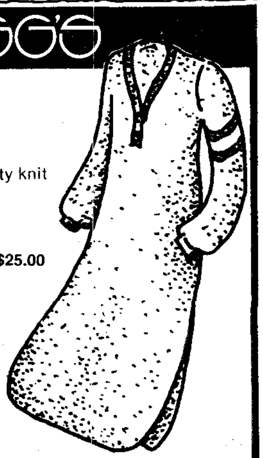

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then, annoyed by their clubhouse importunings and questions, taped a sheet of paper to his shirtfront on which he had written "1. Yes, it's off; 2. No, it doesn't hurt; 3. I don't know how much longer;" and so on. The club was in a pennant race, of course, and Gibson's condition was a matter of daily concern to Cardinals fans everywhere, so his broadside was not taken in good part.

"I don't like all this personal contact with the press," Gibson told me. "The press expects everyone to be congenial. Everyone's *not* congenial! They want to put every athlete in the same category as every other athlete. It's as if they thought they owned you." I had been told of a St. Louis television reporter who had once done something to offend one of Gibson's teammates and had then tried to reassure Gibson about their relationship. "You know I'd never do anything to hurt *you*, Bob," he said. Gibson looked at him incredulously and said, "Why, hell, the only way you could ever hurt me is if you happened to be a pretty good fastball hitter!" One longtime Cardinals writer said to me, "Bob was a thorny, obdurate personality, and there weren't too many people who were crazy about him. If he'd had a little more give to him, he could have owned this city. If he'd had Lou Brock's personality, he'd still be working for the Cardinals somewhere."

There is a standoff here. The price of Bob Gibson's owning St. Louis seems to be his agreeing—in his mind, at least—to let the press own him. I have considerable sympathy for any writer who had to ask Bob Gibson some sharp, news-producing questions two or three times a week over the span of a decade or more, but wanting Gibson with a sunny, less obdurate temperament would be to want him a less difficult, less dangerous man on the mound—not quite a Bob Gibson, not quite a great pitcher. The man is indivisible, and it is the wonder of him. It is my own suspicion that both sportswriters and fans are increasingly resentful of the fame and adulation and immense wealth that are now bestowed so swiftly upon so many young professional athletes, and are envious of their privileged and apparently carefree style of living. The resentment is a half-conscious appreciation of the fact that they themselves—the fans and the media people, that is—have to a great degree created these golden youths, and because of that

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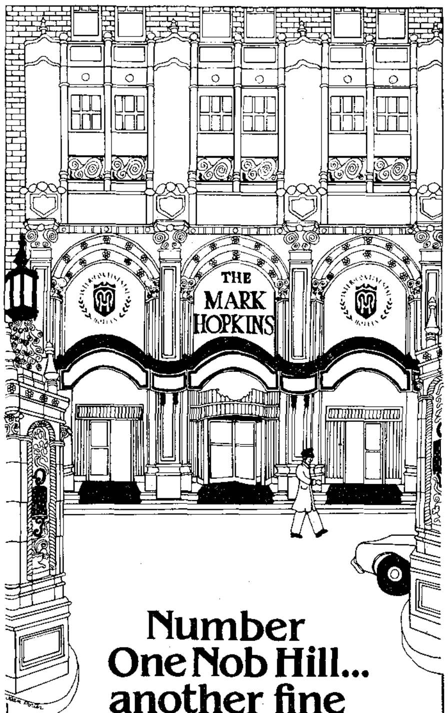

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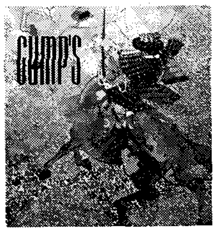

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there is indeed a wish to own them; to demand ceaseless, inhumanly repeated dazzling performances from them on the field, and to require absolute access to their private lives as well. Most athletes, who are very young when they first come to prominence and, for the most part, have a very limited experience of the world, respond to these demands either with a convulsive, wholly artificial public "image" of affability, or (more often, of late) with surliness or angry silence. Bob Gibson did neither. Somehow, he has always kept his distance and his strangeness, and there is something upright and old-fashioned about such stubborn propriety. He is there if anyone really wants to close that space—the whole man, and not a piece of him or an image of him—but many of us may prefer not to do so, because at a distance (from sixty feet six inches away, perhaps) he stands whole and undiminished, and beyond our envy: the athlete incarnate, the player.

Gibson had allowed me to close this space a little by his willingness to talk about himself, and I had begun to sense the intensity of relationships with him that Tim McCarver had told me about, and the absence of any withdrawn places in him that Joe Torre had mentioned. There is reason to believe that he has allowed himself to become more approachable since he left the game. Bob Broeg, who covered Gibson from his first day in spring training as a rookie, in 1958, to his retirement at the end of the 1975 season, said to me, "Bob didn't know how his personality worked against him. I don't think I wrote many things about him over the years that weren't appreciative of his great skills—he and Dizzy Dean were the two best pitchers I ever saw here—but he was always indifferent to me. One day, late in his career, I was in the clubhouse with him, and he was as closed off as ever, and I finally said, 'You've never said a kind or personal word to me in the years I've known you.' I walked away, and he chased me all the way across the room to ask what I meant. I'd pinked him, and he was extremely upset. He just didn't realize how cold he could be in everyday relationships."

But other intimates of Gibson's from his Cardinals days have a very different view of him. Gene Gieselmann, the team's trainer—he is thirty-three years old but looks much younger—counts Gibson among his closest and warmest friends. "My memories of baseball are all shiny

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where he's concerned," he said. "I cherish him. I think his problems with people go back to his never having had a father. He never knew him, you know. He dearly loved his mother, but I don't think he was very close to anyone else in his family. So when somebody, especially a white person"—Gieselmann is white—"showed him over a long period of time that he could be more than just a trainer or more than just another ballplayer, and that there could be something deeper in their relationship—well, that meant a lot to him, and then he showed how sensitive and generous he really was."

Gibson is a compulsive truthteller, and he appears to have a wry understanding of the burdens of that self-imposed role. At one point, he was talking with me about the difference between himself and Joe Torre when it came to dealing with writers and other strangers, and he said, "Joe knows everybody, and he recognizes them right away. I don't. I always had a hard time remembering people's names and recognizing their faces." There was a moment of silence, and then he added, "That's only half of it. I didn't *care*. And if I think somebody's wrong I'm going to say it."

I suddenly recalled an incident some years ago involving Gibson and another player, a well-known American League infielder, who were members of a small troupe of ballplayers making a post-season tour of military bases in the Pacific. Gibson's roommate on the trip was a public-relations man with one of the major-league teams, who was acting as an escort and travel agent for the group. Early in the trip, the infielder let drop some plainly anti-Semitic remarks about the P.R. man, who was Jewish, and Gibson stopped him in mid-sentence and advised him to keep his distance and not to talk to him for the remainder of the trip. "And if I ever pitch against you," Gibson said levelly, "I'm going to hit you on the coconut with my first pitch." Fortunately (or perhaps *un*fortunately), the two never did play against each other.

Gibson told me that racism had been easy to find when he came into baseball. When he first reported to the Cards' spring-training camp, in St. Petersburg, in 1958, he presented himself at the Bainbridge Hotel, where the club was quartered, and asked for his room, but he was guided out a side door, where a taxi picked him up and drove him to the house of a black family on the other side of town; the

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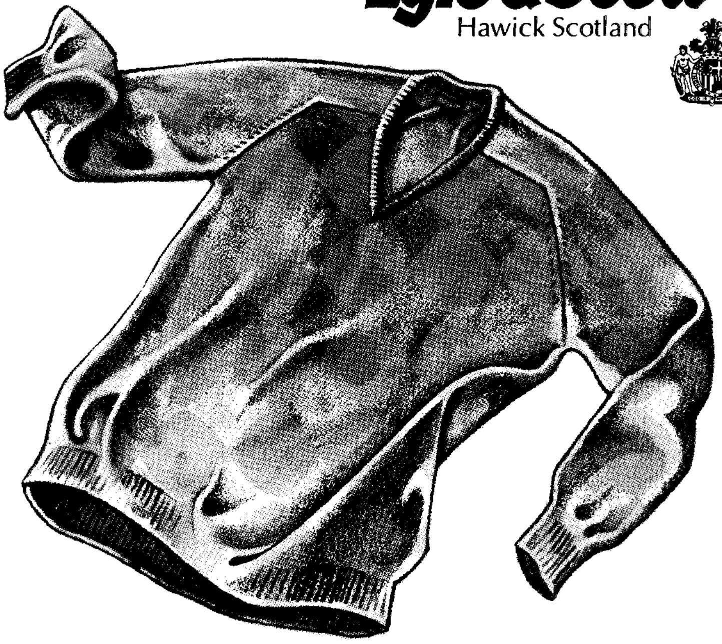

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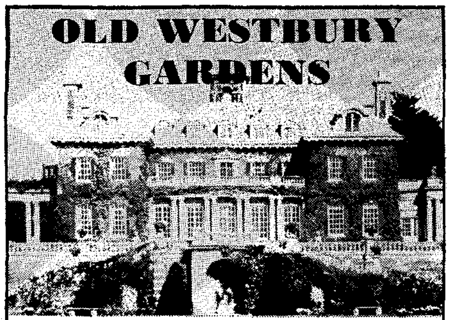

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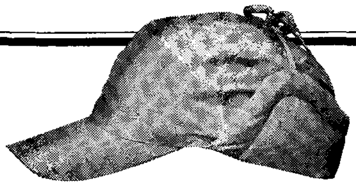

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same arrangement had been made for all the team's black players. (Three years later, the entire club moved to a different, unsegregated hotel in St. Pete.) Earlier, when he was an eighteen-year-old sophomore at Creighton, Gibson and the rest of the college's basketball team had gone to Oklahoma by train for a game against the University of Tulsa, and on the way Gibson was told that he wouldn't be able to eat or sleep with his teammates there. "I cried when I was told that," Gibson said to me. "I wouldn't have gone if I'd known. I wasn't ready for that."

At one point, I said to Gibson that when I had seen him play I had always been very much aware of the fact that he was a black athlete; somehow, his race had always appeared to be a considerable part of what he brought to the mound when he went to work out there.

He didn't respond—he simply said nothing at all—and I understood that my remark was not a question that anyone could easily respond to; it was not a question at all. But a little later he mentioned the many times he had been harassed by semi-official white people—hotel clerks and traffic cops and the like—who later began fawning on him when they learned that he was *the* Bob Gibson, the famous pitcher. "It's nice to get attention and favors," he said, "but I can never forget the fact that if I were an ordinary black person I'd be in the doghouse, like millions of others." He paused a moment, and then added, "I'm happy I'm *not* ordinary, though."

All this was said without surface bitterness or cynicism but with an intensity that went beyond his words. Some days later, Bill White, who is also black, commented on this tone of Gibson's. "He was always so proud," he said to me. "You could see it in his face and in the way he met people and talked to them. He never dropped it. I used to tell him, 'You can't be as tough on people as you are—it hurts you.' And he would say, 'You can do that, take all that, but I can't.' We didn't agree. But, of course, you never know what it's been like for another person. Some people have the ability to forget these things, but Bob Gibson always had the ability to make everybody remember what he had been through."

GIBSON and I spent the afternoon at the restaurant, and he and Wendy had me to dinner at their

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house that night: steaks and mustard greens, prepared by the Gibsons together, and a Cabernet Sauvignon. (He is a demanding, accomplished cook; when he was playing, he invariably got his own meals at home when he returned from road trips and road cooking.) It was our last evening. Bob showed me some of the nineteenth-century American antiques he collects—a delicate bevelled-glass-front walnut secretary, an immense Barbary Coast-style sideboard, and so on—and took me into a basement room where he keeps his HO-gauge model-railroad set: an entire railhead in miniature, with yards and sidings and a downtown terminal, complete with surrounding streets and buildings. He said he didn't use the trains much anymore. The three of us took another swim in the pool, and Bob and I played a little noisy one-o'-cat with Mia in the living room with an old tennis ball. Gibson was relaxed and playful, but, as always, there was a silence about him: an air not of something held back but of a space within him that is not quite filled. At one point, I asked him if he liked Omaha, and he said, "Not all that much. It's all right. It's what I know." Then I asked if he liked the restaurant business, and in the same brusque way he said, "It isn't much, but it sure is better than doing nothing."

I knew that Gibson had had a brief career in sports television with the American Broadcasting Company, shortly after his retirement as a player. He was a "color man" with ABC's "Monday Night Baseball," and on one occasion he conducted an impromptu, nationally televised interview with the Pittsburgh Pirates' John Candelaria, just after Candelaria had pitched a perfect game. Gibson's questions centered on the future financial rewards of Candelaria's gem, but this insidey banter between co-professionals was evidently not a line of sports talk that the network brass approved of, and Gibson's media career declined after that, although he has since done some baseball broadcasts with the HBO cable network. It was a disappointment to him.

When Gibson was out of the room for a moment, I said to Wendy that I sensed something missing or incomplete in Bob, and she said, "Yes, he's still looking for something, and I don't know if the right thing for him will ever come along. It's sad."

Last winter, Gibson made inquiries with the Cardinals and the Royals and

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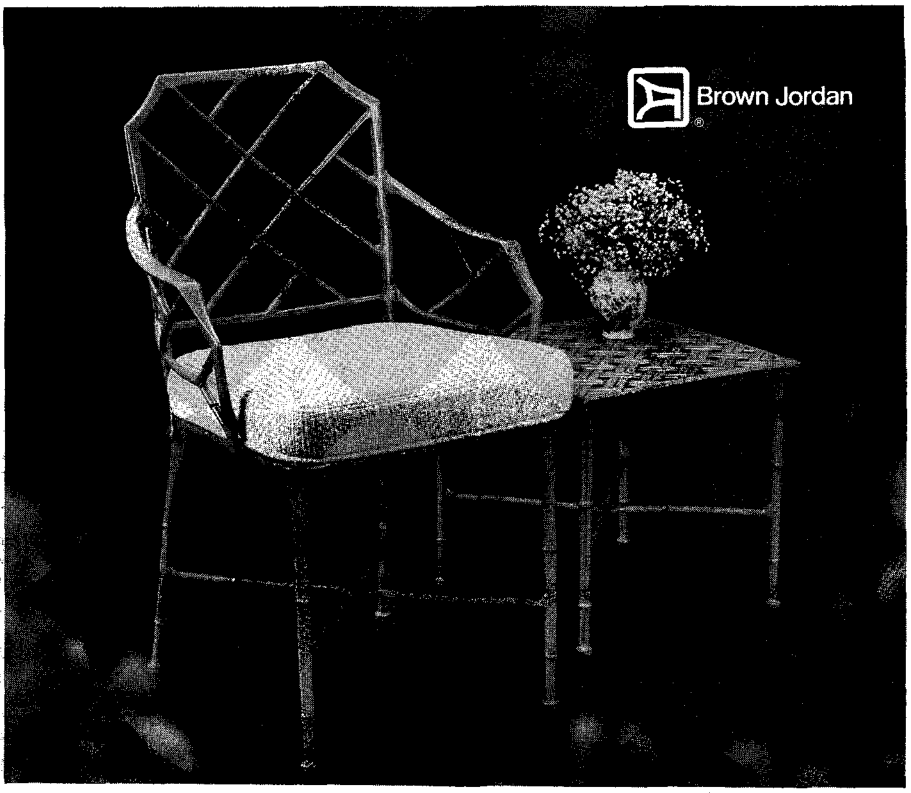

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the Mets and the Giants in the hope of landing a job as a pitching coach; interest was expressed, but nothing quite worked out. One difficulty may be the very modest salaries of big-league coaches, but when I talked to Bob about his joining some team in this capacity I got the feeling that he might be willing to make a considerable financial sacrifice in order to get back into the game. Several of Gibson's old friends and teammates told me later that they had heard of his wish to get back into baseball, and without exception they hoped he would. They said that the game would be better off with a man of Gibson's character back in uniform. But some of them went on to express their doubt that he would be satisfied with a job of such limited rewards as that of a pitching coach. "It won't be enough for him," one man said. "Nothing will ever be enough for him now."

"I don't miss pitching," Gibson said to me on that last evening, "but I can't say that I don't miss the game. I miss it a *little*. There's a lot I don't want to get back to. I don't want the fame or the money or all that attention. I always hated all the waiting around a pitcher has to do. I used to wish I could press a button the minute I'd finished a game and make the next four days just disappear. I sure as hell don't miss the travelling. I think it's the life I miss—all the activity that's around baseball. I don't miss playing baseball but I miss . . . baseball. *Baseball*. Does that sound like a crazy man?"

For the first time in our long talks, he seemed a bit uncertain. He did not sound crazy but only like a man who could no longer find work or a challenge that was nearly difficult enough to nurture his extraordinarily demanding inner requirements. Maybe there was no such work, outside of pitching. Baseball is the most individual and the most difficult of all team sports, and the handful of young men who can play it superbly must sense, however glimmeringly, that there will be some long-lasting future payment exacted for the privileges and satisfactions they have won for themselves. Like other team sports, baseball cannot be played in middle age; there is no cheerful, companionable afternoon to the game, as there is for old golfers and tennis players and the like. A lot of ex-ballplayers become sentimental, self-pitying, garrulous bores when they are cut off from the game. Some of them,

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including some great stars, go to pieces.

Thinking of what Wendy had said, I told Bob Gibson that I was sometimes aware of a sadness in him.

"Sad?" he said uncomprehendingly. "No, I'm not sad. I just think I've been spoiled. When you've been an athlete, there's no place for you to go. You're much harder to please. But where I am right now is where the average person has been all along. I'm like millions of others now, and I'm finding out what that's like. I don't think the ordinary person ever gets to do anything they enjoy nearly as much as I enjoyed playing ball. I haven't found my niche now that that's over—or maybe I have found it and I don't know it. Maybe I'll still find something I like as much as I liked pitching, but I don't know if I will. I sure hope so."

Maybe he will. Athletes illuminate our imagination and raise our hopes for ourselves to such an extent that we often want the best of them to become models for us in every area of life—an unfair and childish expectation. But Bob Gibson is a tough and resolute man, and the unique blend of independence and pride and self-imposed isolation in his character—the distance again—will continue to serve him in the new and even more difficult contest he is engaged in. Those who know him best will look to him for something brilliant and special now, just as they have always done. Even those of us who have not been spoiled by any athletic triumphs of our own and the fulfillment of the wild expectations of our early youth are aware of a humdrum, twilight quality to all our doings of middle life, however successful they may prove to be. There is a loss of light and ease and early joy, and we look to other exemplars—mentors and philosophers: grown men—to sustain us in that loss. A few athletes, a rare handful, have gone on, once their day out on the field was done, to join that number, and it is possible—the expectation will not quite go away—that Bob Gibson may be among them someday. Nothing he ever does will surprise me.

—Roger Angell

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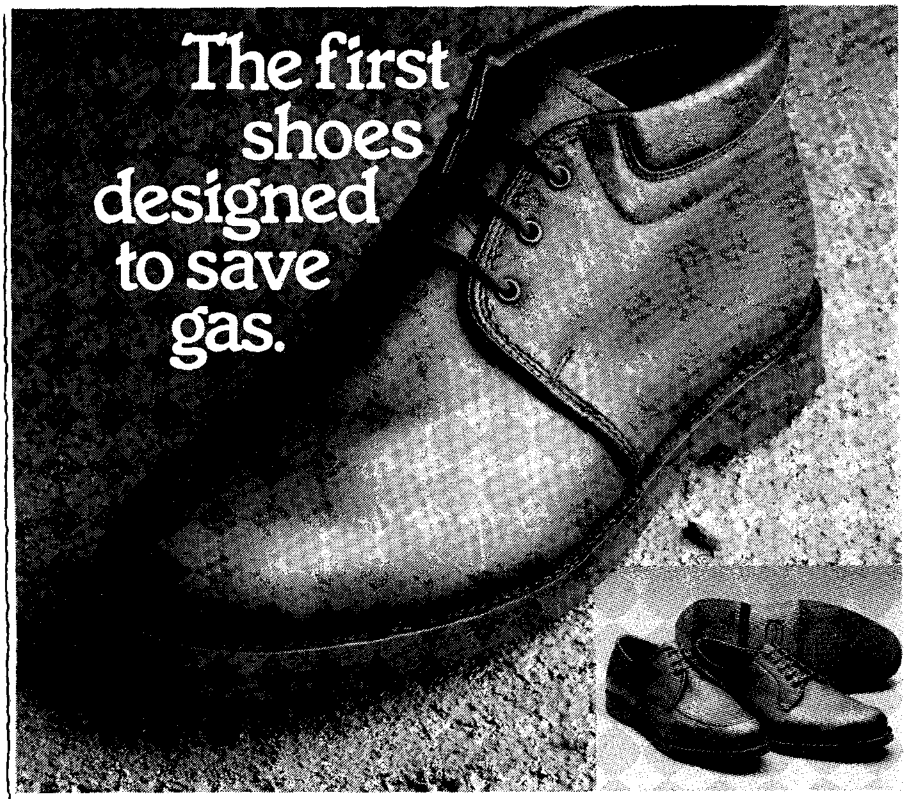

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AROUND CITY HALL

CONTENTION

SINCE Edward Koch took office, in 1978, New Yorkers have got used to a mayor who is often in the eye of controversy because of his courageously telling it like it is, as his friends see things, or shooting from the lip, in a favorite phrase of his disparagers. Both groups, and Koch himself as well, would concede that on occasion he sounds off without considering the consequences, but his continued high ratings in the polls indicate that such freewheeling rhetoric is popular with his constituents. It is particularly appreciated, according to some theorists, by voters whose own inhibitions or positions in life require them to be more circumspect, at least in public. Lately, Koch has been having fun with the name of Vincent Barabba, the director of the Bureau of the Census, whom Koch holds responsible for what he believes to be a severe undercount of New York's 1980 population—an undercount that could sharply reduce not only the size of future federal grants to the city but also the number of its representatives in Congress and in the State Legislature. Koch refers to him as "Barabbas," the Biblical figure who is described as a robber and a murderer. Yet the coöperation of the Census Bureau chief is very important if New York is to be credited with the larger population total that would be greatly to its advantage. And after the July revelations concerning Billy Carter's alliance with the Libyan government the Mayor denounced the President's brother as "a wacko" and a likely candidate for criminal prosecution. Such a judgment on what was not, after all, a municipal matter did not enhance the reëlection chances of Jimmy Carter, of whom Koch was an early supporter, and for whom he was a delegate at the Democratic National Convention. Yet the prospects for federal assistance with New York's continuing fiscal problems would surely be far more favorable in a second Carter Administration than in a regime led by the Republican Presidential nominee, whom Senator Edward Kennedy quoted at the Convention as having said at a time when this city was on the verge of bankruptcy, "I have included in my morning and evening prayers every day the prayer that the federal government not bail out New York." After listening to Koch's angry Convention speech attacking the Carter Administration's record in regard to helpfulness toward New York and other cities, some delegates heard Secretary of the Treasury G. William Miller say that aid for New York City had increased by over seven hundred and fifty million dollars since the Gerald Ford era, and that Carter had worked hard to steer through Congress the one billion six hundred and fifty million dollars in federal loan guarantees without which the city would have gone under financially. Detroit Mayor Coleman Young, a Carter delegate whose support for the President has been a steady thing, said in reply, "You can never do enough for Ed Koch," and then asked, "What's Koch going to do—support Reagan?"

In recent weeks, however, it has not been the Mayor's quick-on-the-trigger responses that have made headlines here. What news space was available for rhetorical indiscretions by local politicians has been occupied by the latest imprudent sayings of another prominent Democrat, Governor Hugh Carey. Carey's new role as what reporters have been calling The Mouth came as a great surprise, since past attacks on the Governor's political performance had usually led off with denunciations of his taciturn and distant manner. While members of the press covering politicians on the national or municipal levels were ankle-deep in mimeographed announcements of briefings, hour-by-hour itineraries, and photo opportunities, reporters covering Carey had often been unable to find out even what part of the state the uncommunicative Governor was in. In contrast to Koch's experience, there is no sign that Carey's sudden looseness of lip has increased his popularity with any of his constituents—other than, perhaps, the press. Certainly his remark that he had always regarded the United States Senate seat that is on the New York ballot this year as the "Jewish seat" did not endear him to the contenders for the Republican and Democratic senatorial nominations in the September 9th primary.

A MAN AND HIS DOG
CBarsotti

Two of the candidates had entered the race last January: Brooklyn Representative Elizabeth Holtzman, running for the Democratic nomination, and Alfonse D'Amato, the Presiding Supervisor of the town of Hempstead, in Nassau County, Long Island, competing in the Republican primary. The following month, the Republican incumbent, Jacob Javits, who is now seventy-six, upset many political predictions by announcing that he was a candidate for a fifth term. He explained on the same occasion that he suffered from motor-neuron disease, which might increasingly affect his physical mobility but not his mental acuteness—a revelation that led inevitably to Javits campaign commercials whose theme was "Sitting, He's Better Than Anyone Else Running." Former Mayor John Lindsay and onetime

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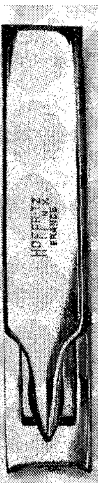

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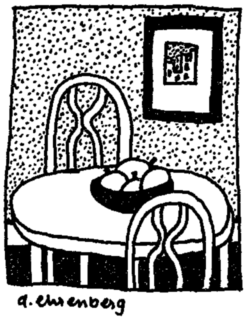
New York City Consumer Affairs Commissioner (in the Lindsay administration) Bess Myerson entered the Democratic primary early in May. Queens District Attorney John Santucci became the last contender in the Democratic race, on June 12th. His seriousness as a candidate was largely discounted, however, since he was suspected of playing a role in a political script directed by the Queens Democratic boss, Donald Manes. According to the theoretical plot line, Santucci, a strong law-and-order man, was expected to draw the votes of relatively conservative Democrats who might otherwise support Bess Myerson, and thus improve the chances of the more liberal Representative Holtzman, whom Manes was supporting. In a supposed Manes subplot, Santucci would also draw votes from Lindsay, a certified Wasp. Until Santucci entered the race, political commentators had been pointing out that Lindsay had a special advantage in the primary: he offered an alternative to voters who preferred not to support candidates who were either women or Jewish—each a category that included both Representative Holtzman and Miss Myerson. In any event, the senatorial contest had been actively under way for many months before the adjournment of the Democratic Convention, in mid-August, but its existence was, as Lindsay complained, "one of the best-kept secrets of the year." The candidates had assumed that, at least, during the three and a half weeks between the Convention's end and September 9th they would have a chance to establish where each of them stood on the many issues on which votes would turn. Then, on August 23rd, Governor Carey dropped his remark about considering the Senate seat in contention "a Jewish seat," and the implications of this view—such as which of the candidates it would benefit or damage and what had possessed the Governor to come out and say it even if it were true—dominated much of the rest of the campaign.



Carey's garrulous phase had begun a few days earlier, when he explained to Lindsay that he was endorsing Bess Myerson in the primary because months earlier he had promised David Garth that he would—Garth being the media consultant who directed the two winning Carey gubernatoria campaigns, ran the Myerson race fo the Senate, and is also running the independent Presidential campaign o John Anderson. When Joyce Purnick of the *Times*, tracked the Governor down at his summer home, on Shelter Island, he denied having said he migh have made a mistake in endorsing Miss Myerson. Then he waxed expansive. The first Jewish senator from New York, Herbert Lehman, took office in 1950 and was succeeded in 1957 by Javits, so that the seat had indeed been occupied by Jewish politicians for more than thirty years. Carey remarked that in the past he had said "just as a matter of historical reference, that I regard this as a Jewish seat." By this, he had meant that there was "a certain benefit if that candidate happens to be Jewish," said the Governor. "It's simply the way it is in this state. . . . Now, that's plain talk." To a person, the senatorial candidates, Republican and Democratic, Jewish and non-Jewish, rejected Carey's view as, variously, "repugnant," "outrageous," "grotesque," and (from Lindsay) a statement that "puts this country back into the Dark Ages"—not an era known for reserved Jewish seats of any kind. Representative Holtzman noted that since she was Jewish, the Governor could just as well have endorsed her. Miss Myerson said that, as a matter of historical reference, it had also been a male seat, and that by such logic she should not be running at all. Polls had shown that she had considerable support among Catholic and Protestant voters. Apparently concerned over their possible resentment of the suggestion that she had a claim to the Senate seat just because she was Jewish, Miss Myerson decided not to run a commercial showing her receiving Carey's endorsement. When a scheduled public Carey-Myerson rapprochement was suddenly called off, the Governor denied responsibility for the change of plan, asking, "Who in his right mind would not want to meet with Bess Myerson, day or night?" Burbling again, he had struck a note particularly unwelcome to his chosen candidate, whose concern that she be regarded not as simply good-looking date material but as someone brainy enough to be a senator meant that throughout the campaign she had tried to avoid any discussion of the fact that n 1945 she had become the first (and up to now only) Jewish Miss America.

In debates involving Democratic senatorial candidates, there was bound to be an emphasis on issues considered to be of special interest to Jewish voters, since the turnout of such voters is far higher than their proportion of the population, accounting for as much as a third of those who participate in Democratic primaries. This time out, however, the need to deal with the Governor's remark about the Jewish seat often seemed to set the theme for such confrontations. Debates that were supposed to deal with the energy crisis were given over almost entirely to charges that the Carter Administration had "caved in" to the oil-rich Arabs and endangered the security of Israel. Although all four candidates were officially Carter supporters (after the Convention), they tried to outdo each other in questioning the degree of the President's commitment to Israel. As an example of her legislative enterprise, Representative Holtzman pointed out that she had called for an investigation into the Carter Administration's March 1st United Nations vote deploring Israel's West Bank settlements—a vote that the President had later disavowed in part—and she also often brought up a law that she had sponsored setting up an agency to track down Nazi war criminals living in the United States. Miss Myerson accused the Brooklyn Representative of voting against almost all defense appropriations, including those badly needed for the defense of Israel. Representative Holtzman attacked Miss Myerson for having continued to work as a consultant for Citibank in a period when the bank had coöperated with the Arab boycott of Israeli firms. Miss Myerson, who is fifty-six, said that she had been raising money for Hadassah since the thirty-nine-year-old Miss Holtzman was three. A September 2nd *Times* poll, which put Miss Myerson substantially ahead in the race (most earlier polls had shown Miss Holtzman leading), noted that Lindsay would have ranked second if he had not done poorly among Jewish voters. Thereafter, the former Mayor mentioned his devotion to Israel in answering almost any question. Two days before the primary, when Lindsay was asked to give his opinion of the effect that the local Liberal Party's projected endorsement of John Anderson would have on Carter's prospects,

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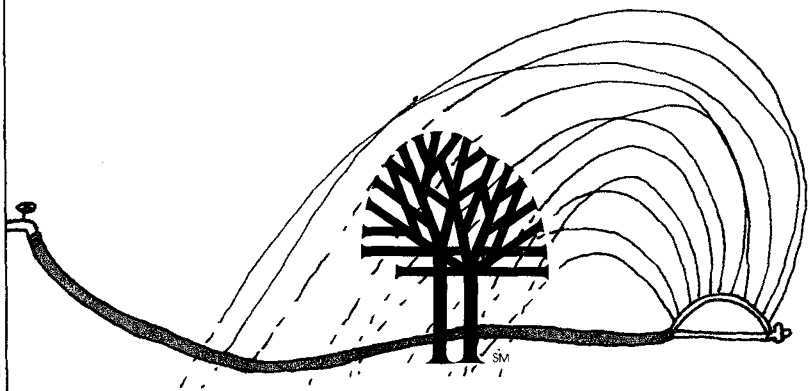

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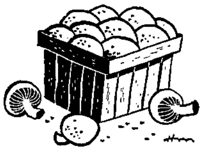
he said that Carter had made a terrible error in failing to have the Secretary of State veto the United Nations anti-Israel resolution a few days earlier.

Since perhaps only ten per cent of New York State's Jewish voters are registered Republicans, questions about Israel did not come up so often in the primary in which Javits was challenged by D'Amato. When they did, the veteran Senator was the only candidate of either party to declare that Prime Minister Menachem Begin's decision to move his government office to East Jerusalem might be "premature," and to say that while he favored West Bank settlements if they were essential to Israel's security, this might not be true of some of the recent settlements. D'Amato, a forty-three-year-old member of the conservative wing of his party who, before he decided to run for senator, encouraged his friends to compare him to The Fonz, seemed eager to make one kind of political friend when he kept saying that the United States should never interfere in Israel's affairs. He appeared to have another kind in mind when he constantly referred to his opponent as "Jake"—ignoring the circumstance that the Senator's nickname has always been Jack.

However, the central issues of the Republican-primary campaign were Javits's age and health. The columnist William Buckley, who endorsed D'Amato ("Never heard of him? You will. . . . D'Amato is an attractive candidate—and a formidable one"), had said of Carey's reference to the Jewish seat, "Let's face it, he is merely saying what a lot of politicians are thinking." A few days after the Governor dropped his disruptive remark into the Senate campaign, he again turned overtalkative to explain what he had meant. He was concerned above all, he said, that Israel continue to have friends in the Senate. Carey then described Javits as "carrying on a valiant campaign" although his health is "somewhat failing," and added, "He's not going to be there forever." Javits supporters observed with pain that the Governor's message was similar to one in a D'Amato commercial which showed Javits campaign posters falling from a wall as a voice asked, "And now, at the age of seventy-six and in failing health, he wants six more years?" Javits complained that pictures of him in D'Amato commercials had been "phonied up . . . to make me look like I'm dying." D'Amato, who clearly needed no encouragement to join in the candid talk that seemed increasingly to be the style in New York political circles, commented, "Actually, in life he looks worse than the picture." On another occasion, D'Amato asked a reporter, "Look at the guy—do you think he can last six years?" The elder statesman responded to the attacks with dignity: he assured audiences, "I have all my marbles," and referred to statements urging his reëlection from thirty-nine of his forty Republican colleagues in the Senate. (Jesse Helms, of North Carolina, was the single holdout.) Toward the end of the primary campaign, Javits engaged in a little plain talk himself. D'Amato, he said, was "not temperamentally suited" for such high office, and a vote for him would go to "just a young fellow pushing, clawing, and hugging, ready to do anything—and I mean anything—in order to try to gain public office." This was a reminder that D'Amato had been quoted by a Conservative Party leader as saying, "I'll do anything short of killing Javits in order to win this nomination."



There were other aspects of the two primary campaigns that made them somewhat memorable. Although until almost the final days few New Yorkers seemed to be aware that the campaigns were going on, they cost the participants well over four million dollars. There has never been a woman member of the Senate from this state, but it was the two women in the race who raised the most money. They so dominated the Democratic campaign that their two male opponents often had trouble getting a word in edgewise. When Lindsay, trying to attract some attention his way, accused Miss Myerson of buying the election, she replied evenly, "Liz and I will spend about a million dollars each." She added, in what may not have been a deliberate pejorative, "If the two Johns can raise it, they'll spend it, too."

D'Amato insisted that Javits was "an élitist"—not in touch with ordinary people. Santucci described all three of his opponents as élitists. In step with the 1980 practice in which candidates lay claim to voters' support because they are not several other candidates, the kicker in Santucci's commercials was "Santucci—instead of Lindsay, Holtzman, or Myerson. He's one of us.” He explained that he meant he was the only member of the middle class in the Democratic field. Rejecting this view, the Mayor, as he campaigned about the city with Miss Myerson, just as she had campaigned for him in the 1977 mayoral campaign—their joint appearances then had featured a phony romance, but this year they played it straight—said of the former Miss America who became a multimillionaire businesswoman, “Bess represents the same middle-class values that I do as Mayor.” Perhaps a quarter of the residents of this state are poor blacks, poor Hispanics, and whites who aren’t doing well, either. Throughout the senatorial campaign, however, they went almost unmentioned except in terms of how the great burden of such citizens could be lifted from their middle-class and élite neighbors.

On Primary Day, Representative Holtzman won forty-one per cent of the Democratic vote, with thirty-one per cent going to Miss Myerson, sixteen per cent to Lindsay, and twelve per cent to Santucci. If in fact Queens Democratic leader Manes, who is the downstate chairman of Carter’s campaign in the state, did encourage Santucci to enter the race as a means of drawing conservative votes from Miss Myerson and helping Representative Holtzman, the scheme apparently worked. Members of Carter’s national team could take this success as proof that their campaign here was in suitably cunning hands, and, in any case, could enjoy the fact that those three supposedly heavy political hitters, Koch, Carey, and Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan—whose frequent snipings at their fellow-Democrat in the White House have led some of the President’s aides to refer to them as the Gang of Three—had all backed Myerson. And in the midst of the White House concern over the effect of John Anderson’s running on the New York Liberal Party line in November the Democratic-primary results were especially gratifying, since the swamping of Miss Myerson put some tarnish on Garth’s reputation as a political miracle worker. For all the talk of the power of the senior-citizen vote, the winner of the Democratic primary was the youngest of the four contenders.

In the Republican primary, it was youth that was served again. D’Amato won fifty-six per cent of the vote to Javits’ forty-four. In any case, D’Amato would have remained in the Senate race on the ballot lines of the Conserv-

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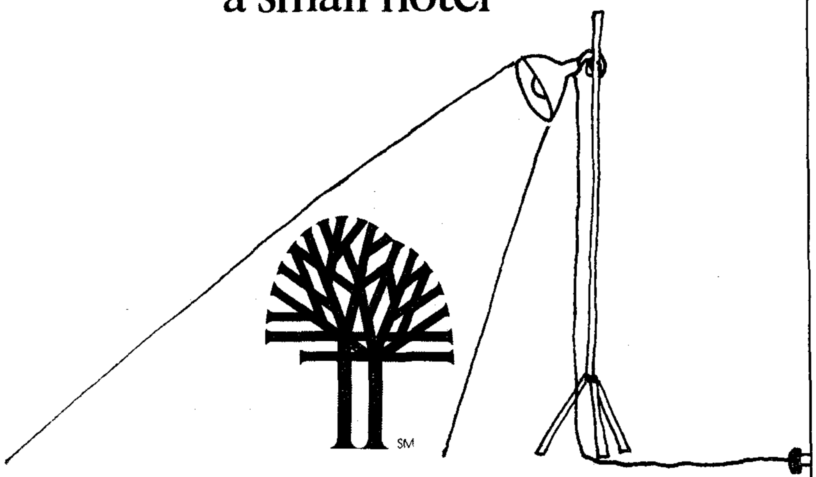

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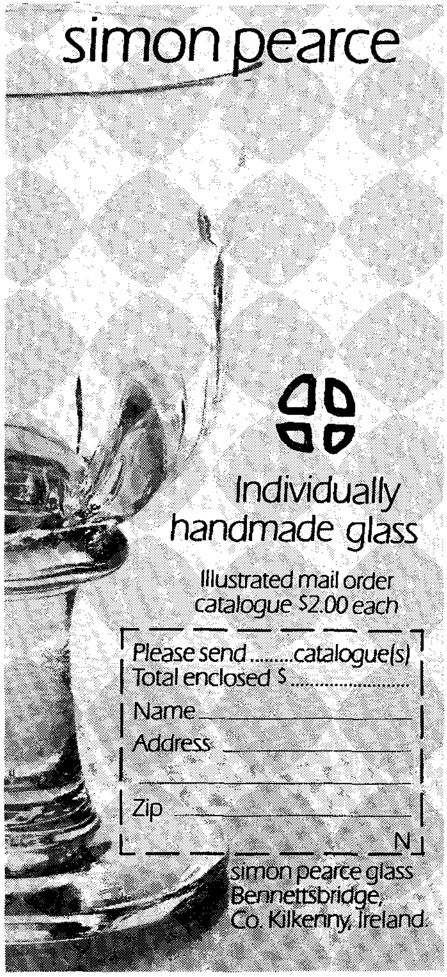

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ative Party and the Right to Life Party, which had previously endorsed him. Indeed, each had given thousands of dollars to his primary campaign, with the Right to Life group airing a one-minute commercial that showed a nun attacking Javits for his pro-abortion stand. D'Amato will now appear on three of the state's five ballot lines in November, and Javits will continue in the Senate race, as the candidate of the Liberal Party. Although a ballot line that includes both Anderson and Javits is expected to offer a welcome senatorial and Presidential alternative to many voters here, an already confused race will be further complicated by Javits' insistence before the primary that he had "no commitment" to Anderson and that, whatever happened, he planned to vote for Ronald Reagan.

GOVERNOR CAREY'S new predilection for letting himself go verbally could be a carry-over from the occasion last May when, coming down in an elevator with some reporters, he threw out the remark, apparently off the top of his head, that the Democratic Convention should be turned into "a totally open convention." The Governor—who at that time was suggesting, in response to strenuous White House efforts to get him to support the President, that the Republicans would win New York and it would serve the President right for not having done more for the state—did not push his open-convention proposal very hard. Nevertheless, it became the pivotal issue at Madison Square Garden, having been taken up by the Kennedy forces and other anti-Carter figures. As a reward for having come up with the original suggestion, Carey was asked to make one of the two major speeches on opening night at the Garden urging the delegates to reject the new Convention rule that would bind them to the results of the Presidential primaries and caucuses. By that time, Carey had given up on the possibility that a deadlocked open Convention would turn to the Governor of New York—the outcome that many Carey-watchers believed he had had in mind. The chance to make a nationally televised speech in prime time was probably all he expected to get out of it. Despite the heavy pressure—including promises of patronage—that an incumbent governor can bring to bear on fellow-Democrats, Carey made no effort to persuade any of the state's hundred and eighteen Carter delegates to join with its hundred and sixty-four Kenned delegates in fighting the rule, and the stood fast for the President.

Koch had been asked to deliver welcoming address to all the delegate the same night, but when he did so, hi hospitality theme—the diatribe agains Washington for cheating the cities— was not well received. After Koch tol a rather ugly joke (a local judge wh has been mugged says that he wil nonetheless treat the criminals in hi court evenhandedly, whereupon an ol lady shouts, "Then mug him again!") John Chancellor, of NBC, noted tha the Mayor had bombed, and adde that it was a joke that Koch had told number of times before. The only applause for the Mayor came when h shouted to the crowd, "We cannot allow Iranians who call themselves students to trample on our hospitality an violate our laws! Enough is enough, say: Ship them back to Iran and do i now!" Later, Harlem Representativ Charles Rangel commented that he di not know that the Mayor of New Yor had been put in charge of America foreign policy.

ON the whole, the 1980 Democratic Convention was not the triumphant local occasion that the 1976 gathering is remembered as being. Visiting delegates who four years earlier had made allowances for a city that had just had a bad brush with bankruptcy were less indulgent this time over conditions in the city, particularly its dirty streets, and were not inclined to go along with City Hall officials' theory that not they but the federal government should be blamed for everything that was going wrong. On the Convention floor, the bitterly divided New York delegation seemed to be constantly acting out its divisions for all—including the television cameras—to see. At one point, a Carter delegate from Nassau County threw her shoe at a Kennedy delegate from Manhattan, doing him no damage but disarranging the hairpiece—and the dignity—of a television reporter in the line of fire. During the vote on the new Convention rule, the announcement of the final tally was held up for more than thirty minutes as New York passed again and again, unable to get its numbers straight. (Someone suggested that a man from the Census Bureau must be doing the counting.) On the night of the Vice-Presidential nomination, New York again kept passing as recalcitrant Kennedy delegates demonstrated their determination that no Vice-President of Carter's would be a Vice-President of theirs. Forty-two of them voted for Brooklyn Representative Shirley Chisholm, and some two dozen others cast their votes for various other local politicians or for television or sports figures (such as Jayne Kennedy and Phil Rizzuto) or, in one case, for Mickey Mouse. Lieutenant Governor Mario Cuomo, Carter's state campaign chairman, avoided having this motley list read over the public-address system by persuading House Speaker Thomas O'Neill, presiding at the podium, to rule that Mondale had been nominated by acclamation, and the New York delegation never officially voted for Vice-President at all.

After the President was renominated, Carey finally endorsed him. He declared that the dissension at the Garden had been a salutary thing, revealing the Democrats' diverse strengths. (Of the Republicans at their Convention, he said, "Why shouldn't they be united? They all belong to the same country club.") "I'm going to be in this fight," the Governor said of the Carter campaign. He also promised that he would be working with Ted Kennedy, "as we have since 1960." Recalling their experiences with the quixotic Governor, Carter aides responded cautiously. "Is he still working for an open Convention? I wouldn't be surprised," commented the White House chief of staff, Jack Watson. Their reasons for continued wariness included the knowledge that John Anderson—with whom the Governor had held a well-publicized meeting a few weeks earlier, at the behest of his and Anderson's friend David Garth—had just named Carey as his top choice for Vice-President on an Anderson ticket.

Carey did not attend a Carter victory luncheon here on the final day of the Convention. A few days later, Carter called him up and asked if the Governor would be willing to meet with the President's domestic-affairs chief, Stuart Eizenstat, and his intergovernmental adviser, Eugene Eidenberg, if the two men flew up to an airport near the Carey summer home. Carey consented and, at the meeting, offered a number of economic proposals that would especially benefit New York and the Northeast. The same week, in an interview with the Bridgehampton, Long Island, *Sun*, which was reprinted in a number of other papers, Carey, playing The Mouth again, said

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that he could have beaten Carter for the nomination if he had tried, and then declared himself a Presidential candidate in 1984. As for his old friend Ted Kennedy, he was finished, said the Governor. Comparing Kennedy's situation to that of former Senator Eugene McCarthy, Carey asked, "Where's McCarthy today?"

The Governor also told the *Sun* that if the Carter people "buy my program on my terms, they'll carry New York State." On August 28th, when the President presented his new economic program, Carey was one of the invited guests in the East Room at the White House. The President, he indicated, had bought his program, and he called the result "a godsend for New York." He described Carter as a "savvy and brilliant" man who combined the vision of Franklin Roosevelt with the pragmatism of Harry Truman. And he announced that he had promised to give the President the red silk Gucci tie he was wearing if, with Carey's help, Carter took New York by more than the eight hundred thousand votes that represented Carey's gubernatorial margin in 1974. As the Governor left the White House, he leaned out of his car to shout at bystanders, "Vote for Jimmy Carter in 1980! You vote for him—he'll work for you!" Carter's Georgians, whom New York politicians consider a highly peculiar crowd, understandably return the compliment. Early this month, the Georgians were reminded again of the hazards of trying to do political business here when, despite strong efforts by Carey and Cuomo, the New York Liberal Party prepared to give its endorsement and its ballot line *not* to Carter but to John Anderson.

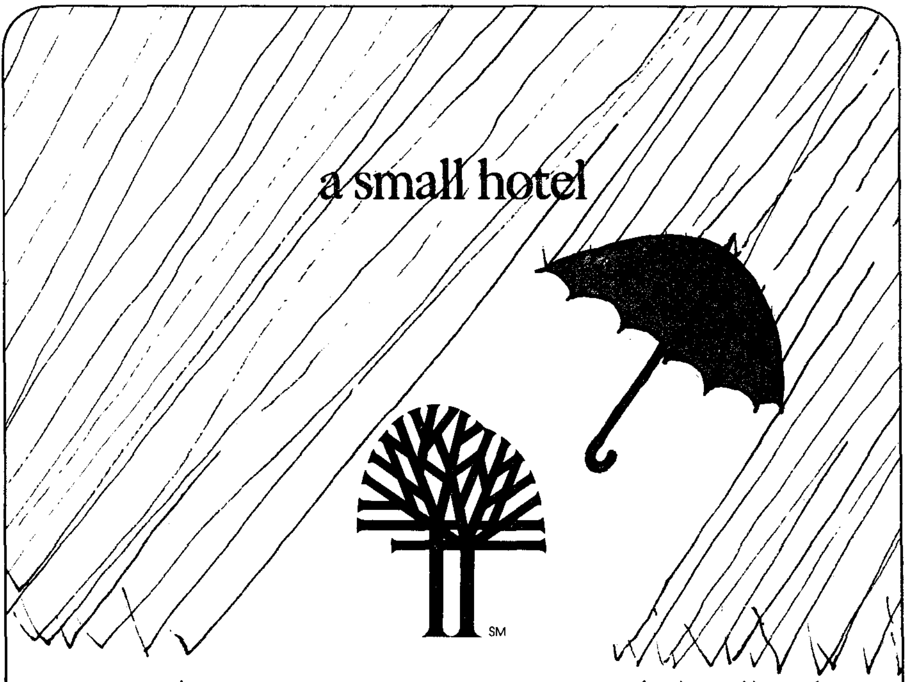
THE New York delusion that important events elsewhere tend to hinge on what happens in this city has been strengthened by the attention that has lately been paid by national political leaders to two small political groups—the Right to Life Party and the Liberal Party—that most Americans outside the state had never heard of. The smaller of the two—and the one that worries the Reagan campaign, though far less than the Liberal Party worries the Carter campaign—is the Right to Life Party, which, according to the most recent State Board of Elections figures, has about eight thousand members, in contrast to about three million two hundred thousand registered Democrats and two million three hundred thousand registered Republicans. Everyone knows about the national right-to-life movement, and New York, like most other states, has a Right to Life Committee, which urges candidates to oppose abortion. New York also has the nation's only Right to Life Party, with its own line on the state ballot. Founded in 1978, with headquarters in Nassau County, the Party's leadership is made up largely of women.

In this state, political parties qualify for a line on the ballot if they win as many as fifty thousand votes in a gubernatorial election; afterward, they are listed on the ballot in descending order, according to their most recent gubernatorial vote. Despite its small membership, the Right to Life Party candidate in New York's 1978 election for governor—Mary Jane Tobin, of Merrick, Long Island—won a hundred and thirty thousand votes, and the Party thereby qualified for fourth place among the five state parties with their own ballot lines. The position of Ronald Reagan, who opposes abortion except in a very few special cases, such as rape and incest, is strong enough for most of the nation's anti-abortion groups. It does not, however, satisfy the Right to Life Party, which opposes abortion under any circumstances. Reagan campaign aides worked throughout the summer trying to persuade the Right to Life Party leaders to support Reagan, or at least to put no name on their Presidential ballot line instead of nominating their own candidate, who would draw votes from Reagan. At one point, Roger Stone, who is Reagan's Northeast coördinator, accused them of being "on an ego trip."

The Democrats were not the only party to hold a convention in New York last month. The Right to Lifers met at a Knights of Columbus hall in Glendale, Queens, on August 23rd. During the Convention, Reagan put in a call to a pay telephone in the hall and made an unsuccessful forty-five-minute pitch to several of the Party leaders, trying to win their endorsement and thus get his name on their Presidential ballot line. Instead, the Convention nominated for President Ellen McCormack, of North Bellmore, Long Island, one of the Party's founders. Believing that only a small minority of anti-abortion voters will be looking for an alternative to a candidate running on the Republican abortion plank, the Reagan campaign staff professes not to be much worried about competition from Mrs. McCormack. Still, in their ardent support of principle, the Right to Lifers will be working hard to win over as many voters as possible in an election that, despite Carey's talk of an eight-hundred-thousand-vote margin, is expected to be close.

As the November election approaches, the words in the constantly repeated phrase "New York's critical forty-one electoral votes" (which was the single block of votes that gave Carter his winning margin over Gerald Ford in 1976) seem to be run together as one word, rather as references to "the all-important loss column" are said as one word in a close race toward the end of the baseball season. Raymond Harding, a vice-chairman and the principal spokesman of the Liberal Party, has his own way of stating the dilemma that confronts Carter: "You can't be elected President without carrying New York State, and nobody can carry New York without the Liberal Party." Everyone knows about liberalism and its apparently fading political appeal. New York has the nation's only formally recognized Liberal Party. Founded in 1944, it has from time to time played a crucial role in both Democratic and Republican politics, mainly because of the availability of its ballot line. Though until this year it had always endorsed Democratic Presidential candidates, it made its mayoral line available to Lindsay in 1969 after Lindsay, then a Republican, lost a primary to a more conservative Republican, State Senator John Marchi—an upset to which ominous reference was often made during the Javits-D'Amato race. In 1966, the Liberals obliged Governor Nelson Rockefeller by running Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., as their own candidate for governor on the Liberal line, instead of endorsing the Democratic gubernatorial candidate, Frank O'Connor, and thus split the state's non-Republican vote, assuring Rockefeller's reelection.

For the Liberal Party, which is heavily Jewish (as the Right to Lifers are heavily Catholic), the last few years have been a downhill slide. Whereas in its early decades the Party was listed third on the state ballot, following the Democrats and the Republicans, in 1966 it fell to fourth place, having been outranked by the four-year-old Conservative Party. And in 1978 the Liberals were reduced ignominiously to fifth place when the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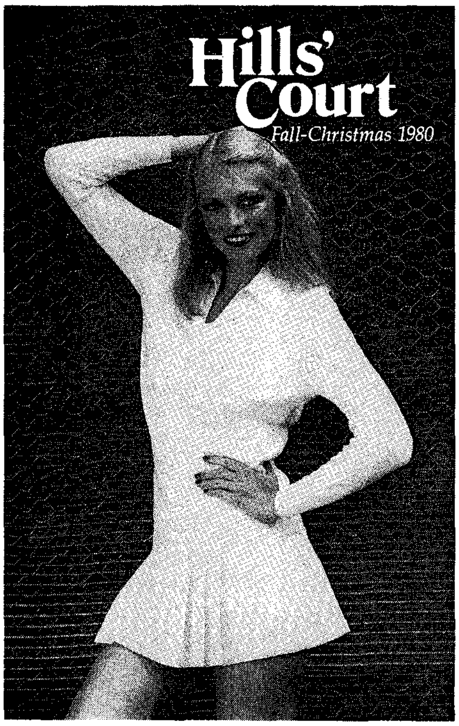

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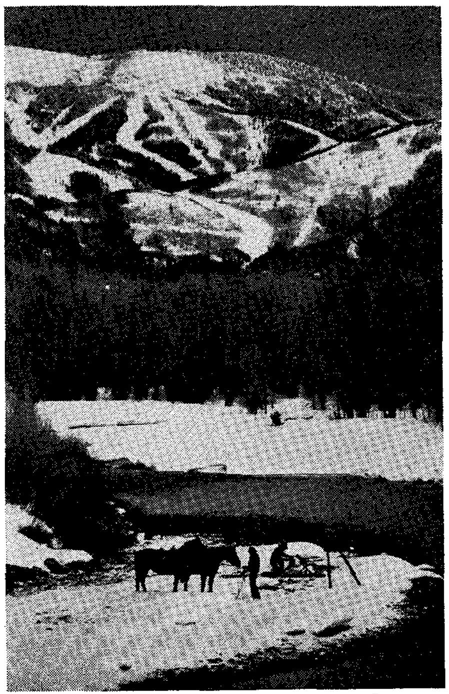
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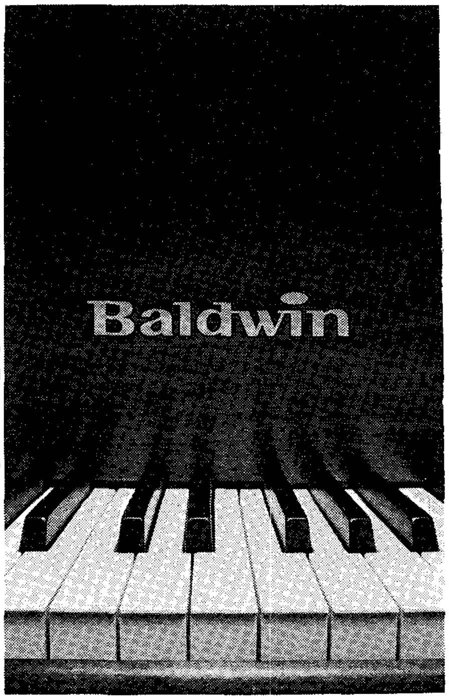
Right to Lifers, despite their tiny membership, drew seven thousand more votes on their line than the Liberals had on theirs. The most recent records show only sixty-seven thousand registered Liberals in the state. Since the Lindsay era, the Liberals have been shut out of City Hall patronage. Koch has been particularly hostile ("I can't stand them!") as a result of their supporting not him but Cuomo in the 1977 mayoral race. Indeed, many believe that one of the reasons the Liberals are giving their line to Anderson in 1980 is that they hope to attract hundreds of thousands of new adherents, who will help them mount a campaign to defeat Koch next year, when he is up for reëlection. The Liberals' only access to patronage has been through Carey, whom they endorsed in both his gubernatorial campaigns. Thus, when Carey publicly stated late last month that their endorsement of Anderson "could turn out to be Anderson's fairy tale but a nightmare for the Liberal Party," it was a firm warning—though one that the Liberal leaders did not heed.

Fully aware of the risk that Harding and his followers could split the liberal-minded vote in New York by backing Anderson, Carter and his staff courted the Liberal leaders assiduously through the summer. The President wrote Harding's mother a personal letter on her seventy-fifth birthday. Liberal officials were given choice seats at the Democratic Convention. They visited the White House, and Carter aides made special trips to New York to confer with them on what the Carter Administration must do to win their support. The Liberals gave the Administration a ten-point memorandum outlining an ambitious economic program that included the federalization of all welfare, and insisted that Carter agree to its provisions by the middle of this month. After reading it, Eizenstat told them, "This program would cost twenty billion dollars." Carter offered instead a program that was essentially his most recent economic plan—the one Carey had hailed as a godsend for New York—but the Liberals rejected that as "the same old Carter Northeast boiler plate," and then rejected Carter.

The Liberals were far less demanding of Anderson, who was allowed to get away with merely "indicating" his "broad agreement" with their program—and who, of course, would probably never have to worry about where the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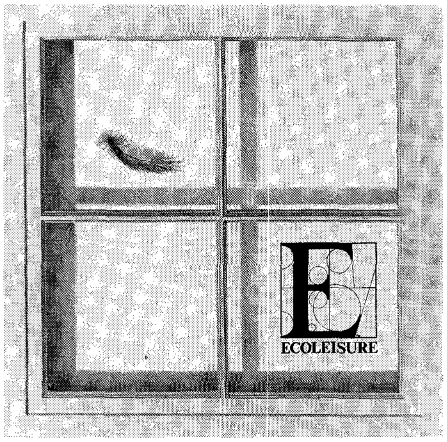
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wenty billion would come from. The decision of the Liberal Party policy ommittee to endorse Anderson, which the membership as a whole was expected to support, was widely interpreted as having far less to do with pragmatism or principle than with dreams of glory. In their wildest dreams, few of the Party's leaders seriously believed that after their years of political irrelevancy the Liberals would all end up in an Anderson Cabinet next January. If the Illinois Representative took the state, however, New York's forty-one Electoral College members would all be Liberals, and, in one fairy-tale ending, could control the outcome of a very close election. As for another possible ending—one in which by taking votes away from Carter the Liberals could give the state (and possibly the election) to Reagan—Harding said, "If we're going to have a President who acts like a Republican, he might as well be a Republican." Agreeing all the way, a high-level member of the Reagan campaign staff commented happily that the move of New York's Liberals would make it "awfully tough" for Carter to hold on to the Jewish vote.

The President's campaign staff has different plot lines in mind. Joel McCleary, Carter's campaign coördinator for New York State, who has described the Liberals as being on an ego trip, has predicted that Carter will take the state without them. On a recent trip to the city, Hamilton Jordan, the President's deputy campaign chairman, declared that the President could win without New York State, which would have the temporary effect of consigning New York Democrats to political irrelevancy. As the election nears, there are likely to be frequent references by Carter sources to 1948, the President's favorite year, when Truman did not carry New York, because of votes that went to a third-party candidate, Henry Wallace, but won the election anyway. The phrase "the events of 1948" could soon be sounding like one word as the President fights not to be the candidate with the bad numbers in November's all-important loss column.

—ANDY LOGAN

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[*From the Warren* (*Ohio*) *Sunday Tribune*]

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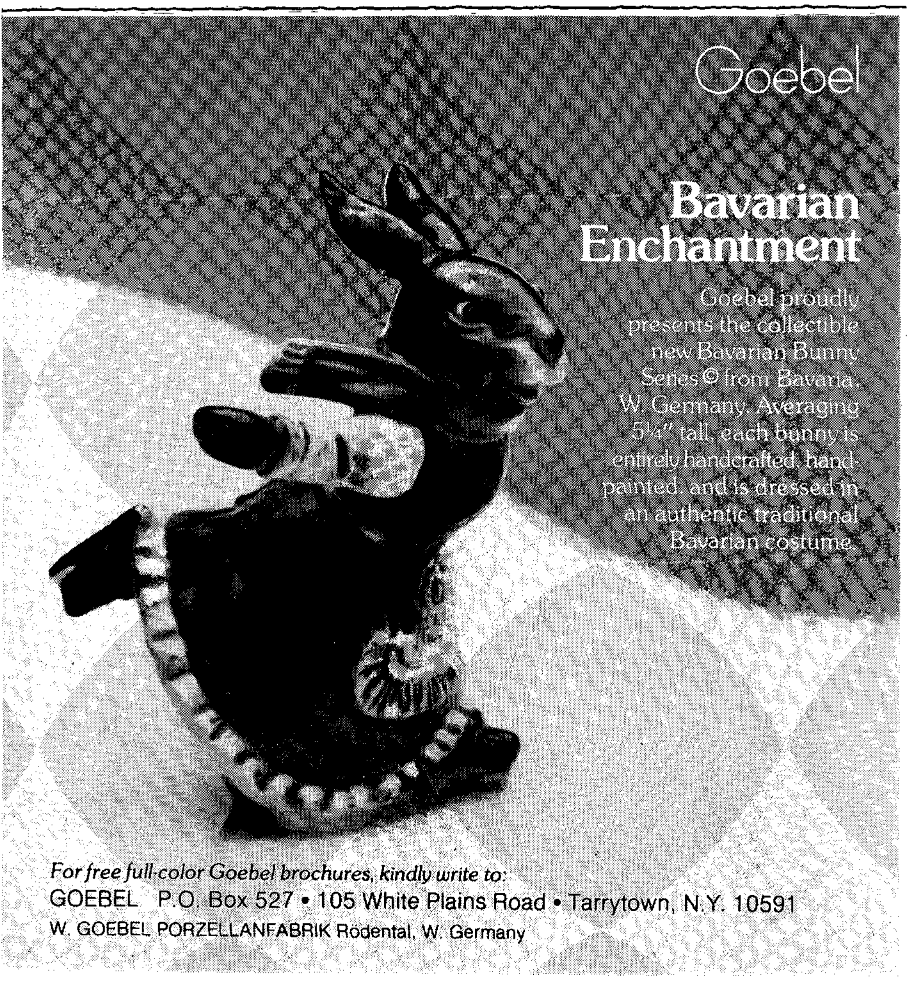

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MUSICAL EVENTS

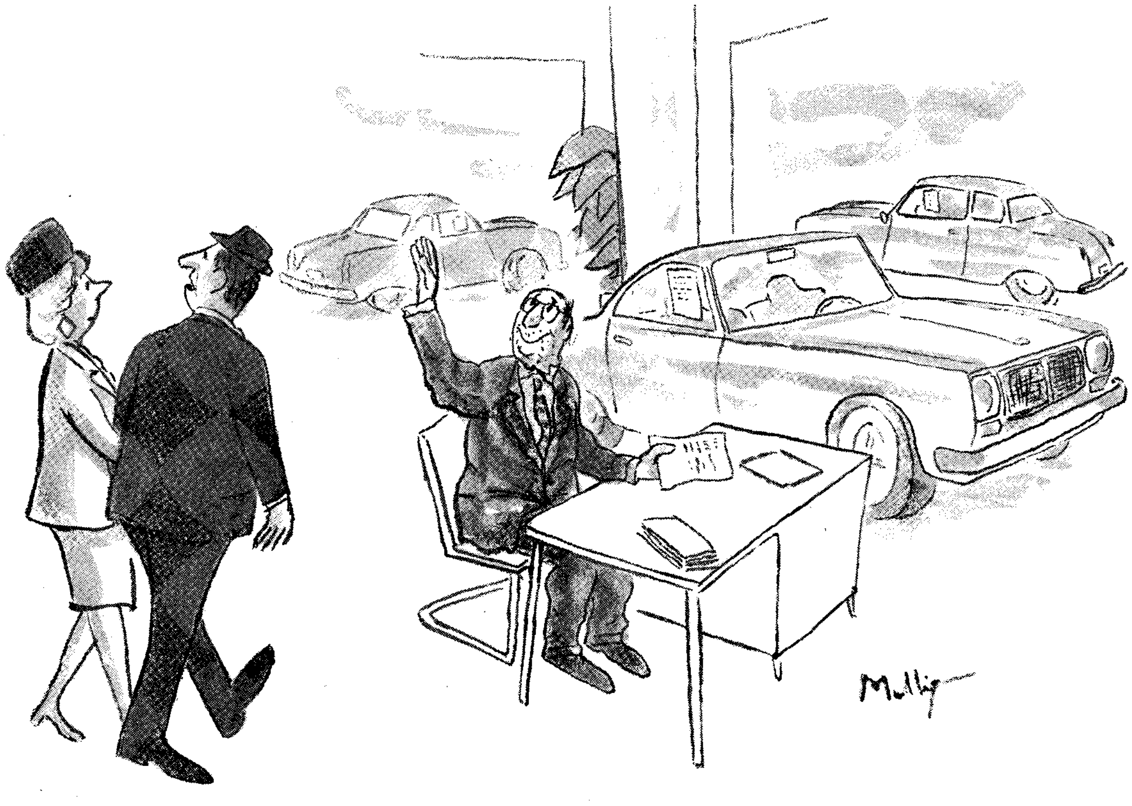
Operetta

ERIC BLOM, writing in Grove about Sir Arthur Sullivan, remarks that although Offenbach may be saucier and Johann Strauss may display more "peppery verve," Sullivan is their superior technically and "also in the matter of inventive variety and emotional range." Blom concedes that even at his best Sullivan "fell short of Mozart's greatness;" but, he concludes, of operetta "he has so far remained the outstanding master, and after him the later Viennese operetta showed a steep descent and the twentieth-century musical comedy a disastrous downfall." True? Largely true, I'd say; the operettas of Lehár, Heuberger, Kálmán, Oscar Straus, Leo Fall, and Robert Stolz don't come within striking distance of "Die Fledermaus" or of Sullivan. (Nor does any other of Strauss's operettas which I know—but that's another matter.) How should one define "operetta"? In Grove, Blom proposes "comic opera, not necessarily on a small scale as to size, but light in character both in its subject and its music." That admits opera buffa, which is rather different. (Confusingly, Offenbach favored the term "opéra-bouffe" for his operettas.) Can one draw a line that will not run through parts of "The Magic Flute"? Are Smetana's "Bartered Bride" and his "Two Widows" not operettas in their first versions? Does "Fidelio" not start as an operetta? Is Puccini's "La Rondine" an operetta? The questions can perhaps be left to dictionary-makers. Enough to say that the stage pieces of Johann Strauss (except "Ritter Pázmán"), of Offenbach (except "Les Contes d'Hoffmann"), and of Sullivan (except "Ivanhoe") *are* operettas, and are sparkling triple peaks at the center of a terrain with boundaries indefinite and disputed. ("Operetta," Saint-Saëns remarked at the opening of the American Conservatory in Fontainebleau, in 1921, "is a daughter of opéra comique who went astray; but daughters who go astray are not always without charm.") Musical comedy has no independent entry in the current Grove, but Blom glanced at it wryly in his account of operetta:

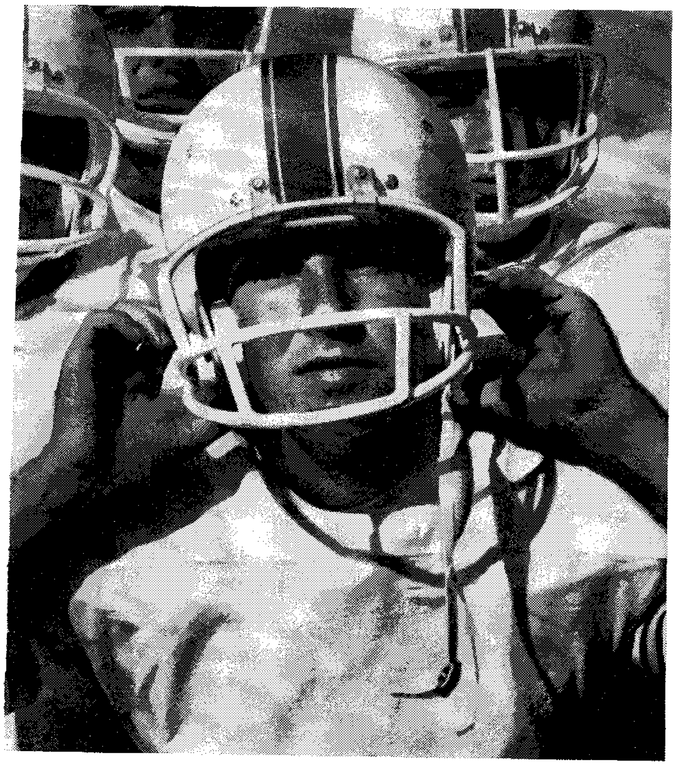
> *New York caught up with* [operetta] just in time to produce some engaging examples (Gershwin, Jerome Kern), but by their time—the early 20th century—it had begun to degenerate into "musical comedy" (Amer. "musicals"), in which plots had become stereotyped and often sentimental, both humour and music were sadly enfeebled, and artistic pretensions were upheld only by increasingly lavish and not often correspondingly tasteful productions *which failed to sustain the* vitality of operetta as a musical species of art.

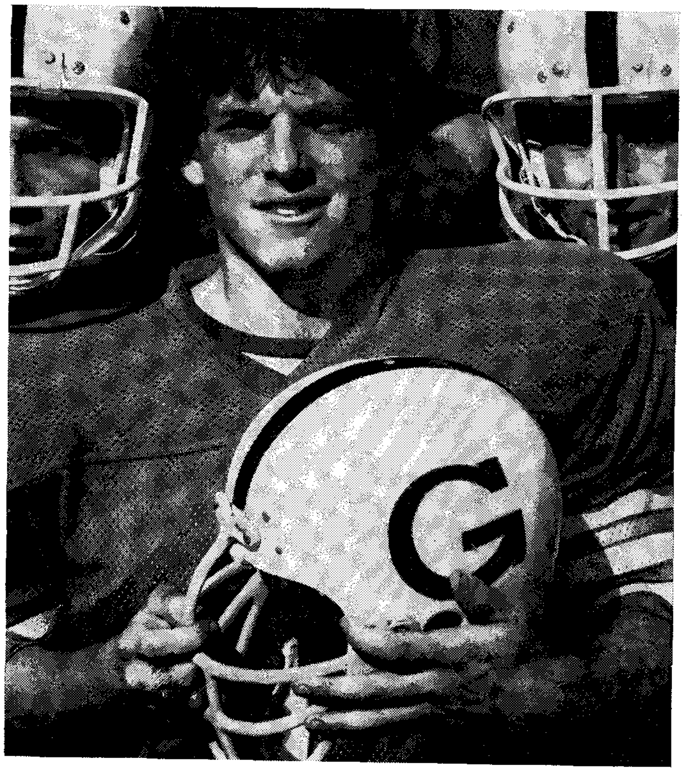
Just in time, indeed! "Die Fledermaus" and works by Offenbach and Sullivan reached New York within months of their European premières; "The Pirates of Penzance" opened here. The New Grove, due soon, will, I trust, deal more generously with musicals. *Gershwin has received* Schoenberg's imprimatur. (Thrice in Schoenberg's "Style and Idea," Gershwin appears in a sentence with Offenbach and Johann Strauss.) Kurt Weill was a great composer who wrote musicals. And the serious opera critic is happy to give his attention to operas of entertainment from all ages—Bach to Bernstein; Cherubini to Kern, Reginald De Koven, and Cole Porter; Haydn to Victor Herbert; Sullivan to Stanley Silverman.

Blom's words about the steep descent of later Viennese operetta recurred to me when, the day after visiting Sullivan's "Pirates" in the Park, I saw Sigmund Romberg's "The Student Prince" at the State Theatre. The City Opera began the season with a new production of that piece and played it for a run of thirteen performances. (There was alternate casting in the leading roles.) Odd choice. This is Offenbach year; the centenary of his death falls next month. All over Europe, there are commemorative revivals of more than just "The Tales of Hoffmann." (The BBC, for example, is putting on a series of the lesser-known one-act operettas.) Beverly Sills and her company missed a chance. They could have done "Bluebeard" or "The Brigands." They could have made a splash with the spectacular "Geneviève de Brabant." If they wanted a familiar title, they could have mounted "Robinson Crusoe." There was no adventure in dragging out Romberg's "Student Prince" for another



"I didn't realize the automobile business was in this bad shape."





One of these helmets came off the field and off the market when the rules of the game changed.

Not the football rules, but the rules of the legal system under which manufacturers can be sued for damages. In recent years, courts have been inclined to hold a product manufacturer or distributor liable for injuries even when the company had met safety standards or when the injured person was negligent in using the product.

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That's what happened to the manufacturer of the helmet on the right. He stopped production of helmets until, as he says, the legal climate changes in the United States. It has happened also to some makers of vaccines, plastic products and machines. Right now, the chemical and pharmaceutical industries are deeply concerned about the potential financial impact of recent court decisions.

As a major group of property and casualty insurance companies, we, too, are concerned about this problem. Our companies provide insurance designed to protect business from financial loss resulting from a lawsuit. This protection normally encourages business to remain in the marketplace. It enables manufacturers to develop new products, to provide more jobs and generally to contribute to our economy.

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It's frustrating, but not hopeless. Steps can be taken to prevent injuries and to control the rise of liability costs. And that would benefit everyone.

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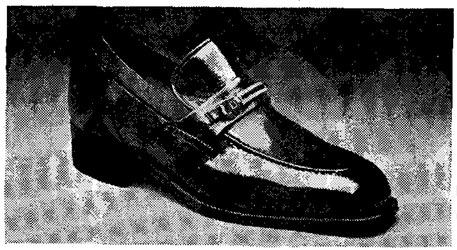

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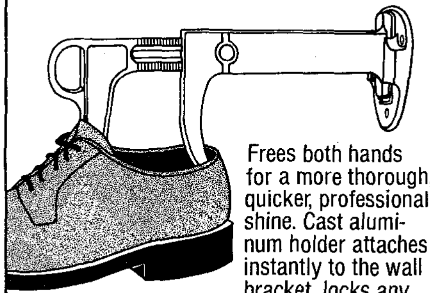

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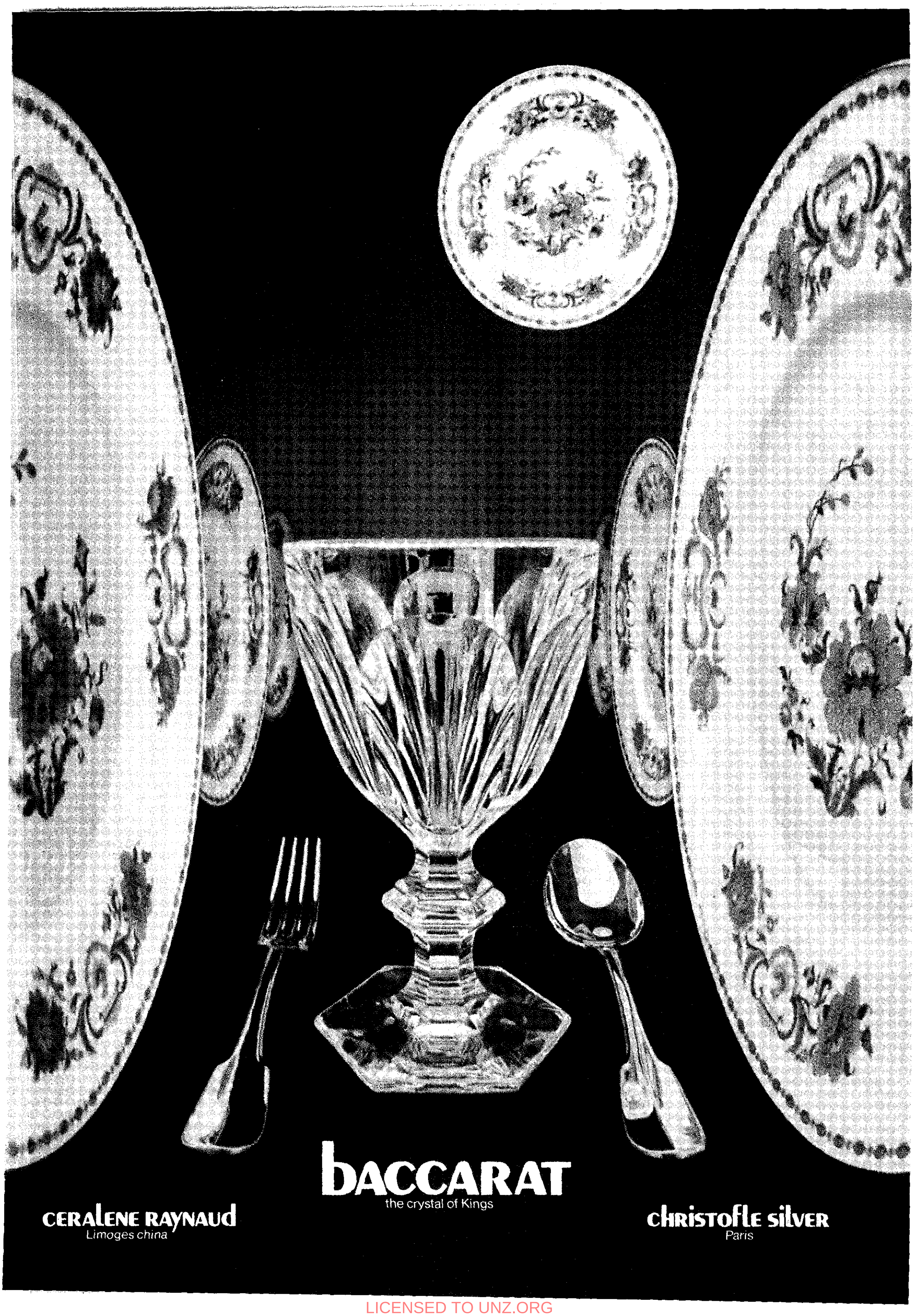
airing. And it was not even particularly well performed.

Strictly, "The Student Prince" is not, of course, a *Viennese* operetta. Romberg, who came to this country in 1909, was the Shuberts' house composer, and the piece—after tryouts in Atlantic City and Philadelphia—appeared at the Jolson Theatre, in 1924. (It was Romberg's seventh theatre score that year.) Richard Traubner, writing in the City Opera program book, says he has traced no production in Vienna itself. But in style and in substance "The Student Prince" is a thorough Viennese operetta, written by an Austro-Hungarian composer who had been a pupil of Heuberger and was for a while an assistant manager of the Theater an der Wien, where not only "Fidelio" but also "Die Fledermaus" and "The Merry Widow" saw the light. The plot, drawn from the play "Old Heidelberg," is a variation on "Giselle," with the difference that the plebeian heroine does not go mad but realistically accepts the fact that a royal match is not for her; Prince Charming marries a princess, and Cinderella is left with a memory to cherish "deep in her heart." Although the working is slight, the dramatic predicament, the conflict between dreams and duty, between romance and regal obligation, is real enough—recurrent in history and often effectively treated on the stage. In "Semele," the heroine's plight is lifted to a divine level, and her ambition causes her destruction. In "La Traviata," it is given a demimonde setting and a different ending. Aeneas was semi-divine, and his beloved was royal, but essentially Karl Franz of Karlsberg, the Student Prince, must choose whether to act as Aeneas or as Edward VIII did. It doesn't matter that Romberg handled the theme lightly and decoratively; with more serious music, "The Student Prince" would be an opera, and it was not intended to be that. It does matter that much of his music is poor. The central section of the well-known serenade ("Overhead the moon is beaming") is a miserable run of rosalias. Romberg put out some attractive ideas—the start of Kathie's waltz aria ("I'm coming at your call, For orders large or small"), the fizzy "Come boys, let's all be gay, boys," which follows it—but, like Meyerbeer, he had small ability to sustain an initial melodic felicity through a whole number. And his command of harmonic movement keeps faltering. T score is for the most part an altern tion of sentimental waltzes and jol student ensembles. Echoes of Strau and of Lehár are plentiful. Stretches the music slip down agreeably; the dreary sequences or clumsy harmon shifts prove distressing.

The City Opera production w curiously cast. Jacque Trussel can be powerful, direct, and even passionat tenor, but neither in timbre nor i manner does he display the eas romantic charm or the brio that a operetta hero needs. James Agat found Allan Prior, London's firs Student Prince, in 1926, a "chubb confident personage in whom ther was no possible wistfulness," but o records Prior's bright, excitable singing proves irresistible. Leigh Munro' Kathie was accurately sung but ha little character. The main vocal pleasure was provided by Kathryn Bouleyn, in Princess Margaret's fe phrases. Jack Hofsiss, the director, ha not found any apt or consistent styl for the piece. Various veterans of th company were allowed to don thei standard, all-purpose comic manners The basic contrast between the oppressive splendors of the court and carefree student life was muted by the décor: the court settings—the gloom palace room of the prologue and th magnificent state room of Act III, wit Karl Franz as King—were replace by a romantic garden. Dorothy Donnelly's dialogue had been reworked b Hugh Wheeler, and cheapened.

On the first night, the pacing was far from sure, and the contrast with the expert timing and sure execution of "The Pirates of Penzance" was great. But then I had heard "The Pirates" toward the end of a five-week run, which had been preceded by two weeks of previews, whereas "The Student Prince" opened "cold." I went back to sample the seventh performance, to hear the other cast and to see if the show had been played in. It did run a little less awkwardly, but no significant reworking had been done; the stretches of dead dialogue and the crude "cameo" performances remained. The alternate Karl Franz, Henry Price, sang weakly and was unaristocratic, registering boyish charm with a non-stop grin. But the alternate Kathie, Elizabeth Hynes, was delightful—bright and full in timbre, lively in manner. And most of her words were intelligible. On the whole, the show would have benefitted from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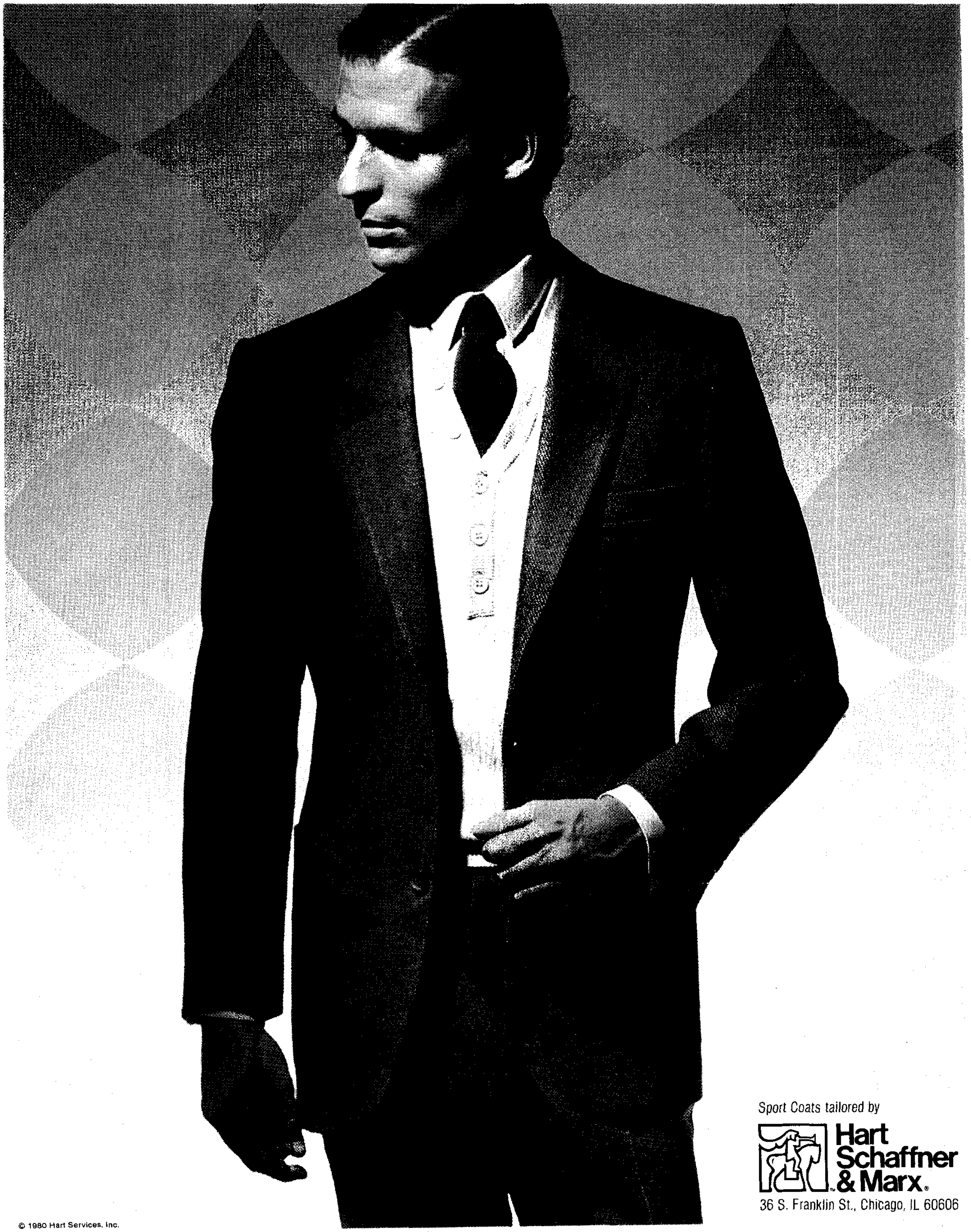

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miking. I am no champion of amplification in the opera house, but when the choice is between that and not hearing the words, it is the lesser evil. (In London's main concert hall, electronics—not audible as such, but delicately applied—improve the acoustics, and listeners are grateful.) Andrew Meltzer conducted, without subtlety. The strings sounded thin. The original orchestration was not by Romberg himself but by Emil Gerstenberger. There is another, bright orchestration by Hershy Kay, used in the recording with Roberta Peters and Jan Peerce. For the Mario Lanza movie, the score was syruped. The City Opera uses an orchestration by Dale Kugel.

The City Opera's "Student Prince" played to full houses. From that point of view, it was a success. But from the company that performed Weill's "Street Scene" so precisely, so sensitively, it was an unworthy offering.

BUXTON, in the North of England, a spa from Roman to Edwardian times and still a popular resort, is the site of Britain's newest summer festival. It is a pleasant town with some good architecture. Chatsworth, the great house of the Dukes of Devonshire, is not far away. The fifth duke engaged John Carr, a Palladian architect, to build the Crescent, the Square, and the Stables that make Buxton a minor Bath. For the sixth duke, Wyatville and later Paxton laid out parks and gardens. Soon after the railway arrived, in 1867, the pretty Victorian Pavilion was built. To it were added a circular concert hall and, in 1903, an opera house—an elegant Edwardian-rococo theatre by the prolific Frank Matcham. The festival planning is thematic. Last year, Walter Scott was the inspiration, and "Lucia di Lammermoor" the opera performed. This summer, the central figure was Shakespeare. Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet" and Berlioz's "Béatrice et Bénédict" were produced, each for six performances. The Symphonie Fantastique and its sequel, "Lélio," were given in a manner intended to evoke the first performance, in 1832, at which the actress Harriet Smithson, hearing Lélio's cry "Oh, if only I could find her, the Juliet, the Ophelia whom my heart calls out for," realized that the composer was calling to her. (The next year, they were married.) In the Buxton Museum and Art Gallery, there were images of Miss Smithson in her Shakespeare roles and another show of Shakespeare heroines in the nineteenth century, dominated by Mrs. Siddons and Ellen Terry. The Shakespeare-Fletcher "Two Noble Kinsmen" and Tom Stoppard's "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead" were revived. The Symphonie Fantastique was also played in Liszt's piano transcription; Berlioz's "Nuits d'Été" was done in both its orchestral and its piano dress. Peter Maxwell Davies' new children's opera, "Cinderella," had its English première, with children from local schools.

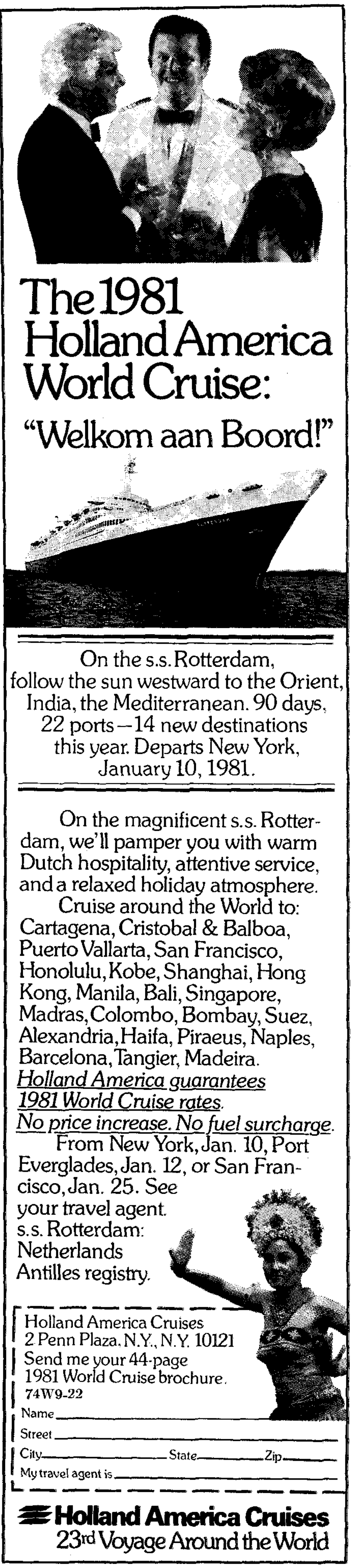
I thought less well of the "Hamlet" than most of my colleagues did. Thomas Allen, England's leading young baritone, has the voice for the role, but his playing the night I saw him was stolid. Christine Barbaux (Yniold and Barbarina in Karajan recordings of "Pelléas" and "Figaro"), the Ophelia, was efficient but unimaginative. Thomas's "Hamlet," like Gounod's "Faust" (which has the same librettists, Michel Carré and Jules Barbier), simplifies the motivations and emotions of its original. At the heart of the opera lie Hamlet's ardent love for Ophelia, her all-consuming love for him, and their despair when circumstances drive them apart. Unless the love scenes are played more tenderly, poignantly, and passionately than they were at Buxton, the opera loses its main point. The rest is largely decoration on a vast, colorful Opéra scale, calling for a larger stage, chorus, and orchestra than Buxton could provide. For no good reason, the action was transferred to a nineteenth-century court, which does not suit the drama. But the presentation, even though not full-scale, or "faithful," was intelligent, careful, and handsome to look at. The Buxton Festival's young directors, Anthony Hose and Malcolm Fraser, were conductor and director. Josephine Veasey was a powerful Gertrude. Thomas's score is an effective and excellent composition, uniting charm and invention with thorough craftsmanship. It would not be surprising if this operatic "Hamlet" returned to the international stage.

—ANDREW PORTER

FURTHER EVENTS

Strikes

THE strike by orchestral musicians at the Metropolitan Opera, which has delayed the start of the season at



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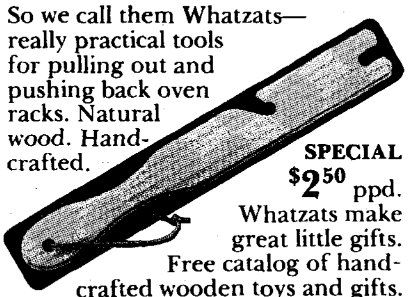

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the house, is very different from the strike by the Musicians' Union in Britain during the summer. The Met's players are seeking better conditions of work, increased salaries, and more favorable pension arrangements. The Musicians' Union, whose action against the BBC forced the cancellation of the first twenty of the Henry Wood Promenade Concerts, at the Royal Albert Hall, was fighting to preserve the jobs of a hundred and seventy-two of its members. As part of a large package of economies, made necessary by the Government's refusal to increase the license fee that provides the BBC's sole income, the BBC proposed to disband five of its house orchestras, on the ground that better and cheaper music broadcasting could be achieved without them. That the BBC had misjudged the matter was tacitly acknowledged in the terms of the settlement of the dispute, which included, as the union had demanded, the withdrawal of every notice of dismissal. Only three orchestras will be disbanded, and no jobs will be lost before next spring.

The Proms began, therefore, not on July 18th, with Elgar's "The Apostles," under Gennadi Rozhdestvensky, but on August 7th, with Mahler's Fourth Symphony, Messiaen's "Poèmes pour Mi," and Ravel's "La Valse," under John Pritchard. (The Musicians' Union had mounted its own "First Night of the Proms" on July 18th; the BBC Symphony Orchestra played—not at the Albert Hall but at the Wembley Conference Center, in northwest London—a popular program of Tchaikovsky and Berlioz, under Sir Colin Davis.) Though several important concerts were lost, the two major new works of the season were heard. Sir Michael Tippett's Concerto for Violin, Viola, Cello, and Orchestra was an outstanding success; it will receive its North American première in Toronto in October. The Eleventh Symphony of Edmund Rubbra, which the BBC had commissioned, was overshadowed by the Tippett, but its qualities of dignified reserve and quiet eloquence should win it future hearings. In addition, a work by George Benjamin, a twenty-year-old undergraduate at Cambridge University and a pupil of Messiaen, was performed: "Ringed by the Flat Horizon" is a vivid and confident essay in orchestral landscape painting. And the Amsterdam Concertgebouw gave three concerts, which reasserted its claim to be among the world's finest orchestras.

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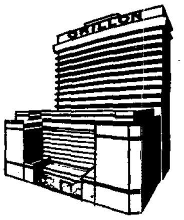

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Its programs included a magisterial account, by Bernard Haitink, of Bruckner's Fifth Symphony, and an expansive, expressive performance of Rachmaninoff's Second (in a cut version), under Kiril Kondrashin.

AT Glyndebourne, in Sussex, the annual opera season presented new productions of Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier" and Mozart's "Die Entführung aus dem Serail." The wide attention given to David Hockney's designs for Mozart's "Die Zauberflöte," in 1978 (a production that was revived this season), appeared to have encouraged Glyndebourne to venture further into the field of "designers' opera." The veteran artist Erté was invited to design the Strauss, and he did so with a display of gaudiness and vulgarity which was mildly entertaining but took the opera far from Strauss's Vienna. John Cox's production steered its way around Erté's creations with skill and inventiveness; but much of the singing by Rachel Yakar as the Marschallin and Felicity Lott as Octavian had a stiff-upper-lip quality and only rarely allowed the sensuality of the score to blossom. The "Entführung," directed by Peter Wood—who has staged Tom Stoppard's "Jumpers" at the National Theatre and "Così Fan Tutte" at Santa Fe—was roundly condemned by most of my colleagues. Wood's direction was not unmusical but only overinventive; I found it a refreshing antidote to John Dexter's inactive production last season at the Met. Gustav Kuhn conducted, and illuminated the fresh romance and beauty of the score.

THE most enjoyable operatic Mozart that I heard this summer was a concert performance of "Lucio Silla." It was given in the dingy but magnificent surroundings of Christ Church, Spitalfields, in the East End of London—an early eighteenth-century building by Nicholas Hawksmoor which had been neglected but was rescued by an enthusiastic group of people, who have presented a week of concerts there each summer for the last four years. The church's wide nave, which is flanked by high-striding pillars and is crossed at the chancel by an entablature carrying the royal arms, was a not inappropriate setting for the Roman intrigues of Mozart's youthful and inventive opera. For what was probably the first time in Britain, the work was presented in its original language; there were many

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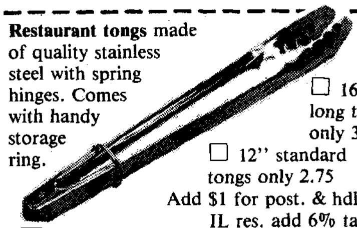

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cuts, but every aria was performed either in full or in part. A fine team of soloists was led by Felicity Palmer, who brought an icy grandeur to the castrato role of Cecilio (originally sung by Venanzio Rauzzini). Yvonne Kenny, Philip Langridge, and a little-known singer of distinctive fragility and sweetness, Patrizia Kwella, were outstanding. Richard Hickox directed his own chorus and orchestra with a responsive feeling for the originality with which Mozart reworked the conventions of the opera seria.

MY first concert of the New York season was inauspicious. It is good to find the Abraham Goodman House—the airy, unpretentious hall just off Broadway at Sixty-seventh Street—presenting concerts in September, before the larger concert halls have begun their seasons. But the recital I attended began half an hour late; the harpsichordist Elaine Comparone could perhaps have chosen a more appropriate moment to explain the delay than the pause between the first two movements of her opening work. Miss Comparone played music by J. S. Bach, Domenico Scarlatti, C. P. E. Bach, and Haydn. The harpsichord she used was suited only to the works of the first two composers. By 1780, when the opening Haydn sonata (the D Major, Hoboken 37) was written, and before the three C. P. E. Bach Rondos she chose were published, public taste had shifted decisively toward the fortepiano. Many details of Haydn's writing, beginning with the thick accompaniment chords of the sonata's first bars, are difficult to realize on the harpsichord. Miss Comparone made a good stab at the music, presenting it forcefully, with clipped staccatos and bold phrasing. But she found it difficult to capture its flow and grace; she passed over Haydn's witty modulations and introduced her own pertness into the music with changes of registration that made little musical sense. Haydn's great B-Minor Sonata, of 1776, fared better, with a dark trio to the Minuet, which was noisily effective on the harpsichord, and a tempestuous finale; yet the playing did not sound fully under control.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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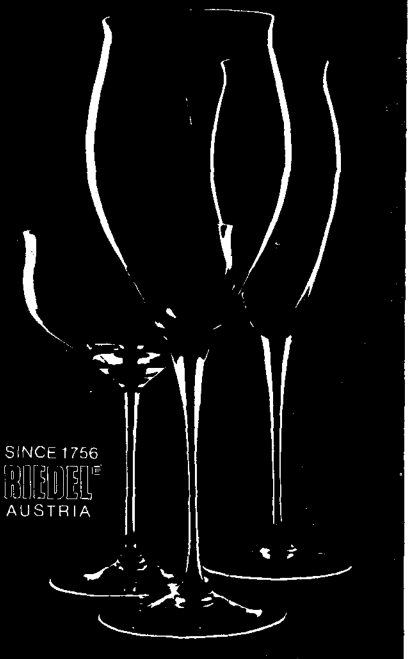

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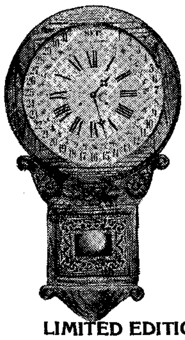

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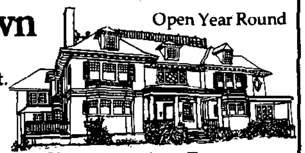

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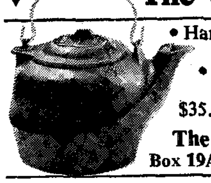

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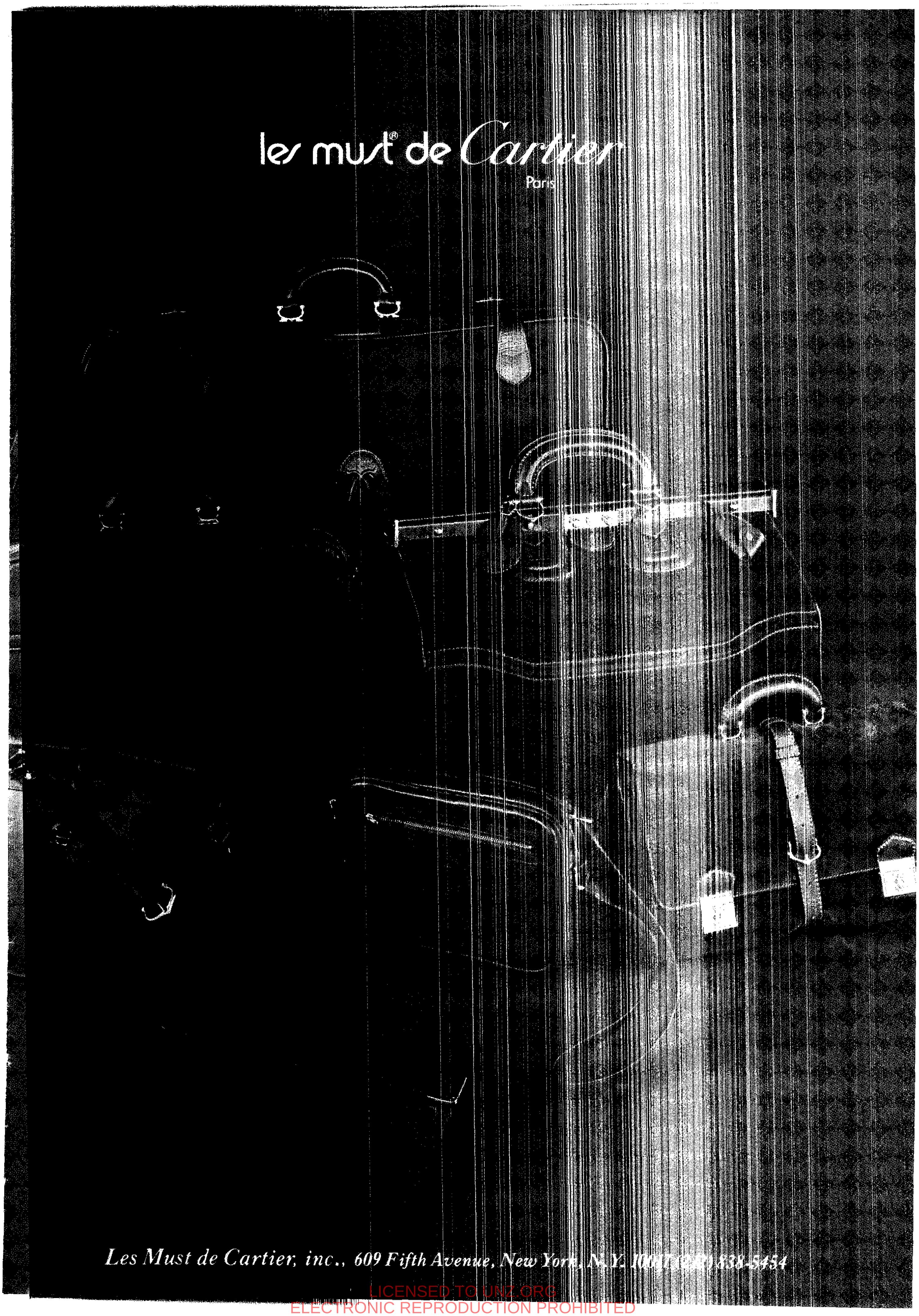
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How many [illegible] lay in our catch we had not yet ascertained. Palo seemed hopeful, but now, diving deeper, he slipped from view.

The shark warning was still fresh in my mind when suddenly a form rose swiftly toward the canoe. It was Palo. As his net broke the surface, I saw at once our expedition would not go unrewarded. There in the net rode three cold bottles of San Miguel Beer.

With feline grace and economy of motion Palo gathered himself into the canoe, pulling in the extraordinary cargo along with the weighted foot rope that had aided his descent. As I began paddling for shore, Palo drew his knife and opened us each a San Miguel, explaining how he kept a supply of this hearty beer hidden in a crevice among the rocks at considerable depth, protected and well-chilled. It was clear he knew his business.

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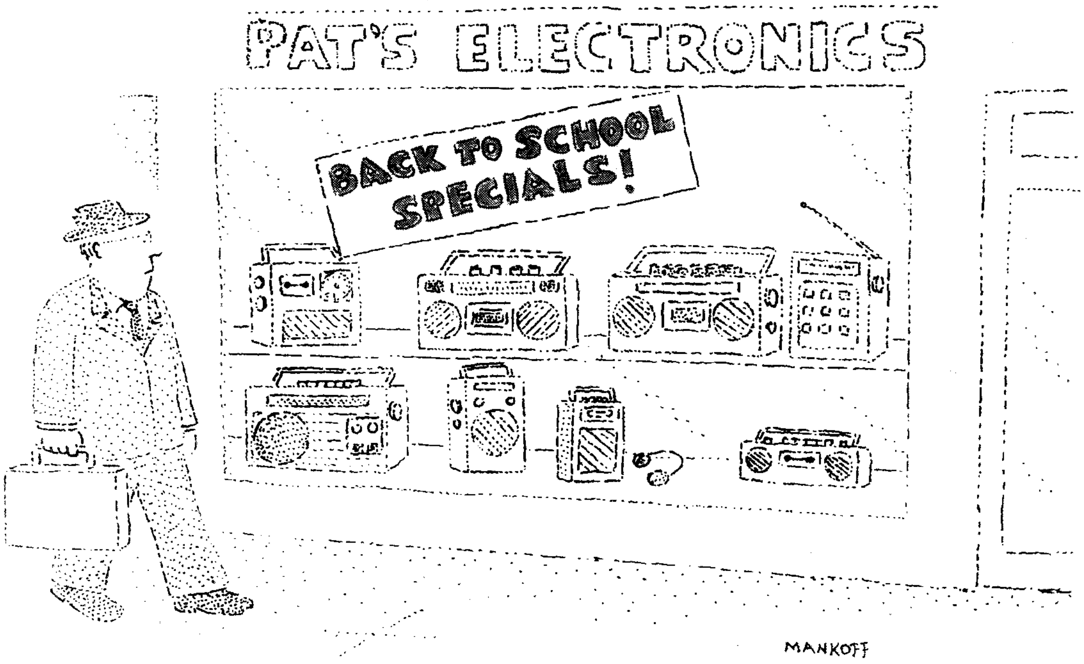
BOOKS

The Last of Barthes

THE sudden and rather absurdist death of Roland Barthes earlier this year—he was hit by a laundry truck while leaving the Institut de France—deprived France, not long before the death of Jean-Paul Sartre, of an eminent mandarin, and deprived Barthes, who was sixty-four, of perhaps a decade's further enjoyment of a celebrity he had come to in middle life and accepted with a wry, amused relish. He was, in the one nation that persists in making heroes of its intellectuals, king of the post-Robbe-Grillet, make-believe-Mao, structuralist scene; yet even the frankly self-centered later works he allowed himself—"Roland Barthes," "A Lover's Discourse"—retain a professorial slyness and the delicate severity of intellectual venture. Hill & Wang, with a steadiness unusual in the unseemly world of present American publishing, has brought out, in chastely designed formats and scrupulous translations, eleven of Barthes' books, and now the twelfth, a short collection entitled "New Critical Essays" (translated from the French by Richard Howard; $10.95), arrives to remind us, as if in valediction, what a consummate literary critic Barthes could be. Ingenious, rigorous, epigrammatic, and genial, his essays on classic French texts are as startling and as fresh as any reconsiderations since Hulme, Pound, and Eliot gave European literature their once-over. Unlike, say, F. R. Leavis's lordly reduction of the hordes of English novels to a handful worthy of "the Great Tradition," or Harold Bloom's tortuous dramatization of literary history as a running battle between creative spirits and their oppressive predecessors, Barthes' approach was open and playfully hospitable in spirit, and almost never pejorative. What he treated, he treated with unqualified respect, whether it was by St. Ignatius of Loyola or the Marquis de Sade. Indeed, his critical genius delighted to a perhaps perverse degree in exercising itself on behalf of romantic, decadent, and second-rate works. For novels like Jules Verne's "The Mysterious Island" and Pierre Loti's "Aziyadé" are as susceptible to structural analysis as anything by Proust or Flaubert: "The stake of structural analysis is not the text's truth but its *plural;* the task [consists] in dissipating, deferring, reducing, dissolving the first content under the action of a formal science." As Barthes' essays on general topics (collected as "Mythologies") showed, he could write brightly upon any topic—a gift not highly prized by those who do not possess it. But, possibly, a mark of a truly new method, such as structuralism proposed itself to be, is that it can be fruitfully applied everywhere; an ingenious sympathy, at any rate, uncovers more treasures than an impatient judgingness. There was something sunny about Barthes' thought, opaque though pages of its exposition appear. Before becoming a Paris fixture, he taught French in universities in Rumania and Egypt, and in even the most mathematical and diagrammatic of his tracing of semes and codes his prose manages to keep a tutor's comradely tone.

The number of "New Critical Essays" is eight. They are arranged in order of composition, from 1961 to 1971. All but one were written to an occasion—as prefaces for new editions or translations into Italian or as part of "*hommages*" to distinguished elder colleagues. Though all are provocative and accomplished, the earlier seem the better, the more solid and radically brilliant. The very first concerns the "Maxims" of La Rochefoucauld. These famous sentences are observed to be like lines of verse; "we have maxims with two, three, four, five, or seven beats, according to the number of semantic accents." But those with an odd number of "beats"—e.g., "It requires greater virtues to withstand good luck than bad"—are analyzed as fundamentally binary in structure; that is, the three beats virtues/good luck/bad constitute not a trio of terms but "the opposition of good and bad luck . . . with regard to the virtues." This "stubbornly dual character of the maxim's structure" heads up a host of dualities perceived in the text, including our manner of reading it—"There are two ways to read La Rochefoucauld: by citing, or straight through"—and the impression it makes upon us, "here brilliant, there stifling." From the maxims' mechanics of antithesis and symmetry Barthes extracts the thought that "this game is in the service of a very old technique, that of meaning; so that writing well is playing with words because playing with words is inevitably coming closer to that intention of opposition which governs the birth of a signification." In content, the maxims oppose "*irrealia*" (apparent virtues) and the underlying "*realia* (passions, contingencies, actions)." Though pessimistic, La



Rochefoucauld's result is beneficent: "It brings to an end, with each maxim, the anxiety of a suspect sign." In other words: "To show that the moral order is merely the mask of a contingent disorder is ultimately more reassuring than to abide by an apparent but singular order." However, the process of demystification has no end: "Once we begin ridding man of his masks, how and where to stop? The way is all the more surely barred for La Rochefoucauld in that the philosophy of his time afforded him only a world composed of essences; the only relation which one could reasonably impute to these essences was a relation of identity, which is to say a motionless relation. . . . The virtues are dreams, but petrified dreams: these masks occupy the entire stage; we exhaust ourselves seeing through them yet without ever quite leaving them . . ." The maxim-maker himself is then demystified, as one occupying the "status of the demystifier within the group which he simultaneously expresses and attacks." Product of the salons, the maxims contest worldliness "as if worldly society indulged itself, through La Rochefoucauld, in the spectacle of its own contestation." The interrogation must be "both purifying and innocuous"—that is, "not political, but only psychological, authorized moreover by the Christian climate." Hence the maxims are "at once harsh and inadequate" and show a ceaseless alternation "between the greatest originality and the greatest banality." "The maxim is a two-faced being, here tragic, there bourgeois; despite its austere stamp, its sting and pure writing, it is essentially an ambiguous discourse, located on the frontier of two worlds. Which ones? We can say, that of death and that of play. . . . This encounter of the tragic and the worldly, one grazing the other, is not the least of the truths which the *Maxims* propose for us." Intensifying the pressure, as it were, upon his perception of the binary structure within the maxims, Barthes splits open the text, the writer, and the age with a lucidity that is shocking, and that leaves nothing more of significance, we feel, to be said.

The next essay, upon the illustrative plates in the great "Encyclopedia" of the *philosophes* (a hundred and thirty of which were reproduced in a 1964 volume for which this was the foreword), gives Barthes' remarkable sensitivity to visual impression and his

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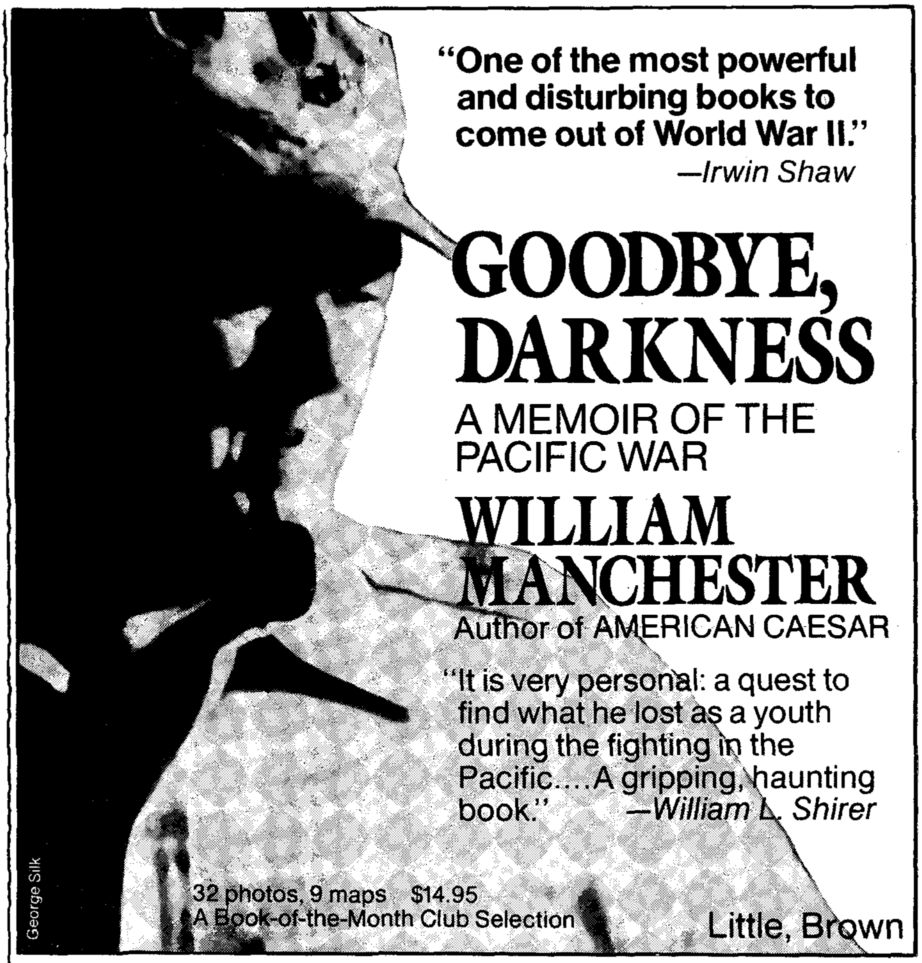
ather amiable Marxism a field day, as hey roam through these depictions of a kind of Golden Legend of artisanry and of] the simple, the elementary, he essential, and the causal." The lates are often twofold, showing the bject or activity in idyllic tableaux in he upper half and then in analytic loseup below.

> In this Encyclopedic heaven (the upper art of the plates), evil is infrequent; scarce-y a trace of discomfort over the hard abors of the glassworkers, armed with athetic tools, poorly protected against the errible heat; and when Nature darkens, here always remains a man somewhere to eassure us: a fisherman with a torch be-ide the night sea, a scientist discoursing efore the black basalts of Antrim, the sur-eon's light hand resting on the body he is utting open, figures of knowledge inserted nto the heart of the storm (in the engrav-ng of waterspouts). Yet as soon as we eave the vignette for the more analytic lates or images, the world's peaceful rder gives way to a certain *violence.* . . . The *Encyclopedia* constantly proceeds to an impious fragmentation of the world, but what it finds at the term of this fracture is not the fundamental state of pure causes; in most cases the image obliges it to recompose an object that is strictly *unreasonable* . . .

So, too, the impious fragmentation of Barthes' readings discloses beneath the surface piety of Chateaubriand's biography of the Trappist Abbé Rancé a subversive "ceremonial of the imaginary," a violence of nostalgia and of colorful writing; beneath the implausible incidents and idle talk "about the weather" of Pierre Loti's "insipid, sweetish, old-fashioned" romance "Aziyadé" a feverish transvestism and preoccupation with "the pale debauch;" beneath the high and idealistic language of Eugène Fromentin's novel "Dominique" a reactionary politics and a "rigorously masochist economy." Barthes is least revelatory when dealing with Proust and Flaubert, perhaps because these authors so exhaustively provided their own hermeneutics; apropos of Proust's fascination with names and place-names, he speculates "if it is really possible to be a writer without believing, in some sense, in the natural relation of names and essences," and of the Flaubertian sentence he offers the unverifiable thesis that it is, unlike other sentences, "a *thing*," by reason of "the evident project which has established it as an object."

The essay "Where to Begin?"—the only essay not written to order—proposes to explain literary structural analysis by way of Jules Verne, but



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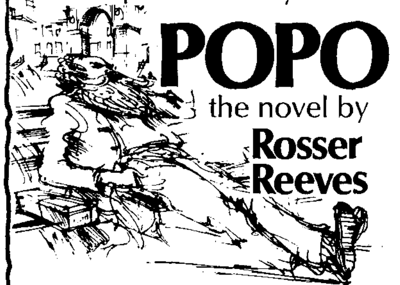

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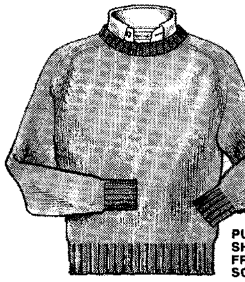

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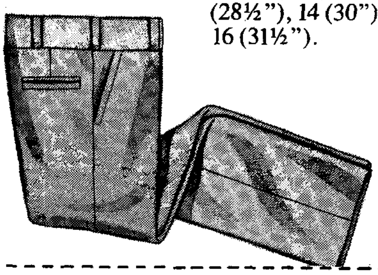

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shows something of the "black box" effect it describes: "*If the intermediary* links are too complex and escape observation, in cybernetics, we speak of a *black box*." His construing of literary criticism here in terms of "a certain group A of initial signals and a certain group B of final signals observed" belies the fluidity and instinctual verve of *his actual practice—a kind of pa*tient attention to predominant tendencies detectable in structural features of the work and traceable to undeclared authorial motives whose disclosure helps explain our sensations as we read. Barthes' structuralism can be borne because it coexists with a keen readerly sensualism that courts the unsayable. Though in "Where to Begin?" he speaks of "the novel as a 'working' system of informational items," in his essay on Chateaubriand he declares a certain non-informational, non-signalling component of literature; "because of it we cannot reduce literature to an entirely decipherable system: reading, criticism are not pure hermeneutics." "Literature is, in short, never anything but a certain obliquity, *in which we get lost*."

Barthes knew his Greek as well as his cybernetics and linguistics, and his disquisitions, as they exist in English, abound in such rare or coined terms as "praxis," "syntagmatic," "parataxis," "onomastic," "indicial," "precellence," "dilatation," "poietic," "coenesthesias," "eidetic," "nosography," "ludic," "idiolectal," and "amphigoric." His sentences, too, are formidably compounded; six semicolons and two colons occur in a not untypical one. This does not make easy work for his translators. Richard Howard is the most distinguished American man of letters to lend himself continuously to the art of translation, and he has here achieved the major felicity of giving Barthes an English voice that presses, in the Barthesian prescription, into the ear, conveying "the *grain* of the voice, which is an erotic mixture of timbre and language." (Here and there the texture is perhaps *too* close to the French; "to assume" is the readiest equivalent of "*assumer*," but "to take on" might make better sense in the following: "because the sentence is free, the writer is condemned not to search for the *best* sentence, but to assume *every* sentence.")

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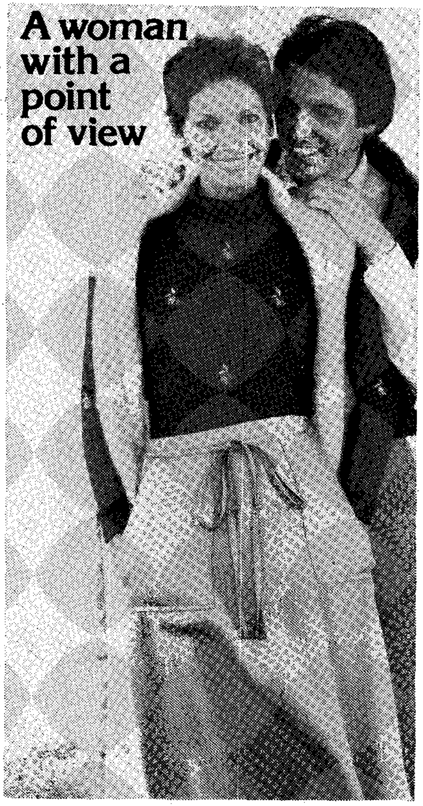

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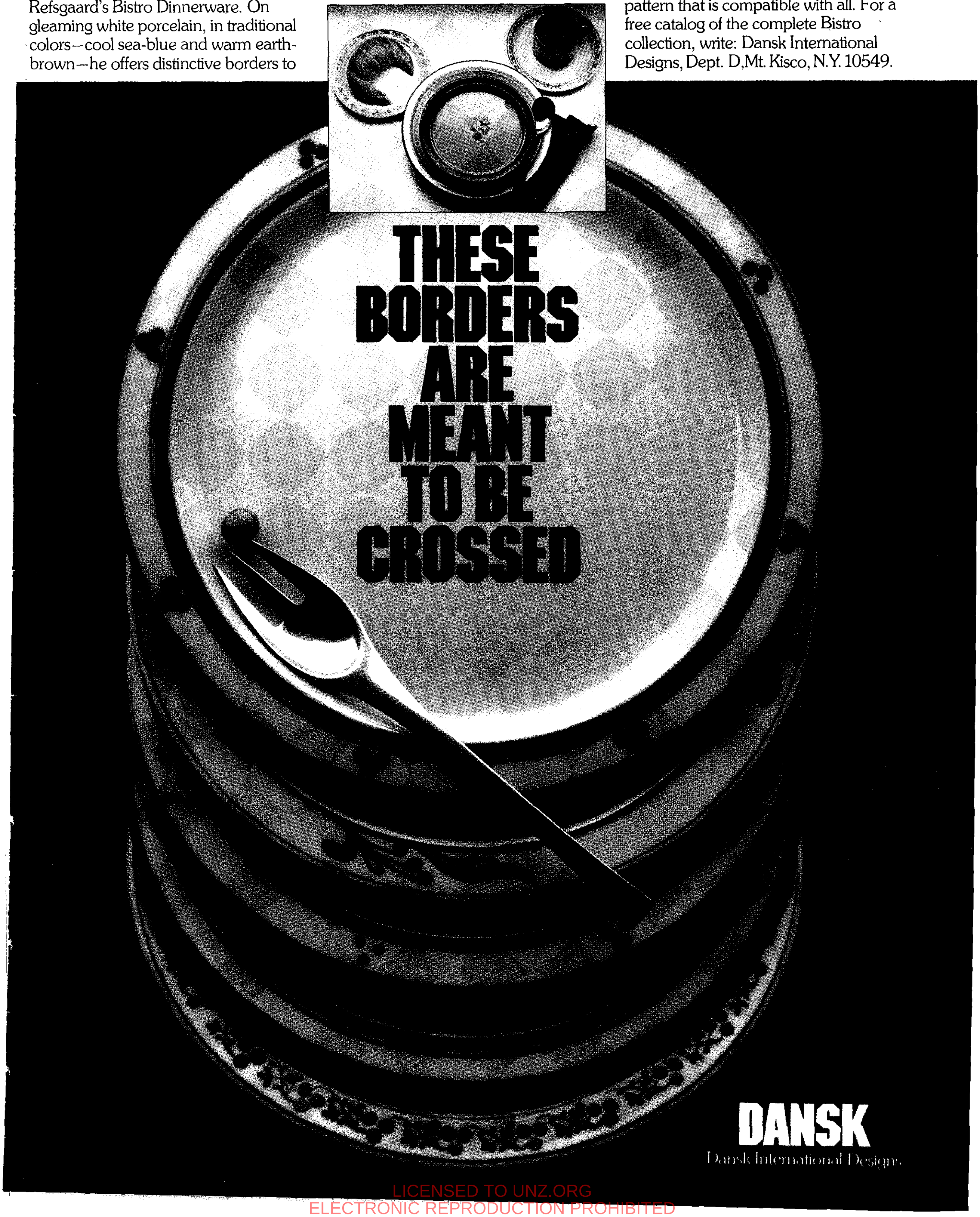

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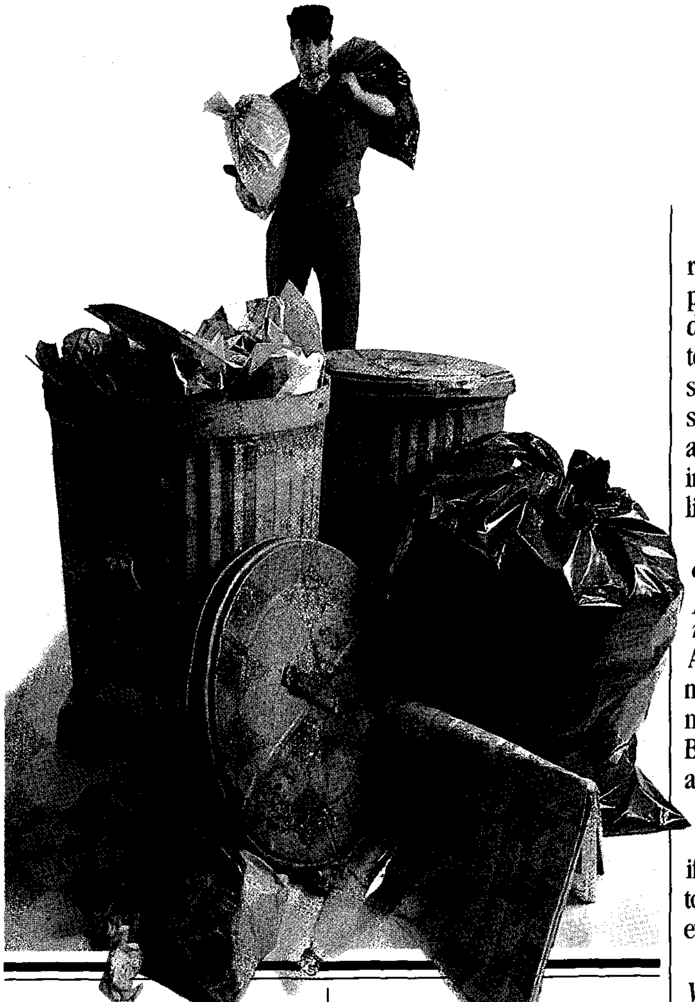

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THE STORYTELLER, by Alan Sillitoe (Simon & Schuster; $11.95). A playground bully (at a school in England) is about to pulverize a smaller boy when he hears his victim declare, “I've got an uncle who lives in a room full of clocks,” and he puts down his dukes to listen. The story that follows is a wonderfully ingenious one (recited under a renewed threat of bodily damage whenever it begins to flag), and it is the first of many that improve the boy's self-esteem and social standing. By the time he graduates, he is sufficiently skilled to earn his keep by performing in pubs; his reputation spreads, and he soon finds himself with a full schedule of dates at colleges and clubs. As storytelling becomes his life, his listeners become the basis of his characters, and the fictional fates that he contrives for them begin to influence their actions; the confusion that results is immense, and it is compounded when he decides to act out the part of his stories' central character. By the end, the relationship between teller and tale has become too involved for anyone to fathom. Alan Sillitoe has a mixed success here; there is plenty of clever work and play, but the fact-fiction dilemma is an old one, and here it seems not so much timeless as tired.

GENERAL

WALTER LIPPMANN AND THE AMERICAN CENTURY, by Ronald Steel (Atlantic-Little, Brown; $19.95). What set Walter Lippmann apart from the general run of editorialists and columnists, preaching comfortably to the saved and gratefully passing on whatever manipulative friends in power whisper in their ears, was identified by Lippmann himself in 1915, at the age of twenty-five: “That is what kills political writing, this absurd pretense that you are delivering a great utter-

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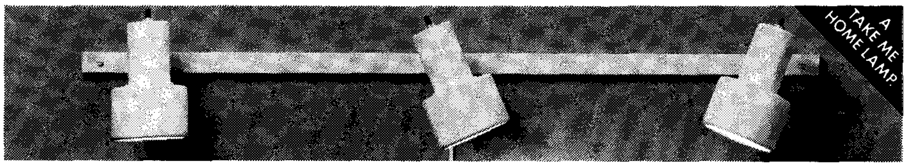

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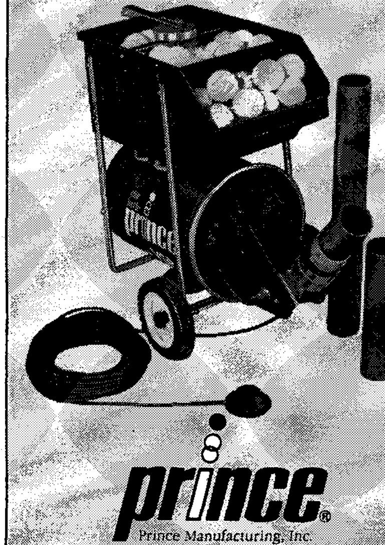

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ance. You never do. You are just a puzzled man making notes about what you think. . . . Who the devil are you to be grandiloquent and impersonal? The truth is you're afraid to be wrong. And so you put on these airs and use these established phrases, knowing that they will sound familiar and will be respected. But this fear of being wrong is a disease. You cover and qualify and elucidate, you speak vaguely, you mumble because you are afraid of the sound of your own voice. And then you apologize for your timidity by frowning learnedly on anyone who honestly regards thought as an adventure, who strikes ahead and takes his chances." Lippmann—puzzled, thinking, taking chances—was more than a few times judged to be wrong by contemporary critics, especially liberal critics. And yet it is not just because time has passed that fewer are now outraged by his admonitions about Franklin Roosevelt—whom he characterized in 1932 as "a pleasant man who, without any important qualifications for the office, would very much like to be President"—or by his favoring the election of Eisenhower in 1952 (but not in 1956) as the best remedy for anti-Communist divisiveness. George Kennan has acknowledged the shrewdness in Lippmann's early misgivings about the so-called containment policy toward the Soviet Union. It is harder to deal with a wellborn Jewish intellectual's reticence on the anti-Semitism of the nineteen-thirties, yet what we may see as Lippmann's shortcomings tell more about the world as it was than smoothed-over hindsight history can. Indeed, Mr. Steel's excellent biography guides its reader coherently through the first three-quarters of this American century. And it's not all politics: there is a Henry James novel in the sensitively told story of the stolid philosopher, at forty-seven, falling operatically in love with his best friend's wife.

GOODBYE, DARKNESS: A MEMOIR OF THE PACIFIC WAR, by William Manchester (Little, Brown; $14.95). As a Marine in the Second World War, the author served in combat for more than two months in the battle for Okinawa—an action in which Japanese gallantry and ferocity created something more horrifying than the battlefields of

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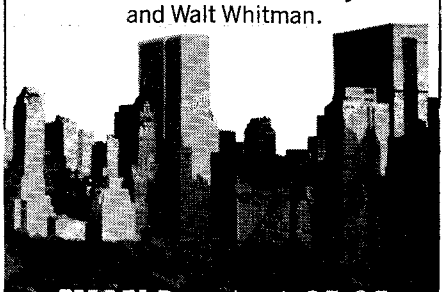

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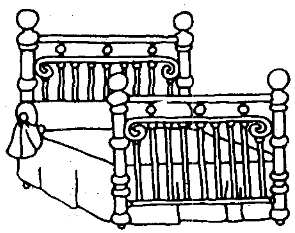

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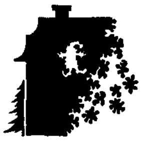

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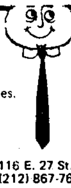

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the First World War, and thus almost guaranteed that the United States would seek to avoid a repetition of such bloodletting (2,812 casualties—including himself—in Manchester's regiment of 3,512 men, for example) by the use of the atomic bomb on the Japanese mainland. In this book, Manchester writes mainly as a historian visiting the sites where Marines fought, such as Guadalcanal, but he confusingly intersperses his accounts of these battles with accounts of his own experiences. Today, Manchester sees it as ironic that the Japanese have peacefully—by business acumen—reconquered the territories from which we so violently expelled them. He is also concerned to describe, as vividly as he can, the peculiar kinds of hell that every segment of Pacific Theatre ground war entailed: the special horrors of reefs and of jungles. He argues the errors of commanders up and down the Army, the Navy, the Air Force. Most frequently, though, he preaches to his readers, who he assumes have no idea of the valor and patriotism of our fighting men at that time. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

NOTE: H. L. Mencken's "A Choice of Days," a selection of his autobiographical essays culled from three earlier books—"Happy Days," "Newspaper Days," and "Heathen Days"—has been published by Knopf ($12.95). Many of the pieces originally appeared in this magazine. . . . David St. John's "The Shore," a collection of poems, some of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Houghton Mifflin ($10 cloth, $4.95 paper).

•

Producer-director Greydon Clark's World Amusement Corp. production of "Warning" has been changed to "Without Warning," according to Clark, and has been purchased by Filmways Pictures, which will release the film in late August.—*Hollywood Reporter.*

Thanks—or no thanks, as the case may be.

•

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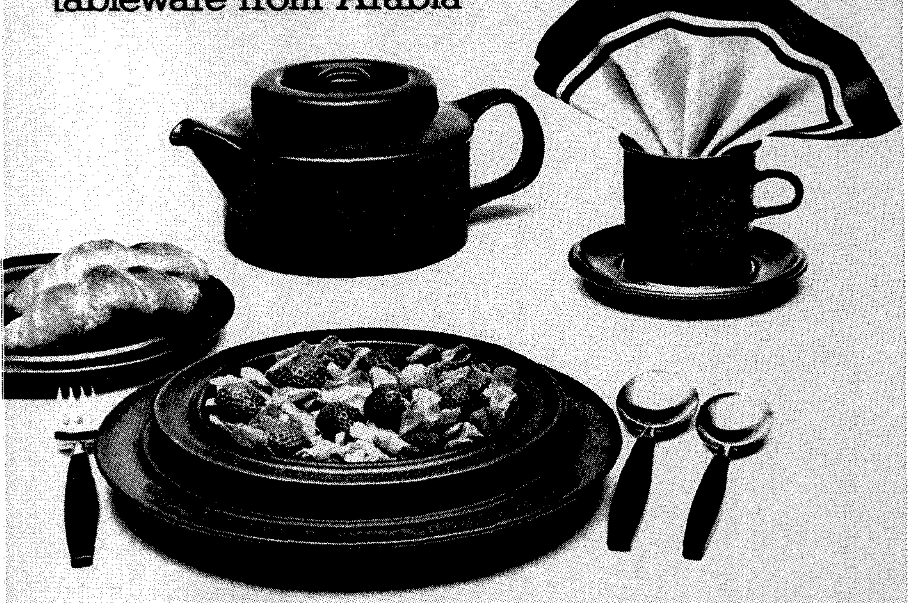

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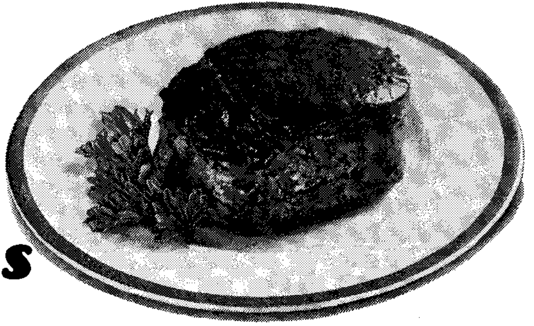

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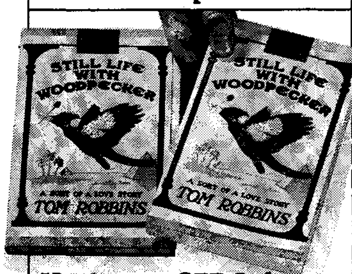

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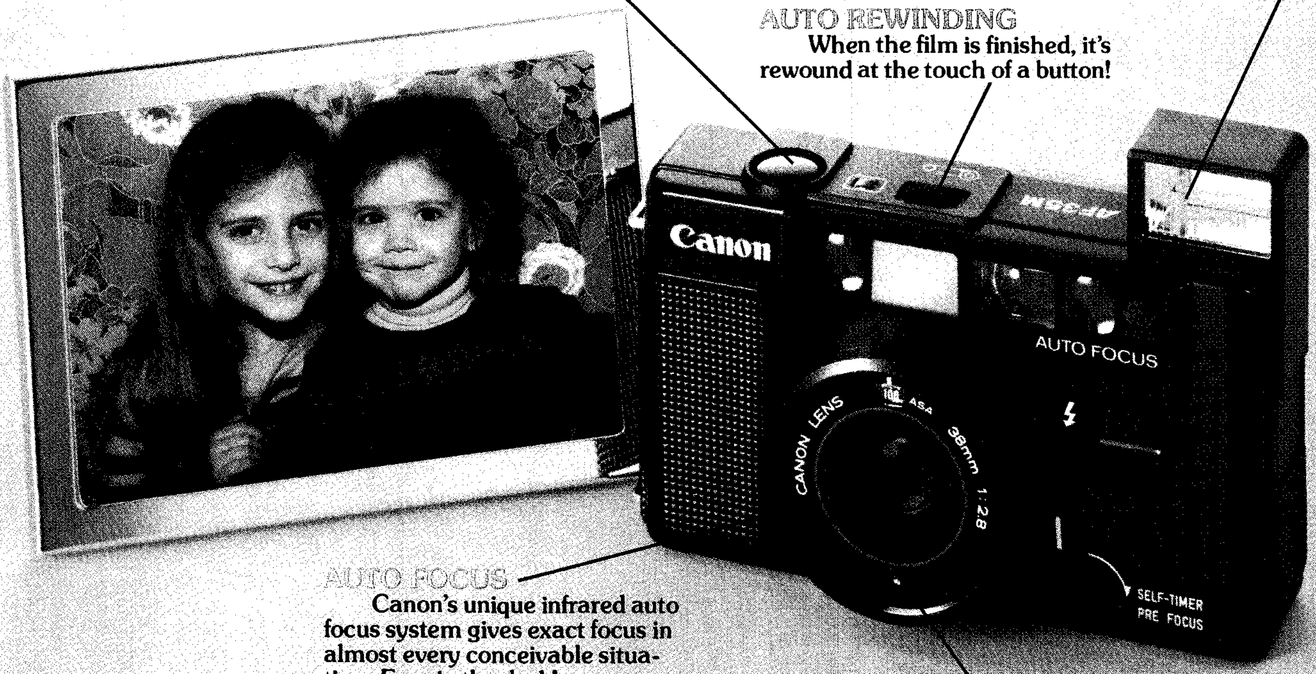

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